THE FAMOUS BIRD
THAT
SPEAKS ONE WORD

BY

W. H. BOX, 161, King St., Plymouth.

Telegraphic Address: "GIANT, PLYMOUTH."

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CORRESPONDENCE.

DOCTOR'S PRIVATE LETTER TO W. H. BOX.

The following bitter letter from a so-called doctor to W. H. Box, 161, King Street, Plymouth, has called forth the following answer and also the succeeding much needed information.

THE LETTER.

"Sir,

My attention has been drawn to a pamphlet advertising your pills in which appears a letter signed P.C. Henry Nicholls. ... ...

Unfortunately the law allows this horrible deception of ignorant and afflicted people to go unchecked.

Thousands of poor creatures have believed such pamphlets as yours where a cure is promised for Cancer by taking pills and medicine, finally coming to the surgeon, who can only promise temporary relief, instead of a possible hope of cure, if the growth had been brought to his notice at an early stage.

How any human being can day by day follow this ghastly form of making a living, passes my comprehension. One would imagine that his victims would nightly haunt his dreams, and drive him to desist by making his life unbearable. It is to be hoped that in some cases they do.

Yours, etc."

THE ANSWER.

FROM

W. H. BOX,

161, KING STREET, PLYMOUTH.

Sir,

Pressure of business is the cause of my delayed answer.

The Herb Harvest commences in March and ends with October, and as the golden gifts are not brought in in handfuls, but in cartloads, and the various processes of drying, sifting and preserving, and of pounding, pressing and extracting their nectar, both from the green and dry herbs require so much of my supervision, you will readily perceive that my hands are more than full.

Your letter did not surprise me in the least, but I felt grieved and hurt to think that poor human nature had sunk so low: and could not help regarding you as the apotheosis of falsity, and whose cup of iniquity must be almost full. The messages I have been continually receiving from you **so-called doctors** have been so blasphemous that they cannot appear in print, but a letter more

SUBTLE AND VENOMOUS

than yours is, never was written.

Now the observation I have made through life is—that whenever a notorious slanderer describes the character of another he invariably **describes himself,** and the Book describes him thus:—"As he thinketh in his heart so is he."

How **indiscreet** of you to present me your picture as you have done in life size. It was neither required nor desired, and no just man can look upon it without a shudder.

Your letter embraces such a subtle quintessence of hypocrisy and deadly virus that your chloroform and prussic acid are poor to it. Your attack on me is not the outcome of sympathy for "the poor creatures" which you craftily intimate, but malice, and revenge. "Jealousy is the rage of a man" and with unending rage and abuse your party have pursued me from the beginning.

It is idle of you to keep informing me, "You have no right to interfere with our work and for which we will leave no stone unturned to ruin you." I am not "interfering with your work." My **work** is to do

WHAT YOU CANNOT

How then is it yours?

When you are brought face to face with **my work** you are as powerless as **dead men,** and you know it, and you proclaim it to all the world.

Your work is "to get as many sick as possible and keep them sick." Heaven forbid that I should interfere with your work.

You say:—"Thousands of poor wretches have believed such pamphlets as yours, where a cure is promised for Cancer by taking pills and medicine, finally coming to the surgeon, who can only promise temporary relief, instead of a possible hope of cure if the growth had been brought to his notice at an early stage." Then according to your logic those thousands have perished through reading my pamphlets.

To be in keeping with reason you should have put it thus:—"I have been reading one of your pamphlets which has convinced me that thousands and tens of thousands of hopeless sufferers for whom we have no remedy and could do nothing for, are being restored by you which puts the whole medical profession in the background and covers us with shame and contempt." This is exactly what you ought to have said, and no sane or unprejudiced person, whether learned or illiterate, after reading my pamphlets can come to any other conclusion.

Now, in view of this, what have you to do with your mock promise to give temporary relief? The cures are effected after you poor **Nothings** could **do nothing,** then in the name of reason what have you to do with offering relief to those who are restored to perfect health?

COMPARING NOTES.

You say, "thousands lose their lives by reading such pamphlets as mine," now let us hear the other side.

While I am writing you, a lady who has suffered from an eating cancer in the mouth and to whom someone had handed my "pamphlets," some time previous, writes:—

"A gentleman who was suffering from cancer is coming to see you. I have several waiting for books, will you kindly forward some? I have done my washing this week, every one thinks my

CASE IS A MIRACLE."

Another writes:—

"Dear Sir,—I have no power in the Kidneys and Bladder, and my feet and legs are swelling. I am appointed to preach next Sunday, but shall not be able to go unless you can help me."

I sent him my pills and the kidney and bladder herbs, and the next week he wrote:—"I preached last Sunday, they said, as I never preached before, and they cannot part with me yet."

This gentleman is 93 and was cured by me when he was 65 years of age, when all else had failed. Another preacher states:—

"I was helpless and hopeless at the age of 60 when you cured me, I am now 82. Yesterday when I had finished my work I stood in the centre of the village amid the pouring rain and preached, and the women stood at the doors and joined in the singing. I had a blessed time, and though drenched I did not take cold."

A little child said to one of my gatherers recently:—"I've had Whooping Tof."

"Have you, dear? he said, and asked "Are you better?

"Yes," she replied, "**Dada read** one of Mr. Box's

books about Wild Thyme, and he got some, and it tured me."

While I am writing this, another writes :—

"Will you kindly send me the pamphlet dealing with Asthma, a lady whom you cured of Cancer gave me your book, "The Trial Re-opened," you would be surprised to see her now, after taking your treatment. I shall be pleased to give your pamphlets to any one I think likely to need help, if you will send me some for distribution."

"I have Pleurisy and Quinsy," writes another, "and have had my throat lanced five times in one day. Kindly send me price of your

REMEDY QUICKLY AND PAMPHLETS."

Another writes :—

"I'm writing to tell you how your pills saved my life. About three months back I was seized with violent pains right round the navel, they bent me double, and I urged so that I thought my inside was coming right up in my mouth. I was a week like this, my sister thought I should not get over it, when I said **suddenly** "Find Box's Pills for me," they were found and I took them, and have never had the pain again. I will never be without them."

Another writes :—

"The first time I tried your Pills they were beyond my expectations. I took them for Indigestion, and at the time had chronic bronchitis which I expected to have had all my days, but found to my great pleasure the pills banished it completely. I am never without a supply in the house of these truly valuable remedies."

Another lady writes :—

"Dear Mr. Box,—This is my third confinement, my first two were very hard and tedious labours, requiring

CHLOROFORM AND INSTRUMENTS.

in the end, and this time I was simply dreading it, but hearing about Raspberry Leaves published in your Pamphlet, my husband got a bag and I drank them very freely for a fortnight before my labour, and when it came on, it was

STEADY AND ALMOST PAINLESS.

The doctor could hardly understand me."

While I am writing this a lady of this town stepped into the shop to testify to the wonderful efficacy of Raspberry leaves in labour. She said :—"My daughter had been taking the Raspberry tea for some weeks and when the time arrived she was doing her work as usual and was quite taken by surprise. She felt one twinge of griping pain only and in less time than it takes me to tell you this, all was accomplished.

When the doctor arrived he asked :—"What have you been doing? You must have been doing something, for 36 hours is the allotted time for labour on the first child. You've been to that **BOX**—it's **all a delusion."**

The Mother said :—"It's a very good delusion." with which they were delighted.

The doctor's logic was admirable. He reminds me of the proverbial "cow handling a musket."

That doctor would reason a philosopher out of his shoes in no time. Oh ye philosophers and orators—You Plato, you Socrates, you Cicero, and Demosthenes, how glad you must be that the earth covers you.

Read again the doctor's majestic oration—" What have you been doing ? You must have been doing something—."

And having asked these all important questions, he himself proceeds to answer them, by saying—" You have been to that Box," and then with all the continuity and magnanimity of thought, he exclaims :—

" IT'S ALL A DELUSION."

Can the four winds breathe after that ?

Name and address of the lady and her daughter can be had if desired, and the writers of the foregoing extracts also. While I am writing this another lady in passing stepped into the shop to report the wonders of Raspberry leaf tea which was similar to the above.—" Almost painless and quickly over," she said. And such is the testimony from every part.

Of a youthful mother, Joanna Beallie says :—" There is a sight all hearts beguiling—

A youthful mother to her infant smiling, who with spread arms and dancing feet, and cooing voice returns its sweet."

How sad then to see that " youthful mother " drugged with chloroform, tortured with instruments, and deprived of all her joy, when a handful of Raspberry Leaves would have prevented it all.

I may further add—that so delighted are some of the coming mothers that they are sending for the Raspberry Leaves

SIX MONTHS BEFORE THE TIME.

The peace, confidence, and safety arising to mothers out of this simple, but great God-given remedy, baffles description.

While I am writing this, another writes :—

" I am writing to state that your pills have cured me of Constipation from which I have been a martyr to since I turned the age of 13."

Another writes :—

" Yours are the most wonderful medicines the world has ever seen. I cannot express my thoughts or feelings as I could wish, but I have absolute faith in a genuine man with such genuine remedies. But oh ! how hard it is to convince those around, but I give away your little books which may convince some as they have convinced me,"

Another writes :—

" I always thought that God had given us remedies for every disease, but your **books prove** it beyond doubt. Please send me **some for distribution as I want every one to know.**"

Another lady states :—

" I am a widow, formerly of independent means. After the death of my husband my only daughter sickened which our English doctors could not cure. Frantic with the thought of losing my only daughter, I went from nation to nation and travelled over

A GOOD PART OF EUROPE

if haply any Physician could save her, but it was all in vain, although I spent a fortune on doctors, and now have to work for my living. But on hearing of you I at once procured your pills and six boxes restored my darling to perfect health. Oh ! that I had heard of you before."

Another writes :—

"THE SUN IS SHINING INSIDE AND OUT."

My wife has given birth to a fine baby boy and both are doing well, thanks to God and you. We have taken several to the cemetery, the last nearly broke my heart, it was so poor and weakly due to indigestion and constipation, no doubt. Since taking your Giant Remedy Pills my wife has grown strong and healthy, and she is now lying in bed with roses in her cheeks and looks as if nothing had happened. We are both grateful and will try and do a little work for you in return for your kindness."

While I am writing this another lady writes :—

" I have been a sufferer for 51 years and have been under two operations for internal cancer. My right leg was swollen and raw and stripped from the ankle to the hip ; oh, what a sight, but it is now perfectly whole as far as the ankle. I have been unable to lie straight in bed, but after taking your medicine, the pain has gone, and I can lie straight in bed, and I trust soon after 51 years of suffering to be all right."

Since the above she has written to say the leg is quite sound.

What think you of the Pamphlets that carried the glad news of the remedy that restored her after suffering 51 years ? And what think you of the Remedy ?

I could go on to fill volumes, but the above examples are enough for your little mind to embrace which your letter points out, for upon reading Mr. Nicholls' cure of Cancer, you sublimely state :—" How any human being can day by day follow this ghastly form of employment passes my comprehension."

True it was a terrible case and a splendid triumph. but if this one case **baffle** your **" comprehension,"** how will you **comprehend** the **great cures** effected daily and hourly all the year round ?

Now Sir, as you state " the victims should haunt me in my dreams " which of those classes should haunt me?

WHICH CLASS NOW

do you think should " haunt " me ? Is it the dreadful

Cancer sufferers for whom the so-called doctors could do nothing, who were restored by me when there seemed not a ray of hope? Or is it the aged men who lived and preached for another generation through my remedies? Is it for this that I ought to be haunted? or is it for restoring such a great number of Rheumatic cripples? or is it for rendering such help to the mothers of this country in their most critical time of need? Is not almost painless childbirth an inestimable boon? Is it for making known the means of securing this, that I ought to be haunted? Or is it the restoration of the consumptives, the lepers, the blind, and sufferers from every known disease? Is it for the restoration of multitudes of such, that I ought to be haunted?"

I should have said that such a work should rather produce

PLEASANT DREAMS,

at any rate it does in my case.

You poor helpless doctors, so-called, are continually parading out the old hackneyed statement that, "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing." But a **little** knowledge is **better** than **no** knowledge. For instance, I have long taught that nettles (sting nettles) is a sure cure for Pleurisy and never fails.

While I am writing this a young man on his way to his work steps into the shop and says:—"Mother was given up to die of pleurisy by two doctors three days ago, but we had of you three pennyworth of sting-nettles and the nettles did their work exactly as you state in the pamphlets. We thought it was too late, but mother was dressing to come down stairs when I left.

I WILL TELL EVERYBODY.

Thank you, a thousand times, good-morning."

Am I not right in saying a "little knowledge is better than no knowledge? The **"little knowledge"** was worth to the mother as much as her **life** was worth, and who can estimate the **value** of **LIFE**?

And who can estimate the value of the nettles?

How simple, how effectual, and how abundant is the Remedy for Pleurisy.

Again, the Medical Profession state that "one half of the world die of fever and inflammation" and yet by the simple recipe published in my pamphlet, the people are curing themselves as readily as they cure hunger with food.

Another states:—

"I do much visiting and I know **hundreds of families** that have

cured themselves of fever and inflammation by your recipe in your little book, Elder Blossom and Peppermint, **without a doctor** or without **any trouble.**"

It is estimated that one half of the world die of Inflammation and Fever, but this simple recipe would have saved them all.

WHAT A STUPENDOUS VICTORY

for two herbs to accomplish.

While I am writing this a lady writes :—

"I am glad to say our little ones have recovered from the fever. I was obliged to have a doctor attend, but his medicine is in the bottle still. One child was well in 24 hours."

Take another example of "a little knowledge being a dangerous thing."

A short time since a widow with one arm knocked at my door, at my private residence in the country and said :—"I want you to look at my hand please, I have been in agony all night. A bee stung me yesterday, see how swollen and inflamed it is. Oh, what a night I have had, and the fear of losing this arm also accounts for my distress. It was through a bee sting that I lost my arm 14 years ago. It became very painful and swollen like this hand is now, and the doctors took my arm off, and having a farm you can't think what a loss it is to me, for I have never since been able to carry a pan of milk or even to dress myself without help, and you know what that means to a struggling farmer.

HOW I HAVE WEPT OVER THE LOSS,

and what I have gone through on account of it, and now I am afraid I shall lose this arm."

My answer astonished her, and I could see that her disgust equalled her astonishment.

I pointed her to a herb called plantain growing near the door and just behind her, and pulling off the leaves I instructed her to go home and bruise or pound them and rub over the hand, and pound some more leaves and bind it on.

A few weeks after I met her and enquired after the hand, she replied—"It's all right, that herb cured it straight away."

I said—"Did you not feel disappointed at my making so light of it, and disgusted at the simplicity of the Remedy ?"

"I did," she replied, "but I am glad I came."

Now Sir, by this time I hope you will see that

"A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE

is not dangerous" but exceedingly precious. If this lady had known the value of this herb 14 years before, it would have saved her the loss of her right arm, and how much sorrow and inconvenience who can describe? Oh, how cruel to take off the right arm because of a bee sting. This "little bit of knowledge," though not bigger than a pin's head, is of **great value.** And it is no less effectual for the sting or bite of an adder or any venemous serpent.

The ignorant butchers who took off that arm ought to have been imprisoned for life.

THE SCORNER'S PUZZLE AND THE SOLUTION.

My scornful opponents excitedly demand "You miracle worker how can you diagnose the sick without seeing them? My answer is "Because the work is simplicity itself."

In your programme you have about 2,000 diseases, 10,000 causes, 40,000 symptoms, and how many thousands of remedies I know not. But if we estimate them by Dr. Radcliffe's honest confession, we can easily arrive at the number.

Dr. Radcliffe said :—"When he commenced practice he had 50 remedies for every disease, but at the end of his professional career he found he had 50 diseases for which he had not a single remedy."

Now then, as you have 2,000 diseases and 50 remedies for every disease, the total number reaches to 100,000 remedies. But my position is very unlike yours. For your 2,000 diseases you have 10,000 supposed causes, but I have **one.** My great Herbal Master, Hippocrates, the Father of Medicine, whose image you have on your Diploma has taught you that **"disease is a unit,** and that the **type** of all diseases or its rise, march and decline are one."

It was clear to me from the beginning that imperfect digestion was the cause of 19 diseases out of 20, Consumption not excepted; and if you trace consumption to its source you will find the

STOMACH TO BE THE SOURCE

and the first to cry out.

Here is the Foundation, and if the foundation is shaken the whole house is endangered. Here, too, is the fountain, and as is the fountain, so are the streams. If the digestive organs are weak, digestion will be imperfect and

soon the whole system will suffer in consequence. The undigested food will ferment and turn to **corruption.** The stomach and digestive track will soon be coated with **morbid matter** and the coated tongue will reveal the state of the fountain.

A foul stomach is a pestilence, for all the food is immediately plunged into corruption, and as the food is thrown from side to side by the muscular action of the stomach from two to three hours, it must of necessity be most intimately mixed with the corruption, and as the said food is presently converted into blood **no one** can fail to see that the blood must be charged with corruption and poisoned from the fountain head. And where these impurities drop, disease is set up. If in the glands, Scrofula, if in the joints, Rheumatism, if in the Lungs, Consumption, and thus on.

This may not be clear to you, but to me it was as clear as day. When in my teens, Consumption it was decided had booked me for the grave. My medical attendants painted and blistered, and suggested the knife and I know not what, but it was clear they were

OVERLOOKING THE CAUSE

and trifling with effects only. And if this were clear to me when but a lad, ought not men supposed to be trained in the art of healing to have seen it also ? But they did not and could not, but two herbs cured me in ten weeks.

The difference in your system and mine is great. You deal with the **effects,** I with the **cause.**

TO CLEAR A FOREST YOU CLIMB THE TREES

and pluck off the **topmost branches,** but I **swing the axe at the root,** and the trees come crashing down by tens of thousands. You add **poison** to **poison** to both fountain and streams until the whole system is reeking with poisons. I **PURIFY** both **fountain** and **streams** and send out new volumes of rich red blood, and charge it with resurrection life from the vegetable kingdom which gradually and surely creates a **new and perfect body :** and that too, after the system has become a mass of corruption and reeking with mineral poisons. And it matters not whether the disease is Rheumatism, Consumption, Leprosy, Cancer, or other diseases of the most complicated, aggravated and desperate nature. I always

STRIKE AT THE ROOT.

purify the **fountain, relay** the **foundation,** and eventually hand back the sufferers to their friends cured.

This is my course and I know no other, nor could I desire any other.

Again the question is asked :—" Do you mean to say that you cure blindness in this way ? " I do, and there is no other way. Blindness is of a reflex nature, and the **cause** of blindness must be sought for, often in some **vital** organ or in a remote part of the system. I therefore **begin** at the **beginning,** and finish with the **restoration** of **precious** sight.

Again I am asked—" How can you diagnose a case of throat disease as the throat is subject to so many diseases, and how can you succeed with your one idea, fad ? "

Well, Sir, I succeed admirably and **cure every case** with almost

MATHEMATICAL PRECISION,

whether it be an ordinary sore throat, Quinsy, Laryngitis, or Diphtheria, and even Mortification of the throat in the bargain.

In all throat troubles diagnosis is not necessary, for my Pills and Golden Fire have **never lost a case,** and **never will** where there is left a pinch of life to work upon. No, not if the fatal false membrane has almost closed the windpipe, if the Golden Fire is there at the moment.

My Pills attack the cause, and the Golden Fire deals with the effects with the utmost speed and certainty. Moreover my Golden Fire deals directly with

BOTH CAUSE AND EFFECT,

but I always recommend the two together and even if the lungs are seriously involved, their action on them, too, is beyond all praise.

Here is the secret in a nutshell :—

Purify the **Fountain,** after which the living streams will again roll forward and carry new life to every part.

Relay the **Foundation,** and then you can rear a new structure, beautiful and complete. Another question you poor helpless men keep pressing is :—" You villain and miracle worker, how can you cure cancer, which is impossible ? An internal cancer for instance is often a large hard stony lump, which nothing can touch but the knife. And how do you know whether it is Cancer or

Tumour or something else? And not knowing, how can you cure it? What have you to say to this?"

What I have to say is:—"It is **not** impossible."

The phrase,

"AS HARD AS A STONE,"

is familiar to all. You will allow that the "hard lump" you instance is not so hard as a stone, nor is it as hard as a bone. A **stone** is more than double the hardness of a bone, and the bone is double the hardness of your "hard lump."

Now then, if I can dissolve that which is proverbial for its hardness, namely, "a stone," with a **vegetable** substance, you must admit that I can **dissolve** a bone, and if I can dissolve a bone, what can hinder me from dissolving your cancerous lump which is four times softer than a stone?

When you have patients suffering excruciating pains from stone in the bladder, you cut them open, take out the stone, and if the patient survive, he is subject to a leakage which makes life almost unbearable. But when they hear of me, they appeal for the Remedy and they get it: the leakage is cured, and how thankful they are for what they justly term, "such a mercy."

YOUR SO-CALLED CURE IS THE GHASTLY KNIFE.

which spells **Ruin,** but my cure is effected with Nature's Giants—the juice of herbs which dissolves the stone or stones in the bladder, after which they pass off without any pain. And although the herbs are as harmless as new milk, if extracted at the right time, their juices will dissolve the stone with ease and certainty. To prove its power, put a stone in a teacup, add a little of the juice, and in a comparatively short time the stone will be dissolved so completely that you cannot find it.

NOW FOR THE BONE.

Some years since a gentleman of this town brought me his daughter who had a substance growing out of her thumb, similar to a bone or horn.

I sometimes have Cancer cases like it brought on by smoking. Where the pipe has rested, a horny growth appeared just like a sheep or bullock's horn, some grew downward and turned in under the chin, very much like

the growth on the young lady's finger. The remedy in the girl's case was again brought into operation, and its power over such horny growths will be seen in the father's grateful testimony :—

"11, Greenbank Avenue,
Plymouth.

W. H. Box, Esq.,
161, King Street, Plymouth.

My dear Sir,

I desire to offer you my sincere thanks and gratitude for your most eminent advice and treatment to my daughter. About twelve months ago she was much troubled and inconvenienced in performing her duties, etc., at school, in consequence of a hard growing substance on the tip of her thumb, and although many things were tried, nothing had the desired effect of putting it away. Ultimately, however, I fortunately put her under your care, and it is only fair to say that by acting upon your valuable advice and applying your most virtuous ointment, the substance soon disappeared, and I am happy to say the thumb is now perfectly well.

With many thanks, believe me to be,

Yours truly,
(Signed) JNO. BAKER, Railway Inspector, G.W.R."

SO MUCH FOR THE STONE AND BONE,

neither of which could resist the remedy.

Reasoning from analogy it must be as clear to you as it was to me, that as the juices will dissolve both bones and stones, they must dissolve your hard lump which is not half so hard as a bone, and not one third the hardness of a stone.

The trial was made and the results were the same. The large, hard internal growths, one after another were dissolved into a semi-liquid or jelly-like substance which often passes off with a rush, and when examined in the vessel it is as slippery as a jelly fish, and so like it that one would almost take the one for the other.

The office of the remedy is :—to separate the dead flesh from the living, convert it into a **semi-liquid** or **jelly-like** substance, and when this is accomplished away goes the enemy with a rush. The most soothing and healing herbs are then administered, until the cavity is filled up, and the cure is complete. This then is how to cure internal Cancer, and would to Heaven you helpless doctors, so-called, could do the same.

Again it is asked :—" How do you know whether it is a Cancer or a Tumour ? "

But from the above you will see it matters not to me which it is. for like as my Pills and Golden Fire cure all manner of throat diseases, so my Cancer Remedy cures all manner of growths.

I CANNOT STUMBLE

over a wrong diagnosis, for wherever there is a growth of any kind my great remedy deals with it, and if a cure is **possible** the remedy will **effect** it.

Pimples, blotches, carbuncles, tumours, cancers, are all cured by this one Remedy, simply because the type or **cause** is **one.**

Impure blood, arising mainly from imperfect digestion, is the cause of all the above.

Some ladies say to me :—"I want you to drive away these unsightly pimples which none of my medical attendants can do," but when I refuse to give them something to drive them back, they are astonished. My remedy is prepared to drive **out** the enemy, but not to drive him **in.** And when these ladies begin the remedy, they are sometimes so covered with pimples that for a few days they have to wear a veil, but when the enemy is cast out, and the blood and entire system are cleansed and renewed, then the question is asked on all sides, "What cosmetic do you use, you look so fair."

Now, if I were to play the foolish game that you do and drive the impurities **within** instead of **without,** later these impurities would congregate to one place, and an ulcer, tumour or cancer would be the result.

Cancer, tumours, etc., arise from

IMPURITIES PILED UP

and stored away in this manner, which is as simple as "A.B.C." And the cure is equally simple.

In every case my Pills play an important part. As quick as thought they are at their work, penetrating into the deepest recesses, ferreting out all impurities, routing the enemy from his strong-hold, transporting all impurities along the alimentary canal and out they go, for go they must. The **digestive organs** are speedily purified, stimulated, toned, and perfected. Thus the

FOUNDATION IS LAID,

the streams are now charged with the nectar of life, and slowly, but **gradually and surely,** the gigantic foe at length gives way before the more **gigantic remedy.**

And Mr. Nicholls' case which you have wilfully belied is a fair sample. Now for a word about Mr. Nicholls.

Mr. Nicholls is 63. He is an ex-P.C. of the Metropolitan Force in Devonport Dockyard, and a member

of the Wesleyan Church for 50 years. In 1880 he was appointed detective in connection with the Contagious Disease Act, and did splendid service in that department, for instead of locking up the outcasts as they were pushed from the gin palaces, he tenderly pointed them to Him who loved the outcasts and said : " the publicans and harlots go into the kingdom of God before you."

Mr. Nicholls is greatly honoured and beloved, and you may see the nobility walking with him through the streets arm in arm. And just recently, a doctor of great renown entered his house, and said :—" I have called to see the widow," feeling assured that his former honoured patient was dead long ago, but when Mr. Nicholls entered the room and stood before him he devoutly exclaimed :—

" THANK GOD."

(The name and address of this famous doctor will be sent you if desired),

I offered your Champion £100 to disprove either of the cases he publicly denied, but that cowardly stabber in the dark, hid himself under a fictitious name, and remains hidden, but I have made you a better offer, namely **houses** and **lands, business** and **recipes,** in fine, all that I am possessed of even to the keys, on oath, if Mr. Nicholls' case is not absolutely genuine ; but if I could offer you thrones and dominions to come out and face **TRUTH'S FLAMING SWORD,** you would not dare to accept the offer ; simply because what is stated are **FACTS.** One departure, one falsehood uttered by me, would bring instant ruin ; for twice ten thousand of you, whose eyes are never off me, would leap upon me like so many roaring lions. All my statements are **facts,** but yours are **falsehoods.** I have nothing but Great Deeds to perform, and consequently nothing but Great Truths to tell. But the poor degraded profession can **do** nothing, and therefore can **tell** nothing but **lies** to hide their shame.

Your cry is

IMPOSSIBLE ! IMPOSSIBLE ! !

Yes, **" Impossible "** to **you,** but **quite easy** to me.

But knowing this **full well,** as you **all do,** your falsehoods are **no ordinary falsehoods,** for there is **death** in them, and **wholesale** death too. And those deaths are not ordinary deaths but **wilful murders.**

I am curing your castaways in great numbers. And if **I** can, surely **YOU** ought.

Doctor Maimonides said :—" He that permits a death when he has it in his power to prevent it, must be accounted a **MURDERER."**

Doctor Johnson says truly :—" He that **voluntarily** continues **ignorant** is guilty of all the **crimes** that **ignorance** produces."

It is no wonder that you talk of being " haunted," **YOU** are not only " haunted " in your dreams, but in your **walks,** in your **gardens,** in your houses (all of which are built up of blood), and in your **bedrooms,** your victims " **haunt** " and **surround** you without intermission. And when the " Trumpet shall sound," those whom you blindfolded, that you might ride them into the grave, will meet you **FACE TO FACE.**

" MURDER may pass unpunished for a time, but tardy justice will overtake the crime." The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto Me from the ground, and the cry will be answered presently.

OTHER SINS ONLY SPEAK : MURDER SHRIEKS OUT.

The element of water moistens the earth, but blood mounts upward.

Hence, your " haunted conscience " and the fearful looking for of judgment and the fiery indignation which shall devour the adversary.

Adieu DECEIVER,
W. H. BOX.

THE HISTORY OF OLD PHYSIC OR " THE SCIENCE OF MEDICINE,"

What is Science ? Science is knowledge.

Medical Science in a word is medical knowledge.

Scientific farming is scientific knowledge reduced to system, consequently the land of the scientific farmer is covered with corn, rich pastures, and flocks, and herds ; and Medical Science ought to produce similar beneficial results.

But does it ? No, it does quite the opposite.

Its history has been written ten thousand times over. True, the histories are brief, but they are to the point. Their metaphors are appropriate, and the arguments conclusive ; and those 10,000 historians were not enemies to the science, for they were the leaders and monarchs of the so-called science.

Here is a sample or two :—

" The history of the art of medicine so teems with delusive, inefficient and capricious practices, fallacious and sophistical reasonings, as to render it little more than a chaos of error, a tissue of deceit unworthy of admission among the useful arts and liberal pursuits of man."—Dr. Blane.

" The science of medicine is a barbarous jargon, and the effects of our medicine on the human system is in the highest degree uncertain, except indeed, that they have

DESTROYED MORE LIVES

than even war, pestilence and famine combined."—John Mason Goode, M.B., F.R.S. (Author of " Book of Nature," " System of Nosology," " Study of Medicine," etc.)

" Every dose of medicine given is a blind experiment upon the vitality of the patient."—Dr. Bostock (author of " History of Medicine.")

" The Science of Medicine is like an unroofed temple, cracked at the sides and rotten at the foundation."

" We have assisted in multiplying diseases: we have done more. We have increased their mortality. There are two reasons why we cannot cure the sick—want of the knowledge of disease, and want of the remedy."—Dr. Rush (an eminent author).

Against such records as the above, continually coming from the lips and pens of their leaders, there is no appeal.

The history of this wonderful science dates from the commencement of the twentieth century, nearly 300 years after the flood. The name of the Founder is unknown, except the characteristic name given him, it is supposed by Noah himself.

As before stated, those who lived before the flood were

PERFECT IN THE HEALING ART

and lived to a great age, usually from 800 to 950 years. And the knowledge of the art was carefully taught by Noah and his sons to their descendants. But about 200 years after the Flood, 150 years before the death of Noah, an enterprising individual pretended he had discovered " The Elixir of Life " which would prolong life to an indefinite period. Indeed, Methuselah, who lived 969 years, died young compared with those who purchased his grand " Elixir." He, of course, acknowledged the efficacy of vegetable remedies, but his " Elixir " was prepared not from **vegetable** life but from the **" higher life "** and it was the duty of every man to aim high. " Higher and Higher " should be the motto until we escape death altogether. Many believed the great swelling promises of this innovator, and his followers multiplied. A carriage and pair waited on them. He frightened many into the belief that they were ill, purged them violently, and pursuaded them that the purging and vomiting and

all the other symptoms were the effects of the disease, and without his "Elixir," death would triumph.

Alarmed at the innovation, Noah and his sons and his sons' sons held a council, when it was told the Council what this "Higher Life" from which he prepared his "Elixir" of life, meant. The so-called new doctor gathered **snails, earthworms, toads, serpents, entrails** of fish etc., of which he compounded his "Elixir"; and this he termed the

"HIGHER LIFE."

Upon which it was decided that this Pretender who had departed from the Divine method of healing, should be exposed and pointed out in the most signal manner.

One of the ancient methods of writing was by symbols or pictures. For instance we describe a designing or crafty individual as "a cunning old fox," but in ancient times the picture of a fox would stand for, or signify these four words: **"a cunning old fox."**

And in this symbolic manner the Egyptians also wrote. It was now determined that a new symbol should be struck, namely,

THE SYMBOL OR PICTURE OF A DUCK.

which should stand for "doctor." And the **one word** which the **duck** spoke, should be the **qualifying** word.

Everybody knows how distinctly the duck says "Quack." And everybody knows a **quack** means a **pretender.** The picture of a duck then stood for a quack doctor, which was given to the **Founder of Medical Science**, and the **shout of the duck will commemorate the Founder and his Followers** through all time.

The epithet is most appropriate, for the Founder of Medical Science stole the **duck's food** which consists of worms, snails, toads, entrails of fish, etc., and from this as before stated he prepared the "Elixir of Life." In those days when the ducks shouted "Quack ! ! ! Quack ! ! ! Quack ! ! Quack !" and their merry voices rang over the old homestead and through the villages, the **people** took up the strain, and the worm, snail and toad doctor found both the ducks and the people were making it too hot for him. Consequently he fled from city to city; but unfortunately he eventually became established, and the sons of the wealthy, perceiving it to be a most profitable business, and a traffic which could be monopolised, soon made the founder rich for the revelation of his secret as to how to make money rapidly, which was accomplished by

hiding Nature's Remedies undermining the health of the wealthy, so as to monopolise their wealth, and tread the poor under feet.

THEY HOODWINKED THE GOVERNMENT,

and secured an Act that no one outside the medical profession should be allowed to cure any sufferer, under a heavy penalty. And Diodorus Siculas shows us how well they succeeded. In his first volume, page 56, he says :— "Wherefore if it happen that any of them by using the medicine which is set down in their books cannot cure his patient, he is not found fault with, nor questioned for it ; but if any one cure the patient with any other remedy than that which is extant in their books, he is punished with death ; the law-makers believing that it is hard to find a better medicine than that which hath been observed and is taken from good physicians."

Fettered by the law, by diseases, and by those who had created them, namely, the worm, snail and toad doctors, the once happy and healthy people soon became steeped in darkness ; and crushed by oppression they blamed their Creator and turned to idolatry and idol worship which readily spread in every direction, until the whole nation fell to idolatry.

Who would have thought that the Founder of medical science would have succeeded in overthrowing the mightiest nation under heaven, whose laws, civil and religious, instituted by Noah, were simply perfect.

The wretched system of the worm, snail, and toad quacks continued for 3,500 years, but the Scriptures mention not a single name. How ominous is the long silence, but this

AWFUL SILENCE THUNDERS LOUDLY.

Now and then the searchlights reveal their character and worthlessness. Job said to them : "Ye are forgers of lies, ye are all physicians of no value."—Job.

600 years after it is written :—

"And Asa in the thirty and ninth year of his reign was diseased in his feet until his disease was exceeding great; yet in his disease he sought not to the Lord, but to the physicians, and he died."

What could worms, snails, toads and serpents do for him ?

200 years after King Hezekiah had a boil, but the worm, snail, and toad science could do nothing for him. "Set thine house in order," was the word sent to him,

"for thou shalt die and not live," for what King, or man of wealth ever escaped out of their hands? Isaiah prayed and God revealed the remedy—"Take a lump of figs, and lay it for a plaster upon the boil, and he shall recover."

The two systems are held up to our view in the persons of those two kings, which he who runs may read, however blind he may be.

Both were ill, both were under doctors. One died, the other lived, and the one that lived would have died had he not been made conscious of his doom. And the one that died would have lived had he followed the other's example, for the inference is too plain to be misunderstood. Some time after this

ROME BANISHED HER PHYSICIANS FOR 600 YEARS

and regained and maintained their health by the medicinal properties of cabbage only: and well would it have been for Rome had they never been allowed to return. 700 years after St. Mark, 5th Chapter says:—

"And a certain woman which had an issue of blood twelve years.
"And had suffered **many things** of **many physicians**, and had spent all that she had, and was **nothing** bettered, but rather grew worse.
"And when she heard of Jesus, came in the press behind, and touched His garment.
"For she said, 'If I may touch but His clothes, I shall be whole.'
"And straightway the fountain of her blood was dried up, and she felt in her body that she was healed of that plague."

Some years since a gentleman drove up to my place, beseeching me to allow him to drive me at once to his mother, suffering from the same disease as the woman mentioned in the Gospel, and confined to her bed. I went with him, and within 24 hours the plague was stayed. She was cured, and the next day she arose and returned to her duties.

Mark! as usual, "she had suffered many things of many physicians, and had spent all that she had, and was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse."

WHAT A CHARACTER FROM THE INSPIRED PEN!

1,100 years after the testimony of Mark, Maimonides, a Jewish physician, knowing what Nature's remedies had done for the world in past ages, and that they were all sufficient to cure every disease, and knowing that the medical fraternity were wickedly hiding those infallible remedies, he openly declared that:—

"The man who permits the loss of a human life when he possesses the means of saving it, must be accounted a **Murderer.**"

Maimonides was mighty in deed and word, and was accounted a second Moses. 420 years after this, old physic received a mortal blow from

THE "FATHER OF ALL DEVILS,"

who nevertheless provided a substitute worthy of his name. This name was given him by the worm, snail and toad doctors before they accepted him as their Leader and King. His real name is Paracelsus, born in Switzerland 1495, who came to this country and proclaimed that he had found the Philosopher's Stone, and that mankind had no use for the medical works of others, as his discovery enabled him to cure any and every disease: and that the science of medicine was perfected for ever.

The following is an extract from his memorable address:

"Oh, ye Greeks," said Paracelsus, "French, Romans and Italians, you Avicenna, you Galen, you Phazes, you doctors of Paris, of Montpellier, of Swabia, Misnia, of the College of Vienna, and all you throughout the countries bathed by the Danube and the Rhine, and you who dwell in the islands of the sea, Athenian, Greek, Arab, and Jew, you shall all follow me. I am your king, and to me belongs the sceptre of physic."

It is a lamentable fact that the prophecy of that bold "quacksalver" king has been literally fulfilled. Lord Bacon who lived in the same century says "he ought to have been

CHASTISED AS A MONSTER,"

and calls him "the servant of imposture."

At first the doctors—so called—abused him, cursed and shunned him, and pronounced him the vilest impostor the world had ever produced.

The original epithet "quack" was now revived in all its original **force and beauty.** France, Austria, Germany, Greece, Arabia, in fine, the whole medical world branded him as a "quack," "a lunatic," "a madman," "an unpardonable villain," "the Devil's representative," "A Belching Volcano," "A poison Hunter," "A Destroyer of Medical Science," "The Destroyer of the Human Race," "The Devil let loose," and "The Father of all Devils."

"See," they said, "to what a pass our science has come to,

has hauled down our colours, and trampled them in the mire. Indeed he has dug a deep pit for our science, and buried it. Roasting or flaying him alive is too good for him." Such was the verdict of the whole medical world. But presently they began to reflect. Councils were held, it was argued, "the situation is grave and desperate, but it may be turned to good account. Paracelsus is clever, eloquent, and audacious. He is an all-devouring lion, and will rend our science in pieces. Indeed, he has done so, and has cast it overboard. We cannot afford to oppose him, we should do well to fall in line with him, as mineral poisons will be regarded as unsafe for the common people to touch, and the entire monopoly will be ours. Herbs we must continue to fight shy of, as nothing can compare with them. Herbalists we must denounce as 'quacks.' We must now **extol** Paracelsus as a **"Great Discoverer,"** and send delegates to every nation to reveal our future course, and they too will readily fall in line."

The above tactics were put in operation, and alas, alas, the

ENTIRE MEDICAL WORLD

after branding Paracelsus with red-hot irons, accepted him as their **leader, father and king.** And to this day, Paracelsus is styled the "Father of the Mineral Treatment." Historians inform us, "It is needless to say that his practice was unsuccessful, so that he could not remain longer than a year in a place." And Andrew Libanius assures us 'He injured a **multitude of** people, and did not cure them: and that he **killed a great number** and put others in a worse state than he found them." In fact, as Dr. Brown says, "The quackery of this adventurous vagrant **never had its equal on earth.**"

And all the worm, snail, and toad doctors declared that his system was stamped to destroy, and that Paracelsus was "The Devil let loose," and "The Father of all Devils." Behold then, to what these beings called the "medical profession," have committed themselves, and equally amazing was the task accomplished by Paracelsus of overthrowing a system that had existed for 3,000 years.

THE RESEMBLANCE BETWEEN THE FOUNDERS

of the two systems is very striking. The founder of the worm, snail, and toad system discovered "The Elixir of Life" which was prepared from the "Higher Life," and which would prolong life to at least double the age of Methuselah, who lived 969 years. Paracelsus, the father of the mineral treatment, also discovered "The Elixir of Life" which would destroy even **death itself,** hence the science of medicine was perfected for ever." The founder of the worm, snail, and toad system did his utmost to blot out the herbal system, and so did Paracelsus. The former secured the aid of the state, and so did Paracelsus. The former manufactured diseases in every direction, and so did Paracelsus who "injured a multitude of people and killed a great number." But the founder of the science of the worm, snail, and toad system scored a triumph over Paracelsus, for his "Elixir of Life" was prepared not from **vegetable life** but the "Higher Life." He believed in ascending, but Paracelsus in **descending** into the bowels of the earth; and of preparing his "Elixir of Life" from the most virulent poisons which kill the men that collect them.

WHAT A POWER FOR EVIL

those two men have been. But for them and their followers, the world through all this time would have been as free from disease as the **birds and the savages.** But for these vultures preying upon the vitals of mankind, who have devoured more than a thousand generations, disease would be entirely unknown, and death too, except from old age.

Contrast that which **should be,** namely entire freedom from disease and poverty, with that which now is and has been 3,000 years. Think of the suffering, the poverty, the disappointment and the sorrow that have broken the hearts of the sleeping dead, and also of those now living. Ponder the guilt of the men who have thwarted the good purposes of Heaven and stood between Heaven and earth, and defied them both. Weigh the guilt, you cannot: it outweighs the **UNIVERSE.** Nor can you scale or fathom it, for it is higher than the heavens, and

AS DEEP AS HELL.

The first system was founded on falsehood, built up by the sons of the wealthy, and propped and supported

by diabolical Acts. The present system, as stated by Dr. Mason Goode, was " founded on conjecture, and improved by murder " : and like the former upheld by diabolical acts, without which it would come down with a crash. And knowing this, Paracelsus who is styled " The Father of the Mineral Treatment " and " The Father of all Devils," with his followers, hoodwinked the Parliament and King Henry VIII into the belief that Herbalists were a danger to the community, and forthwith the desired Act against them was secured. The way was now clear, the doxology was sung ; and persecutions, fires, and imprisonments were soon in full swing. Not content with this, the worthy doctors entered the shops of Herbalists, pulled them out of it, thrust their stock into the streets, and set fire to it. But very soon the King and Parliament saw their mistake, for diseases were rampant, and rich and poor were dying in heaps. The Act secured by **lying and fraud** was repealed, and another immediately passed calling upon the Herbalists to resume their good work in the healing of the people which they were to do without hindrance and the reason given, namely, "Because surgeons charged **great sums,** and **left** the **people** to **rot."**

BY ORDER OF PARLIAMENT

the Herbalists resumed their work, multitudes crowded to them for healing, and healed they were. And throughout the land there was great rejoicing. Paracelsus, that old serpent and styled " The Father of all Devils " with his wriggling brood were cast out of the list of healers, and pointed out as

VENOMOUS DESTROYERS.

And as they were then, so have they continued, and so are they now. And at this moment, they are now on their knees before Parliament, crying with a loud and bitter cry for help, for an **infamous** Act under the specious pretence that it is demanded for " the good of the people." This was the lie of the first **" Quack "** and founder of medical science—founder on worms, snails, toads, and vipers, and the like. This also was the lie of the old serpent, Paracelsus, and this same 3,000 year old lie, now fills the mouths of his **hissing brood.**

This, then, is not the **lie of the century,** but the lie of the **ages.** The LIE that hath destroyed more than three fourths of the human race.

The Battle Renewed.—Four hundred years after King

Henry VIII. and the Legislature had

KICKED OUT THE PROFESSIONAL "QUACKS,"

for inefficiency and allowing "the people to rot," they have rallied again as they did in the early part of the 16th century with the same old lie—**The Lie of the Ages.**—And blew the trumpet and sounded the warwhoop in their medical journals as follows :—

"Considering the overcrowded state of the medical profession, and the abominable manner in which the public are swindled by prescribing herbalists, and advertising quacks, it is absolutely necessary that a special board should be formed called the 'Society for the Suppression of Illegal Practice,' whose sole duty should be the prosecution of all quacks with the **utmost rigour** of the existing law. That it is a paramount duty of every 'qualified man' to subscribe to such a fund, not only for his own interests, but for the protection of the public. All newspapers should contain notices warning people against quackery; and leaflets to this effect should be printed and distributed among the people at the expense of the Society."—"British Medical Journal," Nov. 11th, 1893.

These were the exact lines they took 400 years since by which they deceived the Parliament of that day, who, soon after discovering their memorable trick, **spued them out,** and by another Act called back the Herbalists to resume their work. It is this Act, the Act which covers them with shame and disgrace, they are so anxious to get rid of.

A GOLDEN MONUMENT

ought to be erected to the honour of King Henry VIII and Parliament, for so promptly rescuing the nation from their cruel destroyers, and if it were possible for them to secure again the diabolical measure they are now seeking, Parliament would again have to come to the rescue.

So much for the history of Old Physic which for over 3,000 years consisted of worms, snails and toads, etc., and for the last 400 years, of the most virulent and deadly poisons described by their leaders as follows :—

"Mineral medicines are so destructive to human bodies, that malice could not invent **anything more deadly** beyond gunpowder itself."—Dr. Cheyne.

HISTORY OF MEDICINE.

The history of medicine is wrapt in obscurity, consequently the healing art is generally regarded as something beyond the reach of ordinary mortals.

The celebrated Dr. Abernethy in his "Family Physician," page 5, says:—**"Many thousands** of **large volumes** have been written, but scarcely **half a dozen** of them **agree** as to the best means of curing any disease whatever. In no science is there more conflicting opinion than in that of medicine."

The celebrated Dr. Gregory declares that, "More than **ninety-nine** parts in a **hundred** of **all** that has been written on the theory and practice of medicine for more than **one thousand years** is **ABSOLUTELY USELESS,** and **UNWORTHY** to be known but as a matter of **curiosity,** or a **MISERABLE warning** and example of the **WORST errors** to which we are prone."

From the evidence of those two popular leaders,

NOT A RAY OF LIGHT

can come from that source which is humiliating and sad in the extreme. And our modern herbal authorities to whom the world is deeply indebted, have unfortunately darkened council by words without knowledge.

One popular author says:—"The invention of medicine first came from the Egyptians, and Toth Touties or Esoulapius was the first inventor. We are therefore indebted for the origin of medical science to famous Egypt, that universal school of the ancient world."

The great Dr. Beech says: "By adverting to the history of primitive ages of the world we find that medicine and astronomy were the first sciences attempted to be cultivated by man. Medicine appears to have been at first little else than a collection of **absurd** superstitions. The human mind, influenced by superstition and untaught by experience, associated the idea of religion with medicine, and consequently resort was had to charms and incantations in full confidence in curing and preventing every malady. Hence during the early part of the history of our species, ignorant priests, magicians, and astrologers were their only physicians."

That Dr. Beech, who stands head and shoulders above his fellows, should have penned such misleading statements is much to be regretted, and but for extreme pressure and overtaxing which prevented his investigating this part of his subject it would never have appeared.

It is very strange that our "moderns" cannot get beyond Toth Touties. They trot us safely back 3,000 years and drop us at the door of Esculapius saying, "Here lives the author of medicine." But he was no more the

author and inventor of medicine than he was

THE AUTHOR OF HIMSELF.

But if Esculapius flourished just before David's time, how could he be the first to cultivate medical science, seeing that the art had been in full swing in Egypt for 600 years before his birth, and so perfect were they in the art, that they could preserve even dead bodies from decay: and if the dead, how much more could they embalm the living so as to keep them in perfect health?

In the British Museum in London, the Egyptian mummies may be seen to-day. These bodies were embalmed some of them from three to four thousand years ago. But we see beyond Egypt a broad highway, and a chariot awaiting us, whose trusty charioteer will drive us swiftly and safely right back to the source. We will mount the chariot, drive up past Joseph's Palace, and on through Rehoboth, Geror, Hebron, Beersheba, Haran, Shinar, in the land of Babylon, pass by Noah's Vineyard, at the foot of Mount Ararat and cross the flood, on through Agrimonia, on the banks of the Pison, where Methuselah dwelt for 969 years, and where Enoch prophesied, here we halt for a moment to listen to the great preacher, and the following is a sample of his preaching :—

" And Enoch, the seventh from Adam, prophesied, saying, ' Behold the Lord cometh with ten thousands of His saints.'

' To execute judgment upon all, and to convince all that are ungodly among them of all their ungodly deeds which they have ungodly committed, and of all their hard speeches which ungodly sinners have spoken against Him'. "

We now pass on to the next and last city on the banks of the Euphrates, called the City of Adam, which was founded by Adam after his expulsion from the Garden of Eden, of which it is said " And the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden. And out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food; the Tree of Life also in the midst of the garden."

HERE WE FIND THE AUTHOR

of medicine: not Toth Touties, or Esculapius, but He who created and planted them with HIS own hands. And He who **planted** the remedies **revealed** their properties to Adam and his descendants, and commanded them to write or engrave the same on pillars and rocks for the generations to come.

Diodorus Siculas who wrote the history of the world down to his time in 40 volumes, together with Origin

Josephus and others, inform us that "Adam was immediately instructed in the Divine art of healing by God Himself, and that Adam, during his long life of 950 years communicated the knowledge to his children and their descendants, and his son Seth and others engraved the rudiments of the art on permanent

PILLARS OF STONE,

which remained until the flood. We learn from the same reliable authorities that the properties and uses of herbs were also taught by Enoch, Methuselah, Enos, Noah, Shem, Ham, and Japheth and their descendants. Abraham increased the knowledge of the art by Divine aids, teaching it to his children, 300 servants and the Egyptians. Joseph also taught in Egypt, and is supposed by Diodorus and other ancient historians to have been the author of a work called "The Aphorism of Hermes the Egyptian."

Moses also taught it, independent of the gift of prophecy; also the prophets and seers. Thus, without any stretch of imagination, we

NATURALLY ARRIVE AT THE SOURCE.

And from the Source we, with unerring footsteps, trace the health and life-giving streams through the antediluvian world, across the flood, on to Shinar, into Canaan, down to Egypt, and on through the long line of patriarchs, prophets, priests, and kings.

King Solomon was the greatest herbalist (Adam excepted), that ever lived. King Solomon's herbal work contained remedies for every disease. Tradition says, "That Sacred and Divine work was kept in the Temple which was burnt by Titus when he took Jerusalem, and the marvellous book was burnt with it."

Josephus tells us in his "Antiquities," Book VIII., that one of Solomon's discoveries was a plant which he used as a specific in the cure of epilepsy (or fits), and the method of using it was to apply it to the nostrils of the sufferers. He also says that the discovery was transmitted and known to the Jewish Rabbis even in his day, for that he himself saw a Jewish Priest work a cure of epilepsy by the same means before the Emperor Vespasian and the tribunes of the Roman army.

Now, no man of learning will risk his reputation in denying the statements of Josephus. It is written, "And

when the Queen of Sheba had seen the wisdom of Solomon and the house that he had built, there was no more spirit in her." And yet of all the works and glory of Solomon he says: "It hath been already of old time."

Of them who lived before the Flood the Book further states:—"They were

MIGHTY MEN OF OLD, MEN OF RENOWN."

Now let us return to those "mighty men of old." Adam fell, but he did his utmost after his fall to build up a mighty race, and carefully carried out all that was divinely revealed, and among his colossal achievements that of executing the Divine plan of keeping his descendants in perfect health was not the least.

As before stated; "Adam was immediately instructed in the Divine art of healing by God Himself, and that Adam during his long life, 950 years, communicated the knowledge to his children and their descendants and wrote the same on permanent pillars of stone."

How simple are Nature's remedies, and how simple were the first methods adopted to publish and preserve the knowledge of their properties and uses. A foursided pillar, erected 15 feet high and 20 feet in girth, would admit the drawing of two plants on each of the four sides, and also the description in large letters. Here is a sample of the first pillar:—"Raspberry tea is most effectual in producing easy labour, and if drunk freely produces a safe and easy parturition."

"It is no less effectual in cleansing and strengthening the mother and preserving the baby in health. Whatever ails the baby, give it Raspberry Tea and no harm shall come to it."—Adam.

In the centre of the wording the plant is painted in living green, the plant was also planted at the bottom.

On the second side was engraved:—

"The blossom of elder will cure fever, and also inflammation in any part of the body, and peppermint will cure likewise. The knowledge of this I received of my father, Adam, who received it from God, my adorable Creator, Who demands it to be published to all men through all generations."—Seth.

On the third side are two beautiful pictures of Balm and Wild Thyme, the Balm with its queenly shape and delicate green, stands in the middle, and the low growing Wild Thyme with its pretty bloom of flowers is scattered profusely on either side of the majestic and queenly Balm.

The inscription—"A tea made of Balm or of Wild Thyme, either separately or both together, is excellent for brain and nerve affections and all overwrought conditions of the brain and nerve. A tea made from the both and sweetened with honey is a cure for the whooping cough."—Adam.

On the fourth side, near the top, is a picture of Nettles—Stinging Nettles. And lower down Comfrey and Mallow.

Under Nettles is written :—"Nettles cure Pleurisy surely and rapidly."—Adam.

"Comfrey is excellent for bleeding Lungs and other broken blood vessels. Also for coughs, and it quickly knits broken bones."

"Marsh Mallow is excellent for healing the Lungs and other parts. It soothes, comforts, lubricates and oils the entire system. It cures the stone and prevents its formation, and is good for the complexion."

"It stays the shedding of the hair."—Adam.

Underneath, ample room was given for the growing of the plants and fenced with railings. Pillars were erected in villages, towns and cities

THROUGHOUT THAT VAST EMPIRE,

and the whole race from childhood were as familiar with the remedies as with their food. Consequently there was no disease among them. They were all of fine physique, healthy, handsome, captivating, clever, and brilliant, and as the Book declares—"Mighty men of old, men of renown." And those mighty men of old, mighty physically and mentally, lived to the age of from 800 to 950 years. Noah, as before stated, lived 600 years before the Flood, Shem 100 years, Ham probably about 95, and Japheth, the eldest, was over 100 at the time of the Flood. Here then were four physicians **perfect** in the art, and Noah's wife and three daughters-in-law were skilled in painting, singing, music, and the fine arts ; and were not a whit behind their husbands in the art of healing also.

"And the sons of Noah, that went forth of the Ark were Shem, and Ham, and Japheth ; and Ham is the father of Canaan."

"These are the three sons of Noah ; and of them was the whole earth overspread."—Gen., 9th Chapter.

HERE THEN IS THE SOURCE OF EGYPT'S GREATNESS.

Eight physicians filled with wisdom, knowledge and understanding, and perfect in the sciences, who again engraved on pillars, rocks, and tablets for the generations to come.

Noah lived after the flood 350 years, and " Noah began to be a husbandman, and planted a vineyard," orchards and oliveyards, and when his descendants increased, built magnificent cities after the manner of the old world.

Noah spent a considerable part of the 350 years after the Flood with his son Ham and descendants, superintending and guiding them in all their affairs.

"The Seven Precepts" of Noah, together with all the other laws enacted by him, almost exactly agree with the laws given on Mount Sinai. Noah then, the founder of the new world and their Law-giver, was as much inspired as Moses on Mount Sinai, seeing that the oral and written law are in perfect accord.

The great old saint, at once the Founder, King, Architect, Physician and Law-giver (civil and religious), stands out like the sun in his might, out-shining all his predecessors and successors. He came from a marvellous stock, —from the " Mighty men of old, men of renown." It will be remembered that his son Ham settled in Egypt and as his descendants multiplied, villages, towns and cities arose which for skill and magnificence have ever been the wonder of the world. A glimpse of the same may be caught in the distinguished remains of Egyptian antiquity, large portions of which bear no marks of decay, and yet display in all their grandeur and entirety the arts and the power of the first generation of men. The enormous magnitude of those remains are particularly conspicuous in the Pyramids. The highest of them measures in height nearly 500 feet, with a square base of 700 feet. The temples, though they cannot rival the stupendousness of the Pyramids, yet appear to exceed every other work of human art.

But notwithstanding such grandeur and sublimity, in point of utility,

THE DIVINE ART OF HEALING

exceeds all others, and the best of all, this knowledge was divinely imparted and scrupulously preserved.

Every man then, as before stated, from Adam to Noah was a perfect physician: as the knowledge of herbs and their uses formed part of their education. Consequently, they were as familiar with their medicine as with their food, and there was no disease among

them. And as it was in the days before the Flood so was it after, during Noah's time, for

THAT GREAT PHYSICIAN FROM THE OLD WORLD

was most careful in preserving the art for the generations to come, hence the skill of the Egyptians. Thus we see that Toth Touties was **not** the Author or Inventor of Medicine.

The morality and perfection of the early Egyptians, their civil and religious laws, their marvellous skill in all matters, and especially in the art of healing, have rendered them the admiration of all time.

Among the Jews after their departure from Egypt, the principal method of preserving the Divine Art of healing was by tithes and offerings. It is supposed that our Lord condemned the Pharisees for offering herbs as tithes, but He did the **opposite.** Let us read it again: "But woe unto you, Pharisees! for ye tithe mint and all manner of herbs, and pass over judgment and the love of God: these ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other **undone.**" Instead of condemning them, they were expressly commanded "not to leave it undone." Nothing can be plainer than this. Offering herbs as tithes is a Divine institution, which was kept up from Adam to Moses, and from Moses to the time of our Lord, Who again expressly commanded them "not to leave it undone."

The priests from Moses' time were the ministers, and the tithes and offerings were ordained for the support of the ministry—thus the ministry was provided for.

The priests or ministers also were the doctors: the herbs offered as tithes were the remedies which were brought in abundance, which the ministers carefully preserved, and thus the means of maintaining the health of the nation were secured also.

The sick, by Divine appointment, were to go to the priests, or minister the Divinely-appointed doctor. And the Bible does not recognise any other doctor nor any other system of healing, simply because

THERE IS NO OTHER.

Turn to Leviticus, 13th Chapter and 9th Verse: "When the plague of leprosy is in a man, then shall he be brought unto the priest," etc. Not to a doctor—so called—to be poisoned and tormented. In the primitive ages, the head of the family was the family doctor,

and the priests or ministers the head physicians, whose advice was sought for in extreme cases. And if the ministry had stuck to this Divine appointment, we too should be without disease or doctors: but now, alas! we are cursed with both in bewildering numbers.

How charming and simple the record thus far. Adam, the Father of the Human Race, was a herbalist, and all that mighty race until the Flood. Noah the founder of the new world was a herbalist, and Noah and his son Ham, who founded Egypt, rendered their descendants the admiration and wonder of the world. In answer to the question "How do you know Ham went to Egypt?" Because it was his inheritance. Turn to the Psalms and read:—

"26. He sent Moses his servant: and Aaron whom he had chosen.
27. They showed his signs among them, and wonders in the land of Ham.
22. He did wondrous works in the land of Ham, and terrible things by the Red Sea.
51. And smote all the first born in Egypt: the chief of their strength in the tabernacles of Ham.
52. But he made his own people go forth like sheep, and guided them in the wilderness like a flock."

Moses the law-giver and leader was a Herbalist. Solomon too was a herbalist, who spoke of trees, etc., of whom it is written:—

"33. And he spake of trees, from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall: he spake also of beasts, and of fowls, and o reeping things, and of fishes.
34. And there came of all people to hear the wisdom of Solomon, from all the kings of the earth, which had heard of his wisdom.
29. And God gave Solomon wisdom and understanding exceeding much, and largeness of heart, even as the sand that is on the sea shore.
30. And Solomon's wisdom excelled the wisdom of all the children of the East country, and all the wisdom of Egypt.
23. So King Solomon exceeded all the kings of the earth for riches and wisdom.
24. And all the earth sought to Solomon, to hear his wisdom which God hath put in his heart."

THIS WAS THE MAN TO WRITE A BOOK.

This celebrated Herbal Doctor (Solomon) equalled Adam, Noah and Moses, who were the honourable and Divinely appointed Leaders of the Healing Art Divine. Among the Gentiles also in every age, God hath not left Himself without witnesses, but on the contrary hath raised them up in great numbers. Space forbids the mention of more than a few specimens.

One of the greatest herbalists recorded in history is Hippocrates, who is styled

"THE FATHER OF MEDICINE,"

was born in the Island of Cos, and flourished about 400 years before Christ.

Dr. Warren thus describes him :—"Through all succeeding ages Hippocrates is known as the 'Father of Medicine.' His name has ever been intensely reverenced on account of his gigantic abilities. His open, tender, generous, and self-sacrificing spirit has never been excelled : there was but one sentiment in his soul,—the disposition to do good.—His writings and character shine with peculiar splendour ; he kept back nothing but revealed everything for the good of mankind. It was he who caused tablets to be hung in temples, describing the names of diseases and how to cure them..... How **justly** is this noble man styled the **'Father of Medicine.'** He was a whole man. God made him for the world, and for the world he laboured and lived. His great soul, like a full sea, ran over with intense sympathy for the suffering, and multitudes were restored by his skill."

Following this, Dr. Skelton says :—

"Here, then, we see what one of our modern medical writers says of this great man : he acknowledges him to have been the living wonder of his time. How is it that he is held up as worthy of the world's admiration, and worshipped as a god by the great body of medical men ; and yet that neither the men who worship, nor the writers who praise, follow his practice ?"

Bostock's "History of Medicine," tells us that the Materia Medica of Hippocrates was practically "confined to vegetable substances, anatomy was scarcely practised, and physiology almost unknown."

THE "FATHER OF MEDICINE," THEN WAS A HERBALIST,

notwithstanding medical men, strange to say, delight to do him honour (although they will not follow him), for the portrait of this great master appears on every diploma issued to successful medical students.

"Is it possible," said a gentleman recently, "that the great Father of Medicine whom medical men acknowledge to be the greatest doctor that ever lived, was a

HERBALIST, PURE AND SIMPLE ?"

Yes, it is so.

He was not a college man. The valleys and mountains, hedges and green fields were his college : and the myriads of mighty cures that he wrought were his diploma and a grand diploma too. Space forbids of any mention

being made of other renowned herbal doctors previous to the Christian Era. As before stated the great herbal book written by King Solomon. which contained a remedy for every disease was kept in the Temple which Titus burnt with the book, when he took Jerusalem in the year 67 A.D. But God, who in no age has left Himself without a witness, soon after raised up Galen who was a Greek and probably not a whit behind Hippocrates himself. He was intimately acquainted with the Emperor of Rome—Marcus Aurelius, and eventually became his physician. After his death he returned to Pergamus, his native country. So great were the cures effected that many of them attributed them to magic. He wrote no less than 300 volumes for the good of mankind, and his writings and system continued for 1,200 years, or down to the time of Paracelsus—"The Father of the Mineral Treatment."

SKETCH OF CULPEPPER.

"Dr. Culpepper was a genius; and, like Dr. Hippocrates, he lived for the benefit of others—his works will live through all time. The faculty dreaded and hated him, but while their memory has perished with them, the great herbal doctor won a name and fame that will live down to the last trump. His works are daily becoming increasingly precious, and in the ages to come all nations will delight to do honour to his name. He was born October 13th, 1616. Dr. Sibly, M.D., says:—"Nicholas Culpepper, student in Physic, was of middle stature, dark complexion, brown hair, quick eyes, active, nimble body—alert and full of agility; a good orator: an excellent wit, with brilliant understanding; his abilities were very great; he excelled in physic and surgery, and of the sciences generally. He was extremely liberal, which gave occasion to that jocular saying of his brethren of the faculty that poor Culpepper was sorely afflicted with a **'Consumption of the Purse.'** He cared not how little was left for himself so that he could effect the happiness of others. At the age of eighteen he went to the University, but the faculty hated him for simplifying the art of medicine. Yet none of them durst venture to dispute with him upon its simplicity notwithstanding he gave several public challenges to the College to enter the list with them. He increased very much in fame, honour, and reputation. He died on the 10th of January, 1654, in the 38th year of his age. It has been thought that he was maliciously poisoned; and it is not unlikely that some of the medical fraternity had a hand in his death."

AN INDIAN WOMAN CURES DR. COFFIN WHEN HE COULD NOT CURE HIMSELF, NOR THE MOST EMINENT PHYSICIANS.

"My early life was devoted to the study of medicine as taught and practised in the School; anxious to become perfect in the science I studied with the most unremitting diligence: from the sedentary nature of our occupation indigestion set in, to relieve which I made use of the best means, which failed. My lungs became seriously affected. The most eminent physicians were called in; my case was pronounced incurable—I was abandoned to die. I continued to grow weaker and weaker until I was reduced almost to a skeleton, frequently raising from the lungs more than a pint of blood at a time. At this period a tribe of the Seneca Indians encamped in the neighbourhood, one of the women saw me and inquired how long I had been in that condition. When she heard the particulars she told me not to fear for

that she would effect a cure. She brought from the fields and woods some of Nature's remedies, and in three months, thanks to her skill, I was restored to perfect health. I will conclude by saying that if consumption had not fastened upon me, and had I not been cured by a poor Indian woman when all other means had failed, I should never have turned my attention to the vast resources in which nature abounds, nor should I have dared to attempt such cures which have been performed."—Dr. Coffin.

The Doctor, upon his retoration, immediately quitted the profession : for which he was denounced as a quack, but he too was instrumental in restoring multitudes both in this and other countries. And it matters not whether it be an Indian woman, a plough boy or a doctor that turns his or her attention to

NATURE'S REMEDIES

the results are the same—disease and death take their flight and the patient is restored whole as before.

There are more than 100,000 doctors—so called— in America who could do nothing for Dr. Coffin, but this unlettered Indian woman who never saw the inside of a penny school, cured him with the utmost ease in twelve weeks.

According to the report of Professor Irving Fisher of Yale University, 500,000 are suffering from consumption in the United States and the waste entailed is said to be "over £200,000,000 per year." The Professor is of opinion that "one half of this waste of life and cost could be prevented." But if one half can be prevented, why not the other half ? If the Government of the United States would place

ONE INDIAN WOMAN

in each town and city, they would restore the 500,000 consumptives as surely as the Indian woman restored Dr. Coffin. It was an extreme case, but she cured him with the utmost ease. If the United States Legislature would adopt this sane measure, they would rescue half a million consumptives annually, and prevent an annual loss of £200,000,000 sterling. How Divinely **simple and certain** are Nature's remedies, and when administered by a simple woman, their superhuman efficacy stands out fully to view.

Have the Americans forgotten the "American Ploughboy," what he suffered, what he accomplished, and how he triumphed ? Samuel Thompson, the American Ploughboy, was born in 1769, in the town of Halstead, New Hampshire. His youth was spent in clearing the forest and subduing the earth—attending school but one month.

In early life he was privileged with the society of Mrs. Benton, one of those noble and benevolent women, so often despised—an herbal doctoress, who used to take little Thompson with her into the fields and teach him the names of herbs and their medical uses. At the age of eight he says: "I had at that time a very good knowledge of the principal roots and herbs, with their names and uses, and the people, by way of sport, used to call me doctor." The gleamings of a transcendant genius at an early age was clear to all. But he had to contend against almost every possible disadvantage.

At the age of twenty-two Thompson had a farm and family of his own. From early youth he had been adding to his favourite knowledge, and his house was well supplied with choice medicines, although he had no intention of becoming a physician. But it so happened that some of his family were five times given up as incurable, and he, by his simple means, succeeded in restoring them.

Those instances of success in his own family soon became noticed by his neighbours: and those who could get no relief from physicians appealed to him, which he cured in great numbers. This called his attention from his farm so much that he resolved to give it up and adopt medicine as a profession.

The medical men frowned upon him like armed castles, defamed his character, branded him as a murderer, and threatened to take his life.

During the reign of a mortal disease, the doctors lost ninety out of a hundred cases, while Thompson lost none. He also practised with such success among the incurable patients of the regulars, that Dr. French resolved to destroy him.

After attempting to decoy Thompson to his home, which a merciful Providence prevented, he publicly swore that he would blow out his brains if he came into his neighbourhood.

Shortly after this, Thompson was called to see a patient who died—being past cure. For this Dr. French procured an indictment against him for wilful murder. He was arrested as a murderer, put in irons, carried to Newburyport Gaol, confined in a dungeon—cold, filthy, and filled with vermin, without a fire, in the month of November, and without the prospect of a trial for nearly a year.

But, out of the multitudes he had cured, many powerful friends rushed to his rescue—among whom was the grateful and indefatigable Judge Rice, whom he had cured of a dangerous fever. The worthy Judge procured

a special session of the court and assisted Thompson in his trial, by which he was honourably acquitted after being a month in prison.

Having now lost the hope of seeing him perish in a dungeon, or failing that, to see him hung on the gallows, these honourable gentlemen sent a petition to the Legislature to prevent, what they called " quackery," in which Thompson was named. But in this they also were defeated.

THE GREAT HERBALIST CONTINUED TO SHINE

for more than eighty years with unwaning splendour: and according to Dr. Waterhouse, the great man lived to see three millions of his own countrymen bless the day that he was born. And not only was he instrumental in curing thirty hundred thousand people, but lived to see his system brought to England, and, in gold medals, received the compliments of the kings of Europe.

The memories of Drs. Thompson and Coffin are very dear to me, as their afflictions, persecutions and triumphs so much resemble my own. Dr. Coffin, at the age of 17, was booked for the grave, and at this age so was I. He had the best skill of America and I of England. An Indian woman cured him in 12 weeks, and two herbs cured me in 10 weeks. My precious mother was in consumption for years, and given over to die by many physicians. Like Dr. Coffin, she frequently raised from the lungs more than a pint of blood at a time, but with three herbs I had the happiness of curing her. Comfrey and Clown's Woundwort cured the hæmorrhage, and eventually healed the terrible cavity in the left lung.

My father was a cripple for many years, his complaint was said to be **Erysipelas**, which settled chiefly in one leg, which withered to the bone, while the foot was as big as two feet which discharged a burning ichor. The pain was excruciating and the itching all over was intolerable. For many long years was he in this state, but three or four herbs cured him, and he threw away his crutches, and died at the age of 83.

Now an urgent message came from James Kellow's family, stating that he was dying of Asthma, Dropsy and Heart Complaint. I went and cured him of the Dropsy in three days with a box of my pills and three doses of Foxglove. I dried the leaves, powdered them and sent three doses—the dose is as much as you can hold on a

shilling for a man, and as much as sixpence will hold for a woman. Think of it, after being treated

FOR 9 YEARS BY 17 DOCTORS,

with three doses of Foxglove and one box of pills, the dying man was out of doors in three days, and in three months was perfectly restored. Then came a message from the dying leper and I cured him in 12 weeks, then from the blind boy and I cured him in one month.

The news of these great wonders (as they were pleased to call them) spread in every direction. This was 35 years ago, and ever since I have literally been besieged, and vast multitudes have been restored from one end of the land to the other. I get patients from France, America, Africa, etc., and every one have returned restored, after the so-called "**skill of Europe**" had proved worse than useless. And every man with a pinch of common sense may do likewise.

Such, in brief, is the History of Medicine.

HOW SIMPLE IS THE HEALING ART DIVINE.

As simple as it is safe, and as infallible as it is simple.

FROM W. H. BOX,

TO

ALFRED B. OLSEN, M.D., D.P.H.,

Editor of "GOOD HEALTH."

SIR, *29th December*, 1910.

In your March issue of "Good Health" I note your vigorous response to the trumpet call of 1893, in which you open fire upon those who do not think as you think with a zeal worthy of a better cause. In your eagerness to overwhelm and annihilate your superiors you seem to have quite overlooked the old adage that "those who live in glass houses should not throw stones," and that one return shot would bring your glass house down about your ears.

The trumpet call referred to appeared, as you know, in the "Lancet" and "The British Medical Journal," which is as follows:

SIRS.—"There can be no doubt that it is high time for the great body of general practitioners to take some steps to protect themselves. Medical ethics are becoming a dead letter, and a once noble and honourable profession is becoming little better than a trade. It behoves every medical gentleman to exert himself to the utmost to save his profession from dishonour. That every member of the profession in Great Britain and Ireland be canvassed as to the advisability of forming an association for the protection of the profession, as medical men are driven to practice all manner of shifts to gain sufficient to merely exist."

"Considering the overcrowded state of the medical profession, and the abominable manner in which the public ' are swindled by prescribing herbalists ' and advertising quacks, it is absolutely necessary that a special Board should be formed called the Society for the Suppression of Illegal Practice, whose sole duty should be the prosecution of all quacks with the UTMOST RIGOUR of the existing law. That it is a paramount duty of every ' qualified man ' to subscribe to such a fund, not only for his own interest, but for the PROTECTION of the PUBLIC. All newspapers should contain notices warning people against quackery ; and leaflets to this effect should be printed and distributed among the people at the expense of the society."—BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL, Nov. 11th, 1893.

To this call 20,000 "medical men" rallied and formed a "Medical Trades Union" for their own interest as stated, and "of course," for the "Protection of the Public." Each of those "medical men," or the majority of them, subscribed to the fund The Widow's mite. More could not be expected, as "medical men," as the

TRUMPET DECLARED,

are driven to practise all manner of shifts to gain sufficient to merely exist.

But when those twenty thousand poor Widows, or doctors, or "medical gentlemen," or, as one doctor names them, **"The Old Women of the Schools,"** met in council they resolved, not only to "warn the people in all newspapers and by leaflets, against quackery," but they decided to appeal to other nations to collect evidences against quackery so that the 20,000 might be able to publish a book on "The Evils of Quackery," and by placing the book in every house, quackery would die a natural death. This suggestion was received with acclamation ; and after wearily waiting 16 years, lo, "The Old Women of the Schools" have raked together something which they **call** a book and which **you** are strongly recommending ; but I would not even **step** upon it, or **touch,** except with a pair of tongs to feed the flames.

I presume your object in occupying one or two columns in self adulation was to make the contrast all the more striking. But I cannot credit what you state of yourself, for self praise is no recommendation, much less what you state of herbalists, etc., for if the latter are as bad as you

affirm, they ought without pity or mercy to be hung up in mid heaven until their bones fell one from another. Your readers doubtless suppose your position to be as firm as the forts of Gibraltar, seeing that you inform them you "have no axe to grind and therefore

CAN AFFORD TO TELL THE TRUTH."

And after blackmailing your victims to your heart's content you precede the second attack with the statement that you "make **no apology** for doing so."

Moreover I was not a little surprised at your attack on the Editors, Managers and Proprietors of newspapers.

You report, "No falsehood is too shameless, no promise too palpable a trap to be refused currency in the best known journals, and it is noteworthy that among the **worst** offenders in this respect are newspapers and magazines which enjoy with certain classes of the community a high reputation for accuracy and bonafides."

And two months later you speak of the "stultifying attitude of the Editors, Managers, and Proprietors of the public press," saying "This attitude of the bulk of the newspaper Press constitutes one of the greatest scandals of the present day..... This evil (medical quackery) could not exist in anything like the present extent without the support of newspapers. We stigmatise both the practice by unqualified pretenders and the traffic in quack medicines not only as fraudulent and cruel, but as **murderous**..... And very slight amendment of existing statutes would render amenable not only the **impostors** we **denounce** but also those **newspaper proprietors** who so **shamelessly** and with **complete impunity** take a **share** of their **plunder.**" That you should so attack and scandalise the "Editors and Proprietors of newspapers," those giant minds whom the nation delight to honour, and who, by your own confession, "enjoy a high reputation," is distressing, especially in view of the unenviable reputation of the medical profession whose system, as your own authors state,

"IS FOUNDED ON CONJECTURE AND IMPROVED BY MURDER.

—a **jargon destroying more** than **war, famine** and **pestilence combined.**"

Some day those giant minds will retaliate, and woe to professional quackery when they do. The revelation will cause the nation to put on sackcloth and the machinery of England will stand still.

I was further surprised that you should dare take up the cudgels against "secret remedies." You say:— "It seems to us that the **chief** evil is the secrecy associated with quack remedies." But the proper Quacks, ridiculously called "proper doctors" owe their all to secrecy; but for "secrecy" your **terrible traffic** would suddenly come to an end.

But that you may be comforted a little respecting the secret remedies, please note the following. I received a letter about 23 years since from Mr. Elliot, Grocer, of Launceston, a man of high reputation, and a Wesleyan local preacher for 40 years, as follows:— "Dear Sir, Please send me 12 dozen boxes of your Giant Remedy—Box's Pills, 1/1½ size. **Every one** praises your pills, even gentlemen of the medical profession." A few weeks after he again wrote:— "Please send another gross of your Giant Remedy Box's Pills.

THE DOCTORS ARE ALARMED HERE,

but you have the heartfelt gratitude of a vast number who thought themselves hopelessly afflicted."

By this you will see the people were not "poisoned" as you wish to persuade Parliament, but a **vast number** were restored who thought themselves hopelessly afflicted; and who were abandoned as such by all their medical attendants. Mark "The Medical Profession praised" the Great Remedies at first, but the praise soon gave place to alarm. And that district is typical of other districts, for, from **every** district the same glad news is reported, namely: "You have the heartfelt gratitude of vast numbers who thought themselves hopelessly afflicted." Then be easy, for it is well with the people seeing that Box's Pills are carrying the blessing of Health to myriads of homes, consequently they have won the following well merited names, namely: "The Great English Remedy, The Nation's Standard Remedy, and

THE WORLD'S MASTERPIECE."

Therefore put away your alarm and joyfully sing with the Jersey Poet:—

" As in England so in Jersey
Multitudes will sing for joy,
The giant remedy has come
And for you will his strength employ.

And to such an extent are the people being restored by them, that as published in the public press :—" Doctors find it difficult to make both ends meet."

Now if advertisers, Herbalists, etc., are as you represent them, reason would that you should occupy eight columns in denouncing them in such unmeasured terms. It is quite true there are many frauds and equally true there are many conscientious, benevolent and able men among them of whom the nation has reason to be proud. In the North of England they exist in considerable numbers, many of whom are not a whit behind their leader, Hippocrates, " The Father of Medicine." Nor ought they to be, for in the Island of Cos, Asiatic Turkey, where he was born, about 400 years before the Christian era, only 236 herbs were known ; but we have 8,000 known remedies and 6,000 in the deep sea. Moreover, we have his **experience** and **remedies,** and the experience and remedies of the great Herbalists since his time. What a sublime character was Hippocrates, " The Father of Medicine."

You say you " can afford to tell the truth." Now, tell your readers this truth, that Hippocrates who is styled " The Father of Medicine," cured his nation and surrounding nations with 235 herbs, and tell them that he was a **Herbalist** pure and simple.

Now then Dr. Olsen, as you have no axe to grind and can therefore afford to tell the truth, your conscience is clearly pointing out to you that you are duty bound to GOD and man to tell your readers the best news and the greatest truths outside of the Gospel that were ever told them since the world begun. Tell them that eye hath not seen nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man what God hath laid up for them, even in this life. Tell them that the Remedies growing at their door will rid them speedily of all diseases. Tell them Hippocrates, the Father of Medicine, was a herbalist. Also that he knew nothing about anatomy and physiology, and did not even know that the blood circulated in the body, and yet he is held up as **" the wonder of the world,"** and the image or portrait of that Great Master appears today on each of your diplomas. And tell them what Dr. Benjamin Waterhouse thinks of your Quack System although he is one of you, and what he thinks of Herbalists and Hippocrates, their leader.

"I am indeed," said the doctor:—

"SO DISGUSTED WITH LEARNED 'QUACKERY,'

that I take some interest in honest, humane, and strong-minded herbalists: for they have done more for our art in all ages and in all countries than all the universities since the time of Charlemagne. Where for goodness sake did Hippocrates study?—the great **Book of Nature** (the herbal kingdom) instead of the little books of man." —D. B. Waterhouse, M.D.

Tell them that when Rome beheld the wonders accomplished by Hippocrates, the Herbalist, that Rome banished her physicians for 600 years, after which they recovered and maintained their health during the whole of that time. Tell them that the Herbalist whose image you have on your diplomas "**kept back nothing** but **revealed everything** for the **good of mankind.**" And so did his followers. Witness Galen, who flourished in the second century, the great man who was not a whit behind Hippocrates, wrote 300 volumes for the benefit of the world. And Culpepper equal to either of them, sacrificed everything for the good of mankind and kept himself poor. And a host of others right down through the ages might be cited, and to-day many are doing the same, and some of them have spent a fortune in making known that the Herbal Kingdom is one vast storehouse of remedies, which are so effectual that no one need be sick. And without doubt some of the Herbalists of to-day are restoring **greater** numbers than **Hippocrates himself.** Why not tell your readers this, also that no disease can stand before them (cancer included)? You say, "The only remedy in our hands is the knife," which you know full well is **no remedy.**

Dr. Robert Bell, a cancer specialist, stated at a meeting in London that "every operation that was performed upon a cancer subject was vivisection, for the operators knew perfectly well that the operation would not prolong life and would not mitigate suffering, but would on the contrary, aggravate suffering and shorten life. For 17 years he was an operating surgeon, and performed a great number of operations for cancer, and in no one case did he see a successful result."

YORKSHIRE EVENING POST,
March 7th, 1908.

You "can afford to tell the truth," you say, then tell your sad and deluded victims what Dr. Robert Bell and

every honest surgeon says. And do please tell them this TRUTH that the

HERBAL KINGDOM IS CROWDED

with remedies for Cancer and that the hedge-rows and fields, valleys and mountains, and even the rocks and stones bear them in abundance. And for the confirmation of this TRUTH please note that W. H. BOX, of 161, King Street, Plymouth, recently instructed Mr. Reginald Barker, of London, to inform the Government that of the 30,000 Cancer cases now doomed to die of Cancer he is prepared to cure three-fourths (22,500) free of charge, if the Government will house and otherwise provide for them during the treatment.

And as you " can afford to tell the truth," and have no axe to grind, " tell " them that he (W. H. BOX), has repeatedly offered to empty every fever ward in Great Britain, and to cure every case of Inflammation of the brain, stomach, bowels, etc., within one hour from the time he enters each ward ; and that extraordinary as it may seem, he will accomplish this feat with two herbs, namely :—Elder-blossom and Peppermint only. Moreover that he will cure **every** pleurisy case in the **world** with the same ease and certainty with **one** herb, namely :—Nettles (sting nettles), which grow everywhere in abundance.

No one has ever died of pleurisy with this remedy at hand, and never will. Tell them **your** only remedy consists of the

PUMP, THE KNIFE, AND THE SAW,

and that only **one** in **200** escape death.

It has fallen to my lot for 35 years to be charged with making " unblushing impossible claims," " impossible " because miraculous.

And when your champion attacked me in the public press, he unblushingly made the above statement, and statements similar to his **you** have made in your article against advertisers ; and all the so-called doctors who have insulted me on the highway, and by private letters and messages, use the same **old hackneyed** phrases, insomuch that whenever I receive a letter from them and have read one sentence I know what is coming. It is all about the **" impossible** claims " " **exploiting** the poor," " **deceiving** the public," " **delaying** patients," **" making a fortune** with cheap quack remedies," etc., etc.

To **me** the remedies are not cheap by the time they are perfected, or prepared for the output; but they are not "quack" remedies, they are **DIVINE,** and are second only to the touch of their Lord, for to this end were they filled with His healing and life. A **quack** is a **pretender,** but he or she who **cures** is a **doctor.** Here is one of them —"It is well known," said Mr. Justice Grantham, in a case recently before him, "that doctors are jealous people. They call these men quacks, but it is a fact that these men do things that the doctors could not do. It is a matter of common knowledge that

A COMMON COBBLER

has cured thousands of cases the doctors had never been able to touch."—LEEDS MERCURY.

By the testimony of the noble judge, the doctor (that is the cobbler) cures thousands which the Quacks (falsely called "doctors") "could never touch." And if a **Cobbler** who is busily repairing shoes 14 hours a day can cure his thousands, and the grand old woman, whose work is never done, can do the same, surely a **genuine herbalist** who does **nothing else** can equal the cobbler and the grand old woman.

I can assure you Mr. Editor that some number their cures by hundreds of thousands, and the American ploughboy, Samuel Thompson, who received gold medals from the kings of Europe could boast of 3,000,000. Tell your readers this **truth** and it will mean to them **life** from the dead.

And don't you think that if all this can be done with such ease and certainty, the subject becomes one of **National** interest, and that

PARLIAMENT OUGHT TO INSTANTLY MOVE IN THE MATTER?

Without doubt you will pooh-pooh this, and curl the lip at it. I shall therefore take steps to straighten the curl by placing before you four sample cases, and if you can disprove either, my all is yours.

Now, Sir, you are an Editor, and you profess to be greatly concerned for the welfare of the Community, and put yourself forward as a Champion of their cause. You forcibly remind me of Goliath of old, who after scorning and boasting for 40 days lost his head: and if you will meet me in the open you shall lose your head also. In 1898 The Champion of the Medical Profession attacked

me in the public press and openly denied the cures which he styled :—" The impossible," but with the SWORD OF TRUTH I not only took off his head, but cut him into infinitesimal bits

BEFORE THE EYES OF THE WHOLE NATION.

The account of the battle is published in a book entitled " Old Physic Overthrown and its Defenders Routed," which is sent post free. I am enclosing you one by this post.

It was a sorry day for " Old Physic " when your Champion moved to the front. In the book enclosed, please find the four sample testimonials. The four cases you will note were cured a long time since, and are well to-day ; consequently, it cannot be said they were patched up.

The First Case is that of Mr. Thomas Putt, Cornworthy, Totnes, Devon, cured of Rheumatism, a most extreme case at the age of 80, seven years ago.

Second Case. Mr. Nicholls, 42, Granby Street, Devonport, in the County of Devon, cured of Cancer, one of the most extreme cases on record, 11 years ago.

Third Case. Mr. M. James, St. Teath, Camelford, Cornwall, cured of blindness 32 years ago.

Fourth Case. Mr. John Smith, Treligga, Camelford, Cornwall, cured of leprosy over 30 years ago, a most extreme case, he was ill for 9 years, treated by 10 doctors and two Herbalists, was treated in East Cornwall Hospital, Bodmin, South Devon Hospital, Plymouth, and sent home to die. His friends took their last farewell of him. I cured him in 12 weeks.

Fifth Case. Mr. James Killow, Delabole, Camelford, Cornwall, cured of Asthma, Dropsy, and Heart Complaint (an awful case) in 12 weeks. You will note this victory was won after 17 doctors—so-called—had tried their hands on Mr. Killow and failed.

Now Sir—I will go to any Commissioner for Oaths and bind myself upon oath to sacrifice my all, if you can disprove either of the above cases. And I make this offer to **any** and **every** doctor—so-called—in Great Britain.

It is amusing to hear the **very pious** doctors talk about my curing the blind. " Now just you look here and listen. That miracle worker pretends to cure the blind, isn't it terrible ? I say isn't it terrible ? I am a doctor ; and I am a Christian, but do you think I could say I could cure the blind ? No ! never. Did not the blind man who was cured by our blessed Lord say that, ' since the

world begun it was not heard that any man cured the blind.'

When he spake this, the world was 4,000 years old, and yet that blackguard Box says he can cure the blind. What do you think of him? He claims to be Divine, you see. Isn't it awful! Don't you think the law ought to interfere?" And then lifting up his holy hands in horror, and **stamping** his **feet** he **shouts,**

"I HATE HIM: THE DEVIL TAKE HIM

and his herbs with him, and the devil take the law-makers for allowing it. Amen."

Such stuff as the above, coming from the lips of pious doctors—so-called, does not speak much for their pretension to goodness. **Blindness** in the **majority** of cases is as **curable** as **any other** complaint.

The **cause** of blindness should not be sought for in the eyes, any more than the cause of consumption should be looked for in the lungs. Blindness is of a reflex nature, and the cause is often found in a remote part of the system. Some of the vital organs for instance if deranged will produce absolute blindness. But when those organs are corrected or restored, the sight will return as surely as the light returns with the rising sun. When men are cured of blindness, I rarely ever publish it, and some are very displeased at it. The following is a sample complaint. Mr. Alexander W. Elliot, of Plymouth, writes.:—

"Mr. Box. Dear Sir,—Words cannot express my joy and thankfulness to you at thus regaining my sight, and out of gratitude I some time ago sent you a testimonial, which I have not seen in print or in any newspaper. I know of another case of blindness cured by you, and such cures ought to be published for the benefit of others.

Yours faithfully,
ALEXANDER W. ELLIOT."

Neither of these cases have been published, nor do I know the case Mr. Elliot refers to. I did think of offering to cure two-thirds of the 30,000 blind of this country, free of charge, but I have abandoned it utterly, and will never offer to cure another. For almost all that have accepted my offer and found their sight returning, have abandoned the treatment, lest they should lose a profitable business.

If you doubt this, I will give you the name and address of a gentleman in London, who, knowing the value of my remedies, requested me to take up the case of an aged man who sits in one place daily, all the year round, asking alms, and who had been blind for 20 years.

I requested a description of his general health, and on receipt of the same, saw plainly where the cause lay. The remedy was sent and after several weeks the news came that "his health had improved marvellously," and soon after I was gladdened with the news that he could see forms passing to and fro. Later he could see across the street and walked to and from his home without his guide. My friend was delighted, and wrote, "What a fine thing it will be for the blind of London and your business when such a great cure is made known, for many are watching the case." Later I received another letter from him full of indignation and wrath :—"The old villain," he stated, "has given up the treatment and says he has several packages at home unopened and is not going to use any more. I have abandoned him, and pass the ungrateful wretch now as if he were a serpent." This blind man receives from gentlemen gifts of gold regularly, and does a good trade; hence his abandoning the remedy. But it is cruel of him to allow me to send him so many parcels without even acquainting me of his purpose.

The ingratitude of man to man is great, but the ignorance and effrontery of the medical profession are infinitely greater. And especially the pious doctors who wish the devil to take me, and the herbs, and the lawmakers for allowing me to cure the blind.

This man's example is disastrous, for had he allowed me to cure him, the gentlemen who were watching the case would have swept London with the glad news, and a great number would have been cured. For the man is over 70 and has been blind for 20 years. His excuse for giving up the remedy is somewhat plausible, for the surgeon who treated him over 20 years since, until he became blind, assured him that the cure would **not** be lasting, as the blindness would return again." But the blindness would **not** have returned. Had he been a smoker, it might have, if he resumed the old habit, but **not** otherwise.

Those who become blind through smoking give up the habit when too late, but when they hear of me and are cured, some of them foolishly return to the ruinous habit, when they are again led to me quite blind, and on promising to abandon the pipe for ever, are again cured. But apart from the tobacco

THE CURE IS AS LASTING AS THE LIFE.

For want of time many of your charming points must be waived for the present, but one of your quotations from a certain doctor is too choice to be omitted.

You preface the quotation thus :—"The claim that a certain remedy makes new blood is a very common one. We ask our readers to **ponder well** the following rejoinder which we quote as follows :—

"New blood can be made from foods only, and not from arsenic, potash, or sulphate or carbonate of iron. The business is **plunder** from first to last, mendacity, audacity, and altogether heartless exploitation of the poor and suffering with the indispensable assistance of newspapers."

And this is what you call a rejoinder is it? How scholarly to inform us that "arsenic cannot make new blood "—true, it cannot **make,** but it can **kill** new blood, for in the locality where it is dug, neither cat, dog, nor poultry can live, moreover, it kills the men who collect it. And this is one of your favourite remedies. You desire your readers to "**ponder well** the rejoinder," but what for? Is it that they may learn how to **reason** or how to **bully**?

A more illogical, self-condemning, ludicrous, and abuseful "rejoinder" it is

IMPOSSIBLE TO PEN.

I need hardly remind you that the sword you have drawn against others has entered into your own bowels. You took it from the armoury of the mighty dead—Your dead Chieftains who wielded the said sword against their **own system** with **terrific force. Every sentence** you have written against others, has been uttered a thousand times over by your **leaders** and **authors against their own system.**

There are **no foul charges** that you have made or **can** make, **no curse** you have uttered or **can** utter, that can be at all compared with the **charges** and **curses** they have uttered and written against their own accursed **Science.**

The following "rejoinders" from some of your great Leaders are indeed worth "pondering."—

"I have known," says Dr. Dickson "a great many first class anatomists in my time, yet there are **old women** who never saw the inside of a dead body whom I would rather consult in my own case than any of these hair-splitting gentry. Till surgeons shall be more than **mechanics,** and physicians something more than mere **puppets,** till the **terrible** system of **thimble rigging** and collusion, at present prevailing in our cities and large towns

be exposed—the medical art must continue to be a source of **destruction** to the **many,** a **butt** for the **ridicule** of the discerning few."—Dr. DICKSON.

Dr. Bostock's rejoinder on the Blind Experimenters. "Every dose of medicine given by us is a **blind experiment** upon the vitality of the patient."—Dr. BOSTOCK (Author of "History of Medicine.")

Dr. Warren's "rejoinder" on the **IGNORANCE** of the profession—

"There is a large and growing class who have extended their zealous researches over the vegetable kingdom. The list of remedies they have given to the world, drawn from home plants, are a boon of no small value, yet it is mortifying that what these men have given us are, by medical men, not **even known by name,** and moreover, that most doctors are

EXTREMELY IGNORANT

of the medicinal plants, even in their **own neighbourhood."** —Dr. WARREN.

Professor Majendie's terrific rejoinder:—

"I know medicine is called a science. It is nothing like a science. It is a great humbug: Doctors are mere empirics when they are not charlatans. We are as **ignorant** as men **can be.** Who knows anything in the world about medicine? Gentlemen, you have done me the honour to come here to attend my lectures, and I must tell you now, frankly, in the beginning, that I know **nothing about medicine** nor do I **know anyone** who **does** know about it. Nature does a great deal, imagination does a great deal, **doctors do devilish little when they do not do harm."**—Dr. MAJENDIE.

So much for your **"Ignorance"** that you have tried to saddle others with. This effort however, is pardonable, but for you to raise the cry of **"POISON"** is enough to make the **outer darkness blush.** Ponder well the following rejoinder: "**Mineral** medicines are so **destructive** to human bodies, that **'malice'** could not invent **anything more deadly beyond gunpowder** itself."—Dr. CHEYNE.

"If I were asked if I myself were dangerously ill I would suffer such physicians to prescribe for my malady my answer would be

NO, ASSUREDLY NO,

unless I wish to risk the loss of my life."—Dr. RING. Well, it may be said that "**doctors don't take their own medicines.**"

A glimpse of the Carnage by Dr. Rush.

" Mercury, says Dr. RUSH, is the Goliath of Medicine. The number **slain** by its arm, let the **world witness,** the multitudes of the Valley of Hanan Gog would not equal their **countless hosts** if mustered on the field of battle." —Dr. RUSH.

Mark: The great man wishes the **World** to **witness** it and rise up against it.

" To become the **murderer** and **tormentor** of my brethren, was to me so **frightful** and **overwhelming** that soon after my marriage I renounced the practice of medicine when I most needed it."—Dr. HAHNE-MANN. Founder of Homœopathy.

Well might the great man describe it as **" frightful and overwhelming."**

Concerned about the children are you ? In face of the following what is your concern worth ?

" Antimony produces effects analogous to those of arsenic, violent vomitings and purgings, with colic, pain, and sensation of burning in the stomach, difficult respirations, faintings, convulsions and death. Even a very small dose has been attended with fatal consequences."

This is the Faculty's **Favourite Medicine** for children. Is it any wonder that **one half** of them die before they are five years of age ?

Another of Dr. Rush's beautiful rejoinders; full of faith and truth: " Such is my confidence, said the Doctor in the benevolence of Deity, that He has placed on earth remedies for all the maladies of man. But so conflicting are the opinions of medical men, so **arrayed** are they **against each other** that the science of medicine is like an

UNROOFED TEMPLE,

cracked at the **sides and rotten** at the **foundation.** There are two reasons why we cannot cure the sick, want of the knowledge of disease, and want of a remedy."—Dr. RUSH.

Volumes of such " rejoinders " might be adduced but the above is sufficient for the present.

Your old quack science ? like the goddess Diana "whom Ephesus and the world worshipped," has no soul. It is dead and stinking and the dead should be buried, but its memory will be execrated through all time and eternity.

For thousands of years you have been shaping the destines of men, and placing stumbling blocks before them, over which they have stumbled into perdition in

unnumbered millions. Throughout the civilised world, infidelity and atheism are rampant, thanks to the Quack Profession—the rulers of the darkness of this world. The strong point of infidels is seen in the following :—" The Bible they say is full of the grand and sublime, and the infinite, all other books sink into nothingness by its side, but there is another Book—the Book of Nature—which condemns it. The Bible says " God is Love," but the Book of Nature says " No "—for between the two there is a great gulf and we free thinkers think it an impassable gulf. The Bible says that God is our Father and that " like as a Father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him and that hope in His mercy," but we reject such a statement absolutely. Are we not made the sport of the plague and of many cruel diseases, for which there is **" no remedy."**

IF AN EARTHLY FATHER

with no pretensions to goodness could have Created the world, would he not have **provided remedies.** And if a **wicked earthly father** could not omit this, how could **LOVE** omit it, the thing is impossible. We therefore, reject the Bible in toto because it fails to reach the standard of even an **earthly father.** This is logic and the doctors will bear us out in the statement that " there is **no remedy** and they cannot help us." But they can **help us out of the world,** they can poison us, they can mutilate us with a big knife, they can filch our money and break our hearts, and then they comfort us with the assurance that " Providence has so willed it."

Ask every father and mother of every nation if they would not have created remedies, and they will answer " Yes " with one voice. Ask them if this cruel omission is not to their faith a staggering blow, and they will answer " Yes." Ask them if they at times have not been almost inclined to throw up their belief in the goodness of GOD, and they will answer " Yes." Ask the Doctor, the vultures, who prey upon our vitals and who assure us that smallpox, etc. is " planned by Providence for wiping out one half of the world before reaching the age of five," ask them if remedies ought not to have been provided and they too will answer " Of course they ought."

We therefore, strenuously maintain that our position is invulnerable because it is logical, and what is logical is right, and what is illogical is wrong, and we have the world at our back.

We have never yet failed to close the mouth of the most eminent ministers and theologians on this subject.

What an awful revelation is this. Now, Mr. Editor, from the above behold your work in shaping the destiny of nations. To hide Nature's remedies and blot them out from the memories of mankind, is the grand Climax on which your eyes have been fixed, and to which you have been pressing for over 3,000 years, and how well you have succeeded, eighty-five million infidels in every generation bear witness, and they are correct in saying that "every father and mother are more or less affected."

"No remedies?" You may as well say "There is no water in the sea, or no light at **noon-day** and you know it." The bare mention of a herb to the Profession is like a red rag to a bull, and because of their **simplicity** and **super-human efficacy** you are now hounding Parliament to assist you in hiding them for ever.

Well may Dr. Sibly say: "Those **'MONSTERS'** in the shape of men have only fees in view." If those gentlemen whom you have deceived and whom you now despise because they are "free-thinkers" knew what God had laid up for them even in this life, they would "mourn for Him whom they have pierced as one mourneth for his only son."

AFTER A LONG AND SEVERE TESTING

of Nature's Remedies I am fully persuaded that 20 herbs only will rid this entire nation of all diseases in less than two years.

With this number I have cured Consumption, Rheumatism, Cancer, Blindness, Deafness, Leprosy, Skin Diseases and the **most prolonged** and aggravated and desperate, and seemingly hopeless cases in overwhelming numbers, and I **defy** you and the band of 20,000 professional Quacks now crying for help, and all like them, to disprove the cures.

Some of the cases have been treated by from 10 to 30 doctors—so-called—and some of the Cases were of 50 years' standing. Now then, **20 herbs** will do this, but DIVINE LOVE could not stop there, for in the earth and sea we have **14,000 known** Remedies and over 100,000 species besides these are known to botanists.

And as for Cancer Remedies, **millions of tons** grow up and perish annually, and 30,000 cancer sufferers in this country annually perish with them, and for all other diseases, Nature's remedies are **equally abundant and TRIUMPHANT.**

And what is most gratifying and for which we ought to be devoutly thankful is, that Providence has so simplified matters that the same hands that prepare our food can, and should prepare our medicine.

THEY ARE AS SIMPLE AS A B C

and as **infallible** as they are simple. And wherever man plants his foot there are his remedies, so that nothing can harm him. Nature is a vast reservoir of living water.

This reservoir is as wide as the world, and is given to **all,** and **free** to **all,** we have only to stoop down, drink and live. There is a limit to the love and benevolence of man, and there is a limit to the love and the benevolence of God ; and **that limit** is **reached :** for He has not only given a world full of infallible remedies, but over and above, He has given us HIMSELF.

"God is love." Hereby perceive we the love of God, because He laid down His **life** for us." 1 Jno. 3, 16. "Who loved us and gave **Himself** for us."

What think ye of the Medical Profession ?

It is delightful to hear what a grand work is being done in Birmingham for "Doctor Charles Porter you say has advanced the **fact** that at a recent examination of 100 specimens of sputum **picked up** in the **streets** of **Birmingham,** seven contained quantities of germs, or microbes."

Fancy doctors cleaning the streets of sputum. What an honour to Birmingham "seven specimens you say contained quantities of germs." But who knows the source of those seven specimens ? They might have come from the nose of a horse, or it might have been matter discharged from the cancerous heels of old horses, for it was from the cancerous heels of old horses that Dr. Jenner got his "pure lymph."

You invite your readers to the "Anti-Tuberculosis Exhibitions" that they may know the **best means** of avoiding tuberculosis or Consumption.

You "can afford to tell the truth," then tell them to go to the **fields** where they will

FIND THE MEANS

both for the prevention and absolute cure of consumption in rich abundance.

While I am writing this a lady suffering from Rheumatism writes "Dear Mr. Box—after taking one day's doses of your Pills and Golden Fire I found sleep that night which I could not find day nor night before. I am telling others about this Wonderful Medicine, and they are going to write you. It is no wonder they are newly christened, 'The World's Masterpiece.' They are **Pain's** Masterpiece. I look on them as My Best Friend. My neighbours are surprised at me, I tell them, Box's Pills save doctor's bills. And my children are delighted. My home is happy, how thankful I am."

In another letter before me by this post the writer suffering from Cancer of the tongue which 6 weeks ago was so swollen that it filled the mouth and almost closed the throat, states—"Kindly send me another supply, after which I hope to return to my situation, from which I have been absent 8 months." Don't you think, Mr. Editor, this is a much more noble work than picking up sputum in the streets?" Another by the same post states—"Thanks for Eye remedy which gave immediate relief." Another by same post suffering from Deafness writes—"Am much better; hearing returning; can hear the tick of the clock." These are samples of the letters pouring in from every quarter. Well may it be said,

"BOX'S PILLS SAVE DOCTORS' BILLS."

And well may the above lady give them the name "My Best Friend" and also "Pain's Masterpiece." New names are being constantly given to Box's Pills, but none are more appropriate than

"The Great English Remedy,"
"The Nation's Standard Remedy" and
"The World's Masterpiece."

For 30 years my Pills and Golden Fire have made the poor doctors literally **dance with rage.** And during the whole of that time they have been watching and pursuing me with the ferocity of wolves for their prey.

Two herbs rescued me from the grip of consumption and from the bed of death. After which I had the ecstatic joy of curing my precious mother of consumption, who by many physicians was given up-to die. After this my father was cured also, and threw aside his crutches for ever.

After this, I had the happiness of curing my neighbours of Dropsy, Asthma, Consumption, Leprosy, Blindness, Deafness and no end of Inflammation and Fever Cases

and received nothing for it, for they had been stripped of their all, moreover it was farthest from my intention to take to this work. And when the so-called doctors cursed me, threatened to imprison me, insulted me on the highway, and informed me "if anyone died" they would swear me to the gallows, and heaped upon me all manner of abuse and laid to my charge so many false accusations, I stood aghast with astonishment. My tender and most benevolent mother who was all the world to me, had carefully trained me to walk in her footsteps, and being an obscure countryside cottager, young and knowing nothing of the world's cruel selfishness, you may judge of my surprise when the greedy doctors sprang upon me like so many devouring lions. It was a sore trial, for what with the threats and fears of prison life in front of me,

THE SICK PRESSING UPON ME

on every side and my friends behind me following and pleading with me not to risk my liberty, and the sense of duty staring me in the face made the situation absolutely desperate. One of those scenes I shall never forget, and to this day I never have once recalled the scene without the starting of a tear. My friends had retired and I was locking the door to do likewise, when a widow came knocking and stating that her son was down with fever. But she was sure I could save him; she pleaded and my friends shouted down "you must not go. Remember the wrath of your powerful opponents, and the prison if the patient die. You must not go, you cannot, you shall not." And I listened to them and tore myself from her. At midnight there was a rap, tap, tap at the door. I dressed and hastened down; it was the widow again pleading for her son. And there under the blue heavens and the moon shining in all her brightness, she said "I will go on my knees and ask you." I could not stand this but flew up the stairs and besought my friends to cease pleading, for it is a widow pleading on her knees for her only son. Who can stand such a scene? Prison or no prison I **must** go. And off we started, but on arriving the patient was unconscious but I was nothing daunted for I knew my work and the value of the remedy, which was a strong tea of elder blossom and peppermint which had never failed though the patient had been unconscious and past speaking. The tea was administered, and in one hour the Fever had gone, consciousness returned, after which he slept soundly and recovered straightway. He is alive to-day, and his glad Mother who is still living at Delabole, R.S.O.,

Cornwall, will bear witness to it now, to whom I will take you if you so desire. And in the same Parish lives the blind man, and in another village, in the same parish lives the English Leper, to whom I will gladly take you, and all the so-called doctors you choose to bring with you, and since those cures, 30 years have passed away and they are well to-day. Now Mr. Editor, if an obscure countryside cottager, who had received no college education, and no previous experience and not a soul that could help him, could accomplish the above with absolute ease, it must be clear to you that the

HEALING ART DIVINE IS AS SIMPLE AS IT IS INFALLIBLE AND AS SAFE AS IT IS SIMPLE.

It must also be clear to you that if such as I could cure your castaways by wholesale, any simpleton can do the same. And also, if I could cure all manner of diseases in such numbers at the **very beginning,** you will readily perceive how easy the work must be to me now. And after testing the Divinely given remedies in innumerable multitudes of fever cases, and cases of Inflammation, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Small Pox, Measles, Scarlatina and all infantile diseases for 30 years without losing a case, you must agree with me that neither infants, youths, nor adults have any more right to die of disease than they have to die of thirst while surrounded with fountains of sparkling water. Old age **alone** is the only natural outlet to human life.

"THE TERRIBLE CONTRAST."

Compare the above with the infamous Isolation business, the Knife, the barbarous and murderous Operations, millions of sick beds, rampant diseases everywhere and ever on the increase, an ever increasing death rate, every house plundered and burdened with the heavy bills of the plunderers, chairs empty that should be filled, millions of graves filled that should be empty. Cancer Research Funds, Work-houses, Vivisection Hells, Laughable Exhibitions of Sputum.

Deadly Anæsthetics, Slaughter Houses called Hospitals, Intolerable burdens on the rates, Poverty, blasphemy, despair, lamentation and great mourning. Ponder for a moment the terrible contrast and only for a moment, or conscience will drive you to seek refuge in the deep sea. Just consider for a moment the magnanimity of the " medical gentlemen " toward a youth who wrought

those cures with a glad heart and free of charge. For 15 years they graciously informed me that I had no right to visit the sick, no right to cure them, and no right to interfere with their business, and yet when ill, they themselves take my remedies and are cured by them. I have a testimonial even from a **Plymouth doctor** who was cured by me of Rheumatism and nobly bore testimony to it, which I shall be pleased to show you. And in addition to all manner of insults in public and private attacks, they used to stop outside the door and shout out their impudence and then gallop away. On one occasion two of them on horseback shouted in and clamoured both together which rendered their messages unintelligible, but I caught one sentence which raised them mightily, namely—"I would sooner have a pennyworth of Quassia Chips than all the herbs thee's got."

Those "medical gentlemen," you see, knew **one** of Nature's remedies and were proud of it, but they despised all my precious stock, simply because they knew nothing about them. But desiring to be thought clever they extolled Quassia and on my hastening to the door they immediately galloped off, clammering and shouting as they went. I presume, Mr. Editor, you know how those "medical **gentlemen**"

HAPPENED TO KNOW

something about Quassia.

Its properties were discovered by a **Negro Slave,** in the West Indies, by which he cured the most fatal Fevers his native country (Surinam) abounded.

Quassia the Slave, after whom the tree was named, was induced to sell his secret to the profession for a considerable sum of gold. It was brought to Europe in the 18th century, and is now used by the entire Medical Profession **throughout the world, thus they crowned Doctor Quassia** the Slave with immortal honours, and very properly placed him at the head of the profession. How "The weak things of the world confound the mighty."

Quassia Wood not only cures the most malignant fevers but is a powerful tonic and corrector of the bile. It is also most excellent for nervous irritability, loss of appetite, and debility in general.

Quassia Chips are also excellent for destroying Nits in Children's heads, and making the hair strong, smooth and glossy.

As before stated, for 15 years they pursued me with this cry—"Let someone die while he is treating them and we will settle him. By hook or by crook we'll have him. We **must** have him or he will ruin us. The law is on our side and coroners are on our side so we are bound to get him." And after eagerly waiting for 15 years and seeing their castaways cured on every hand they blew the trumpet and 20,000 (twenty thousand) "medical **gentlemen**" formed a "Medical Trades Union" and decided to give themselves to earnest prayer, and for 17 years they have been crying and praying to PARLIAMENT to give them the power to imprison me, and all like me, for curing the sick. And during the 17 years they have been triumphing thus—"Let us get this Act of Parliament and we will teach you something. Work your miracles then, if you dare, and you shall pay us £100 for each cure or go to prison for 6 months. Do it the second time you devil and the third time, and you shall pay or suffer."

Now Sir, are you not

PROUD OF YOUR SCIENCE?

and of their jubilant song that—

"Coroners are on our side
And the law is on our side."

It is false to say the law is on their side, for it is on my side, but it is quite true Mr. Editor, that Coroners are on your side, for a Coroner said to me some years since—"If ever you come before me or **any other** Coroner, I'll make it hot for you." What a pity that such men should be allowed to occupy such a position.

Only "let someone die they say while you are treating them and we'll have you." Well if someone did die it should be a **natural** death—it should be because no power on earth could reach them; or because it was determined—Thou shalt "die and not live" which is not an infrequent occurrence. And can you wonder if someone did die while under my treatment, seeing that some are so near death when they write me, that before the parcel reaches them they have passed away? But if reached in time for one dose to be taken, the just verdict is to be manslaughter. Such is the triumphant talk of those who call themselves "medical gentlemen."

Is it any wonder that such "gentlemen" are driven to practise **all manner** of **shifts** to gain sufficient to merely exist? In their eager pursuit of me they have adopted the Watchword of Pharaoh:

9 ' I will pursue, I will overtake, I will divide the spoil; my lust shall be satisfied upon them; I will draw my sword, my hand shall destroy them."

And in their pursuit of the blood of the people their " Watchword " has ever been,

" FOR GOD'S SAKE

don't let the people know the value of herbs or it will ruin our practice."

And whoever in their own ranks, for conscience sake, dares to extol the value of Herbal Remedies is deprived of his honours, denounced as a Quack and struck off the rolls. Such is the threefold fiendish course of this

" MAMMOTH MURDER AGENCY,"

the like of which earth nor hell has ever witnessed. But alas, alas, not only Coroners (who are mostly doctors) are down on those who can cure the sick, but the people themselves are so prejudiced against their own interest that they are ready to slay those who claim the right to defend themselves and the nation.

I have a cutting before me relating to Mr. Statham, of Manchester (a Christian Scientist) who died of a diseased knee.

MR. PITFIELD'S BEAUTIFUL ANSWER.

Mr. Pitfield, answering the Coroner, said he had no faith in medical science, but the greatest respect for the doctor. He considered prayer to God was a local as well as a general treatment, and though the patient had died, he would not admit his treatment had been a failure, but only that the case had not been " met."

The Coroner warmly retorted that it had been an absolute failure.

The zealous Foreman said, You have juggled with this man's life.

The Coroner: " If this had happened in the case of a child you would probably have been committed for manslaughter. As it is the case of an adult, Mr. Statham was responsible for his own action."

One very zealous juror said that Pitfield had **killed** Mr. Statham, but with this view the coroner disagreed. Another yet more zealous juryman suggested the lethal (death) chamber for Christian Scientists, and the foreman, addressing Pitfield, said he prayed God the latter would never cross his doors. If Pitfield did he would have to pray God for something.

Surely Old England has never before witnessed such a jury, and it is sincerely hoped another such will never be witnessed. David prayed all night for a **child,** but it died. Did David " Kill " the child ? David had nothing to do with doctors. The foreman said he prayed God that Mr. Pitfield would never cross his door. When did the foreman pray ? And what was the meaning of his threat ; did it not spell **Murder** ?

Another juryman suggested the Death Chamber—this too savours of Murder. And the previous juror accused Mr. Pitfield of Murder. The faces of those deluded jurors must have reminded Mr. Pitfield of Madame Tussaud's

" CHAMBER OF HORRORS."

Mr. Pitfield carried out the Divine injunction but in this case, as in some others, doubtless the patient's time had come.

I was recently surprised to hear a so-called doctor state that " the scriptures spoke highly of doctors and the new testament was full of it."

Well might Dr. Gregory say that " 99 out of every 100 medical facts are medical lies." The Scriptures have nothing to say in favour of them. The Lord Jesus Christ would not speak to that murderous Herod nor would He deign to notice the more Murderous Profession, but he took vengeance on their doings. Had His divine purposes not been thwarted by Professional Quackery in hiding His Remedies which He had planted the world over, there would have been no disease. He therefore

TOOK VENGEANCE

on them by healing the sick, which closed their surgeries and lovingly restored to the people their original birthright, Health, which from the beginning was stored up for them in the Herbal Kingdom.

And so eager was He to restore them their long lost, or rather **Stolen** Birthright that He appointed twelve physicians and subsequently 70 more and expressly commanded them to heal the sick. And very soon the whole nation was healed and the surrounding nations also ; and the so-called doctors having now **nothing to do** they hired lawyers to follow Him and urged the Scribes and Pharisees to hound and hunt Him out of the world. Everywhere the Scribes and Pharisees followed Him and the sneaking guilty doctors hiding behind them. It is not generally known but it is nevertheless a fact that those beings urged the Ministers vehemently against Him, and when before

Pilate they moved about among the crowd muttering all manner of lies against Him and incessantly urged the people to cry out " Away with Him, Away with Him, not fit to live." And pursuing Him to Calvary they, with the Scribes and Pharisees, mocked Him until He bowed His head and gave up the ghost.

And those medical blood hounds, to be doubly sure of His death, desired a soldier to thrust a sword through His heart which he did. And having killed the Prince of Life thay flattered themselves that their craft was no longer in danger. And in view of this the KING of kings and LORD of lords made and established the following decree.

13 " Is any among you afflicted? let him pray. Is any merry? let him sing psalms.

14 Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord:

15 And the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him.

16 Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another, that ye may be healed. The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

Here then are the so-called doctors excluded altogether. The above is as express a command as " Thou shalt not lie," " Thou shalt not steal," " Thou shalt not kill." But unhappily lying, stealing and killing constitute the sum total of medical science. Hence the above express command of the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, our Saviour, to

LET THEM SEVERELY ALONE.

The Christian Scientists wisely obeyed the eternal God, who saw fit that he should come up higher and sit with Him on His throne as promised to those who are true to the faith. Had the gentleman submitted to an operation probably a needle would have been sewn up to ensure another operation, for this **" Crime of Crimes "** is committed world wide. It is not enough for the medical Farmers to plough open the body once, with their ghastly steel plough to filch the patients' wealth; it is not enough to lie and steal as ordinary liars and thieves do; it is not for them to imitate the highway-man and shout— " Money or life " but under the most fiendish deception they pull a long face and " deeply regret to say that another operation will have to be shortly performed," the sorrowing friends never dreaming that an instrument or something else has been sewn up to ensure it.

In a work published by the Chemists and Druggists Association, entitled the "Machination of the Medical Profession," the author states:—"Not infrequently since the inauguration of abdominal surgery, cases of malpractice have been brought against surgeons because in sewing up a wound they have left sponges and other articles in the abdominal cavity, endangering the patient's life and necessitating a second operation. It remained however for the defendant in a recent case of this kind in a western state to establish a defence that **ingeniously gave away** the **entire situation.** He admitted the offence, but pleaded that he used "**ORDINARY skill**"—in other words that the

LEAVING OF ARTICLES IN THE STOMACH AND BOWELS

was such an **ordinary occurrence** that it came within the limit of the law which **limits** the obligation of the surgeon to the exercise of **ordinary skill.**

This remarkable defence was set up by one of those who made the reference, and upon the strength of it we wrote to a well known collaborator of medical literature who made the research, and have his reply that **several hundreds of cases are recorded in medical journals,** and it was not confined to **uneducated** or **careless** operators but including the best **cultured and leading** surgeons of **both hemispheres.** Further, the articles left in the abdomen are not limited to **sponges—forceps, spectacles, eyeglasses, wedding rings, towels, etc.** have been left. In one case the abdomen was opened four months after the operation and a towel was found **dry, and nicely folded,** just as it came from the laundry," and this, as it appears, is regarded as **ordinary skill.**

Speaking on the subject of sewing up foreign substances in the abdominal cavity, Dr. H. S. Crossen in an address before the St. Louis Medical Society says:

"To one not familiar with the subject it seems incredible that we should carry into the abdominal cavity any object, the removal of which is not provided for with absolute certainty. And yet, that such is the case is abundantly proven by the long list of cases in which sponges and forceps and other sundry articles have been removed from the abdomen during convalescence or at the post-mortem table. Many cases have been reported, since, for obvious reasons, the accident is not given publicity unless there is a special reason for doing so. In any large

body of surgeons a little experience meeting in which testimonials are freely given will show a number of cases in which this serious accident has occurred."

Again, there is an article in the Journal of the American Association, July 20th, 1907, by Dr. Archibald MacLaren. After giving a number of recorded instances and reciting a few cases gleaned from his own personal experience he says :—

" Before leaving this subject I would like to record part of a conversation which I had recently with Dr. Maurice Richardson, in which he said that he had on several occasions operated on the patients of other surgeons and had removed forgotten foreign bodies, and that, to the best of his knowledge these people were never told what had been the cause of the local inflammation or abscess which had needed further **surgical care."** Surgical care, eh ?

Three doctors operated on a man for Appendicitis. The pain that followed soon after " necessitated another operation," when it was discovered that a sponge had been left in the bowels. Soon after another operation had to be performed and a pair of scissors were found. In a fortnight the patient had to be again opened and it was discovered that a needle had been left behind, accidentally of course. Thus the medical Farmers ploughed and sowed and reaped 4 crops in 13 weeks and pocketed £400.

This proves my statements to the full that the Medical Farmers literally farm the bodies of their fellows and not only do they sow the seeds of ordinary and general diseases, but they have other seeds to cast into the awful furrows which consists of anything they can clap their hands on namely—" sponges, forceps, spectacles, scissors, eyeglasses, rings, needles, towels, etc."

Another base and infamous practice the same writer says " is the giving of commissions : in other words the selling of the confidence the patient has in his practitioner to some **specialist,** who, in return will divide the fee in reference of the case. The one **secretly** takes money from the patient without his consent and the other in order to complete the bargain charges more than he should. This is equally harmful to the one who receives and the one who gives. Some attempts have been made to justify the procedure but the very fact that it is secret shows that

BOTH PARTIES ARE ASHAMED

to have it known and is an acknowledgment of its moral obliquity."

In the above American work it is further stated:—"Criminal operations are performed in every city, in every state."

Dr. Henry G W. Reinhart, Coroner's Physician for Cook County, Illinois, in 1905, was quoted in the Chicago "Daily News," of December 7th of that year, as saying:

"Criminal operations are performed in **every city in every State.** They are performed by doctors holding certificates to practise; certificates that can be revoked. The **crime** can be punished by **imprisonment**; the profession can be purged of malpractitioners of the criminal kind, and the purging can be done by the profession, as a matter of house-cleaning. But it isn't done, and it won't be done as long as so-called 'reputable physicians' (who haven't been exposed by their professional brethren) will do a 'dirty job' for 100 dollars, and will sign a fraudulent death certificate. **It is a business that pays, pays big, and the political doctor never yet was known to have interfered with any phase of professional activity that pays big fees!**"

The Michigan State Board of Health reports substantially the same condition of affairs in that State.

The crime referred to is Abortion; it is estimated that two million three hundred thousand babies annually are deprived of life, or killed before the birth. And I am assured on good authority that similar business in England and other nations is in full swing. No wonder that we are told that in "Two Editorials the black arraignment against the Medical Profession is **absolutely appalling.**" Those appalling crimes will leap forth shortly. But it is sincerely hoped the

TERRIBLE REVELATION

will not exceed that which I am justified in calling the "Crime of Crimes." What think ye of the medical profession?

The revelations as recently published in the press and headed **"The Great Murder Agency,"** namely the systematic plan of killing gentlemen and also young heirs to vast estates has been aptly termed

"THE GREAT MURDER AGENCY."

Various were the methods of doing them to death and varying sums were paid the doctors for killing them. Some of these medical **"gentlemen"** received fifty thousand pounds for each job and some of them doubtless received double that amount. But gentlemen and heirs to vast estates are not the only victims, for "The Great Murder Agency" as above stated begin with the babies by killing untold millions before coming to the birth, and one-third of the children before reaching the age of two

years, and, according to Dr. Woolcombe, one half before the age of five. The Quack profession therefore are guilty of the blood of those mothers and children.

It is estimated that one half of the world die of

INFLAMMATION

and Fever which Elder Blossom and Peppermint would have saved to a man. Therefore the Quack profession in every generation are **guilty** of

THE BLOOD OF THIS MIGHTY HOST.

Tens of thousands are annually lost by the Baby epidemic—Influenza—which Elder Blossom and Peppermint would save to a man.

Therefore the Quack profession are guilty of their blood. Scores of thousands in the aggregate annually die of Pleurisy, but three handfuls of each of the common sting nettles would have saved them all.

The Baby epidemic (Influenza) annually touches with its little finger tens of thousands and they lie down and give up the ghost, but a pint of Elder Blossom and Peppermint Tea would not permit a single death ; therefore the medical profession are

GUILTY OF THEIR BLOOD.

Few persons have fully realised how terrible a scourge the second visitation of the influenza epidemic has been. Sir Brydges Henniker's return shows that in the three months ending June 30, the deaths registered in England and Wales were 171,555, the highest rate, with three exceptions, recorded since civil registration began.

What a host to be killed in three months by a **baby** which a handful of Herbs would have frightened away ; therefore the medical profession are **guilty** of their **blood.** Scores of thousands in the aggregate annually die of Pleurisy ; but the common Sting Nettles will kill Pleurisy as easily as you can turn the hand upside down, therefore the medical profession are guilty of their blood.

Multitudes are dying of Consumption notwithstanding Nature holds in her lap 3,000 (three thousand) Infallible Remedies which would wipe the monster from the face of the earth, therefore the medical profession are guilty of the blood of this mighty host. Consumption is called "The Great White Plague" but

"THE GREAT BLACK PLAGUE"

(the medical profession), constitute the cause.

SWEEP AWAY THE BLACK PLAGUE

and The White Plague will quickly follow never to reappear.

Annually there are millions of miscarriages and much sickness and loss of life, all of which one herb, namely Garden Tansy, would prevent, therefore the medical profession are guilty of their blood.

Annually multitudes of Mothers are lost in confinement, tortured with instruments and done to death, and the babies with them; all of which might have been **entirely prevented** by **Raspberry-leaf tea:** therefore the medical profession are **guilty** of the **blood** of this mighty host.

Thousands are dying of Diphtheria, Laryngitis, Quinsy and other affections of the throat, notwithstanding there are over **one thousand Infallible Remedies** growing all around them, and even at their doors; therefore the medical profession are **guilty of their blood.**

Thousands of Rheumatic Martyrs are slowly dying, all of whom Nature's Remedies would restore to **perfect** soundness; therefore the medical profession are guilty of the blood of those martyrs, and also of the blood of all those who perish by other diseases. For Nature's Remedies are created and given to keep the nations in Perfect Health, and to guard their Health as if by a **wall of fire.** But the medical profession for 3,500 (three thousand, five hundred) years have been labouring with might and main to hide and deprive the world of those Infallible Remedies and are now frantically pleading for an Act of Parliament that shall empower them to fine any one that shall administer those Remedies for the cure of the sick £100 (one hundred pounds), or six months' imprisonment. And "No magistrate shall have the power to lessen the fine under the most extenuating circumstances."

Now, Mr. Editor, I must again bring you face to face with the wrath of that Jewish Physician Maimonides who flourished in the 12th century, who hurled his javelins at the medical profession with terrific force. Among other things he said "He who permits the loss of a life when he possesses the means of preventing it must be accounted a Murderer." And as the medical profession ought to be able to save life but cannot; and cannot because they will not.

And as the medical profession **have "the means"** but **refuse** to use them, and refuse to allow others to use them under crushing penalties of fines and imprisonment they

are therefore the direct cause of all the disease in our midst and all the consequent suffering, poverty, workhouses, slaughter houses (called hospitals), vivisection hells, laughable exhibitions, sanatoriums, &c., and the murder of unnumbered millions of both sexes and all ages in every civilised country under heaven. The public press in recently bringing to light the "SECRET" doings of this awful combination gave the ghastly profession a most appropriate name, namely:

"THE GREAT MURDER AGENCY"

which rose from the alarming discovery that "Medical **gentlemen**" were secretly killing the wealthy and also rich heirs of tender years and for which they are being paid from £50,000 to £100,000 for each murder.

Well did the great German Chemist Liebig say:

"Of all the monopolies that have ever outraged justice and common sense, medicine is the greatest. Monopoly, in fact, is the conspiracy of a party against the interest of the many. Other professions in the very darkest times were open to the enterprise of their individual members, but medicine now has not even this poor privilege. To secure the exclusive right to practise, every licensed member of the profession literally sells himself for the privilege of enslaving others."—Professor Liebig.

A London doctor recently gave the full text, viz.: that "they had **sold** themselves to the **devil.**"

And undoubtedly it is the best bargain The Devil ever made, for without doubt they carry out his fatal purposes to his utmost wishes.

Look it in the face for one moment but not longer, or your hair will turn white and your knees will smite one against the other; for the ghastly profession is Hell's artillery in constant action against Heaven and earth, continually blaspheming and thwarting the purposes of the Former and mercilessly bombarding and sweeping the latter into untimely graves, millions of which are not even allowed to greet the light.

BUT THEY SHALL RISE AGAIN,

even they who were murdered in the womb and shall witness against you, together with four-fifths of the human race. I cannot close without congratulating you on the able manner in which you have handled the questions put by your correspondents, for which **great** praise is due to you, for when your readers ask for bread you give them a stone, and for a fish you give them a serpent. Your pages devoted to Questions and Answers abound with request for bread, but stones, &c. are given instead. On

page 316, the question is asked What must I do for pimples which are most prominent on the face ? but your vague answer contains no remedy. The next sufferer asks—Would you recommend me to use one of the following as a cure for eruptions of the skin : sarsparilla decoction, wormwood tea, dandelion tea. Being prepared from the herb I conclude they must be good. Is this true ? Answer —No ; opium, strychnine, and cocaine, some of the most dangerous drugs in the pharmacopœia, are prepared from herbs. It is a fallacy to believe that because a remedy is prepared from herbs, it must be good and "wholesome."

What a smart diagnosis.—"The pimples you say may be due to errors of diet, or it may be due to heat. But you ought to have said that pimples, eruptions, ulcers, tumours, cancers, rheumatism, consumption, &c., are the outcome of foul blood. The patient correctly diagnosed his case and prescribed the remedy but you discouraged and misled him by pointing him to "some of the most dangerous drugs."

Sarsparilla, Wormwood and Dandelion would have cured the lady or gentleman **absolutely.** There are no less than **3,**000 (three thousand) herbs for purifying the blood and removing pimples, blotches, ulcers, tumours and cancers and yet you hide the whole.

3rd question.—Anthritis ; please indicate the best treatment for. Answer.—Anthritis ; that is, inflammation of the joint, requires : the application of heat, either moist or dry, with skilful massage, and active and passive movements which should be given under the direction of a qualified medical man."

Here too,

ALL THE PRECIOUS REMEDIES ARE KEPT OUT

of sight. Anthritis or Inflammation of the joint is caused by impurities in the blood which have dropped on the joint therefore, to **permanently cure** anthritis the **blood must** be cleansed.

The third sufferer says : "Kindly give me advice for a congested kidney and itching." Answer :—"The local application of a little Zinc or Carbolic Ointment will assist in relieving the itching. If you do not obtain prompt relief consult a qualified medical man."

Here again Nature's remedies are kept out of sight. Congested kidneys corrupt the blood and the itching is the symptom. Therefore let the "Zinc Ointment" alone and swing the axe at the root.

Another asks for a cure for warts and you recommend "strong acetic acid which is poison." But there are over 700 remedies for corns and warts growing all around you which are perfectly harmless and most effectual, why recommend poison? A lady not far from here applied acetic acid and died in agony quickly after. Although there are 700 remedies, one alone, Celandine, will cure them all. You boast you can afford to tell the truth, then tell your readers to plant a root of Celandine in their gardens and farewell corns and warts. When a **fish** is asked for, why give him a **serpent?**

You advise them to go to a **qualified** doctor, but where is he? You put up for **such** and offer them the benefit of your superior advantages, then why send them away empty?

Somebody asks a remedy for Tapeworm and you say "It is necessary to kill the worm by a poisonous drug, and also to get a competent physician who will know what drug to give." But **you** ought to know this. And you ought to know that it is not necessary to "give poisons," for there are 50 remedies for tapeworm which are perfectly harmless and absolutely certain in their effects. Find a competent physician you say, but where will you find him? You put yourself forth as **such** but **alas** for your competency. It is becoming quite fashionable for a so-called doctor to answer questions free in newspapers, but their answers always remind me of Dr. Ring who said—"If I were asked if I myself were dangerously ill, whether such physicians should prescribe for my malady, my answer would be 'No'; assuredly no, unless I wished to risk the loss of my life."

I am sorry for the poor Dyspeptics who appeal for information and are advised to use charcoal, hot fomentations and to avoid sweet pure milk and drink "sour milk." Fancy drinking sour milk, eating sour potatoes, sour cabbage and sour bread to cure Indigestion. Fancy yourself running your head against a brick wall to cure head-ache. Can folly go further? Give sour milk to the young of all animals and it will upset and disease them, but how much more the dyspeptic who is already diseased. In vain is the snare set in the sight of any bird and if they do not see this snare or trap set for them they must have ceased to think. For Indigestion, Constipation and all the evils arising therefrom recommend them Box's Pills and they will be cured straightway. Box's Pills are not patent purgatives but are known as "The Great Restoratives,"

"The Great English Remedy,"
"The Nation's Standard Remedy,"
"The World's Masterpiece."

It is the same remedy that was exhibited in the Royal Albert Hall, Westminster, last May, at the Chemists' Exhibition. Another Masterpiece was exhibited, namely Box's Golden Fire, which cures all manner of Sore Throats from the tiniest sore spot to Diphtheria and even Mortification of the throat. No throat disease great or small can stand before it nor Rheumatism either. These great Restoratives are justly styled "the two Masterpieces of the World," before which Indigestion, Constipation, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Diphtheria (with the fatal false membrane), Quinsy, Laryngitis, &c., are all cast out and cured speedily and permanently. No wonder you are so dead against advertised remedies, but all the warnings and falsehoods that malice can invent cannot retard their triumphant course, for the **thunder** of their efficacy sweeps everything before them. These great remedies do not linger, for as quick as thought they are at their work and

DISEASES and THE PROFESSIONAL

quacks fly before them like mists before the rising sun.

And as to your poisons and potions, &c., oceans of sour milk and microbes, culture and cancer germs, cholera germs, consumptive microbes, and even the "Old Age Microbe" 250 years old, found in a grave in Haarlem and all the filthy serums together with the robbers and destroyers falsely called doctors who manufacture them: all, when "The World's Masterpiece" arrives, are swept from the system and chased out of sight.

For many years the so-called doctors have been

HIDING THEMSELVES BEHIND THE FLY,

but our little friend is a very poor shelter. You would have us do what France did by the birds. They said, they would prove to the world that the Deity had made a mistake, and a cruel mistake, in creating birds for they destroy the crops and fruit, and by offering so much per head the birds were wiped out.

Of the Fly you say—"The time has come when we should recognise in the fly an **implacable foe** of **health** and **life.** The old fashioned idea that the fly is an interesting insect and quite harmless is altogether wrong. The

fly is a veritable pest and every possible means should be taken to destroy them." So said the French nation respecting the birds. But after they had destroyed them what happened? A famine! gaunt famine

LOOKED THEM IN THE FACE.

The wheat failed, and the oats and barley failed, and the green crops and the fruit failed. What could be the matter and who could solve the problem? The gardeners and agriculturists were called in council with the wise men. The gardener and the farmer placed before the council a sample of earth and a microscope and by the aid of the microscope they beheld an infinite number of young grub-worms, wire worms, &c., &c., which rendered vegetable life impossible. And instantly out went the cry to other nations "Send us birds," and quickly the nations responded and France was saved. Now sweep away the fly and the Pestilence will sweep away the Old Women of the Schools and everybody else with you. Without the birds the nations would be wiped out by **famine,** and without the flies they would be wiped out by the pestilence. The facts which you produced as evidence against the fly are in the Fly's favour. "Look" it is said "at a fly's capability of carrying germs and no further argument against the destroyer is needed: for it has six legs and one thousand two hundred hairs on each leg making a total of 7,200 hairs and on those hairs a fly can carry a million germs." But this is no cause for alarm but rather thanksgiving and rejoicing for as you watch the fly in your bedroom performing its gyrations, it is universally supposed that the marvellous performance is simply self amusement, but it is nothing of the kind; it is **labouring** for **you.** The air of your room is **full** of **microbes** and during its exquisite performances it has captured on those 7,200 hairs one million germs which it devours and starts again on its mission until the day is done.

A keen observer, noticing the movements of flies after alighting, rubbing their hind feet together, their hind feet and wings, and their fore feet, was led to explore into the cause, and he found that the fly's wings and legs during his gyrations in the air became coated with extremely minute animalculæ or microbes which he subsequently devours. These microscopic creatures are poisonous and abound in impure air, so that flies perform a great work in removing the seeds of disease. Therefore the house-keeper, instead of killing off the flies with poisonous preparations, should make her premises as sweet and clean as possible, and then, having protected

food with wire or other covers leave our little friends and saviours to act as air scavengers. And thank God for the flies to purify the air, and the birds to purify the soil, for without the flies the air would be stagnant with disease and without the birds nothing could grow,

AND FAMINE AND PESTILENCE WOULD REIGN SUPREME.

I love the flies and give them drink to refresh them in their toil, and I love the birds and give them food in winter, for both the flies and the birds are our defenders and are workers together with their Creator.

At every step we see the ever increasing force of the statement of Dr. Gregory that " Ninety-nine out of every hundred medical facts are medical lies, and medical doctrines are stark, staring nonsense." When will the " Old Women of the Schools " cease to blaspheme ?

DIAGNOSIS.

The eternal prate about the necessity of a correct Diagnosis is most amusing. A so-called Doctor writing to the DAILY DESPATCH, September 3rd, states that " The essential difference between the trained qualified medical man and the unqualified person is, the latter makes no attempt to diagnose the case, but deals with the symptoms, but the former discovers the cause and deals with the disease. This it is that makes the quack a danger to the public." Now seeing by the testimony of Judge Grantham that " a Common Cobbler has cured thousands which doctors were never able to touch " of what value is their diagnosis. Three thousand cases were diagnosed by nine thousand doctors **so-called,** who after robbing them of £90,000 (ninety thousand) sterling abandoned them to their fate ; but the true doctor, the Cobbler, rescues them from disease and the grave and restores them to perfect soundness. The nine thousand " proper doctors " call the Cobbler a Quack, and basely represent him as

" A DANGER TO THE PUBLIC. "

But they really mean he is a danger to their craft.

I must again remind you, Mr. Editor, that the man who **cures** is the **Doctor** and the man who **cannot cure** is a **Pretender,** and a pretender is a **Quack.** Here then we

see nine thousand boasting Quacks, nine thousand Professional Quacks, who could neither diagnose nor cure a single case. The Doctor in the DAILY DESPATCH further states—"The public, especially the more gullible part, **must** be protected." How is it to be done? The two alternatives seem to be education and legislation, and both of these are slow in this country. Education, as a matter of fact, up to the present, has done very little. The **educated** seem to flock to the quack to-day in even greater numbers than did the uneducated in the past."

I should think they did, seeing that "**proper** doctors" are not worth the **parings** of a Common Cobbler's toe nails. This so-called doctor further states "Opportunities for demonstrating the folly of trusting to quackery will arise, and will be taken advantage of for inculcating lessons which may prove of inestimable value." And to this I would add that as 99 out of every 100 medical facts are **medical lies** and as those medical lies are to be everywhere circulated, "Advantage will be taken of" for bringing this TRUE and DAMNING Indictment **before** the entire nation that they may escape from their destroyers and hold their wealth and health in their **own keeping.** "The public you say, especially the gullible part, must be **protected,** and education and legislation are the two alternatives."

But **you** have no protection to offer, for as your leaders all state "The Science of Medicine is like an unroofed temple, cracked at the sides and rotten at the foundation."

What sane man would think of driving even his cattle, or dog into such a refuge? Notwithstanding, your only hope is, that

LEGISLATION WILL DRIVE THEM IN.

Education is the other alternative, but we are informed that "Education up to the present has done very little; for the educated are flocking to the quack in great numbers." True: but what for?

You should have put it thus—"The educated as well as the illiterate, are flocking to the Herbalist, the true Doctor, in great numbers, for there are two reasons why we Professional Quacks cannot cure the sick, want of the knowledge of disease and want of a remedy."

What, then, have you to do with the question of education? Nothing whatever.

Your great anxiety is to fine and imprison the Imperial Doctors (the Herbalists) as you are absolutely helpless

and by your own confession you cannot gain sufficient to merely exist." And this is the sole reason for your Clamouring for another Diabolical Act. A little education and a touch of Legislation will sweep this Mammoth Murder Agency from the face of the earth and all diseases with them.

Now, Mr. Editor, the time has come that the Nation should be educated in the TRUTH. And one part of such education will drop like a thunderbolt in your midst. For instance : The man or woman that **cures** is the Doctor ; and the Doctor is the Herbalist, and

THE HERBALIST IS, IN THE EYES OF THE LAW, THE ONLY CAPABLE AND LAWFUL DOCTOR.

I repeat, such an one is the **only lawful Doctor.** For in consequence of the helplessness, thimblerigging, disease creating and satanic falsehoods of the medical profession, the King and Parliament in the 16th century, in the name of Heaven and earth rose against the Medical profession to a man, and denounced them in the strongest possible terms, accusing them of "charging great sums and doing nothing for them and leaving the people to **rot,** etc."

And forthwith the King and Parliament summoned "every Herbalist and every one that had knowledge of herbs to heal the people" and dared the degraded doctors, so-called, to lift even a finger against them. Thus the so-called doctors were literally **kicked out,** and the Herbalists called upon and specially appointed by Act of Parliament to heal the people for all time. And that Act is still in force and ever will be.

But to return to the Diagnosis—of the "proper Doctors."

It is amusing to hear you expatiate on the necessity of going to a "proper doctor," where you will get a correct diagnosis, and to be in time for the knife. But what a sham is this diagnosis business. On the battlefield every man's sword is drawn against the foe, but when one looks over the

LAUGHABLE RANKS OF THE "PROPER DOCTORS,"

he discovers that every man's sword is drawn against his fellow Doctors who fight each other like tigers. Show your hand with a few pimples on it to half a dozen "doctors" and the first says—"That's nothing." The second

says—"My man, you drink too much." "You are wrong, Sir, I am a life abstainer." Disgusted he goes to the third. The third says—"You've got the itch." More disgusted than ever, he seeks the fourth. The fourth says—"You have syphilis, you had better go to the hospital for an operation." "How dare you make such a statement, and what do you mean?" "I mean what I say, for there is the proof on your hands, how dare you question me! Keep off from the drink and bad women and do as I advise you, go to the hospital."

"What, not question you when I have never tasted strong drink, not a drop in all my life, and I am as innocent of the other charge as the angels in heaven, and go to the hospital must I, and get my hand taken off? You dog, do you call yourself a doctor?" The fifth said—"Your liver is out of order, you have pain between the shoulders and in the right side, and you're constipated and smoke a little too much. I will give you some liver mixture and pills." "Thank you, doctor, I decline the mixture and pills, for I have no pain whatever, and I am never constipated but rather relaxed and I have never smoked. Good-day." The sixth said—"It's an old trouble and due to microbes brought on by eating pork and aggravated by stimulants and tobacco. You require a course of medicine and you should go to the hospital and have the hand scraped." The patient corrected this doctor also, and informed him that it was not an "old trouble" but quite new, and that he was a non-smoker and a life abstainer.

DIAGNOSIS.

All the year round sufferers are stating as follows:—
Dear Sir,

A description of my case please find herewith. I have been to six doctors. The **first** said I was suffering from Indigestion. The **second** said it was not Indigestion but liver trouble. The **third** said it was congested lungs. The **fourth** said "The doctors that said you were suffering from Indigestion, Liver or Lungs are nothing but 'quacks,' for there is **nothing the matter with you.** All you require is a tonic." I took this tonic for 7 months and am worse instead of better. The **fifth** said it was Nervous Debility, and the **sixth** said I had got something I had no business with, and told my wife so, which she believed, which almost broke my heart. I am as innocent as a baby and yet he sticks to it. But

NEVER MORE

shall those lying ignoramuses called 'doctors' ever enter

my door. I wish I had heard of you before all my money had gone. Can you help me now?"

The following is a **wholesale** sample of wrong Diagnosis. Mr. W. R. Smith, the Chairman of the Statistical Committee of the Metropolitan Asylums Board when submitting the annual report said :—

"Nearly **2,000 Cases of Mistaken Diagnosis** had been admitted into the hospital under the Metropolitan Asylums Board during 1904. The average period of detention was a little over three weeks, and the expenditure represented, which ought never to have been incurred, was £12,000 for the year. The cases ought **never to have come into the hospital.** So said the Chairman of the Statistical Committee, Mr. W. R. Smith, when submitting the annual report of the said hospital. 'It was time,' the speaker added, 'that some recommendation was made to the London local authorities to **reduce** the **enormous number** of these cases, and to **curtail** this great expense. Apart from the question of the expense, they had to remember the fact that these people were exposed to **dangers** which otherwise they would not run."

Think of it. "Two thousand cases of Mistaken Diagnosis in one hospital per year. Well might the Chairman say, 'It is time to reduce the **enormous** number of these cases.'"

Who can estimate the number throughout the land, and the heavy burden entailed on the rates? And in the face of this (and a world of it too) the professional Quacks have sufficient grace to ask:— "What do you know about Diagnosis?"

ANOTHER PRECIOUS EXAMPLE.

In a Liverpool Assize case which occupied **4 days**, **four** doctors stoutly declared the Plaintiff had the "itch," four other doctors vehemently maintained "it was **not** the 'itch' but something much more serious." What a puzzle for the Jury. And what a lift to the Profession. And this is a fair sample of their general Diagnosis.

FURTHER SAMPLE OR TWO OF YOUR BUNGLING SCIENTIFIC DIAGNOSIS.

Dr. F. W. Alexander records that in the year 1903, in the Metropolitan Borough of Poplar, 1,913 were wrongly diagnosed; 1905, 2,157; and 1907, 3,109. These were found **not** to be suffering from the diseases mentioned in the medical certificates upon which they were removed to hospital.

Also, amongst the 1,670 cases wrongly certified as scarlet fever, there were 137 of measles, 377 of rubella,

264 of tonsilitis, 322 of erythema, 134 had no obvious disease, and 164 were not diagnosed, making a total of 1,398 wrongly certified by the so-called doctors.

Also, amongst the 1,180 cases wrongly certified as diphtheria were 73 of measles, 815 of tonsilitis, 31 had no obvious disease, making a total of 919 cases wrongly diagnosed and certified. Just fancy out of 1,180 cases, 919 wrongly diagnosed, which shows that the bungling doctors, so-called, had not the remotest idea what was the matter, consequently those 919 were wrongly treated, and knowing whose hands these poor victims were in, we dare not follow them further even in thought.

Well may your leaders affirm that the Science of Medicine is a barbarous jargon and unworthy to be reckoned among the useful arts. And yet how simple, how Divinely Simple is the "healing art Divine." The astronomer grapples with and embraces the universe, but the proper doctor has not sense or skill enough to handle a handful of herbs.

THAT LAUGHABLE FARCE "THE PROPER DOCTOR"

has everything to hand, but he knows not how to manipulate it.

How different is the astronomer's task. He hangs his scales in mid-heaven and weighs the world on which he stands, and the worlds above him, too. He climbs the air without a ladder, and walks firmly on the floor of heaven, tells the time of the coming of the express steed of the Universe (the comet), bridles and mounts her, and sweeps through space—now above the Sun, now beneath and around, and out from world to world in unnumbered millions, counting, measuring, and weighing them in the rapid flight, and having previously told the time of his return, we behold him on his fiery steed coming from the depth of infinite space as swift as thought, and dropping the reins, alights on the platform at the **moment foretold.** And holding in his right hand a miniature Universe, he steps off the platform, on the lightning's wing, and in another moment he hails his home in a blaze of light.

"In fields of air he writes his name,
And treads the chambers of the sky,
He reads the stars and grasps the flames,
That quiver in the realms on high."

The celebrated Dr. Ross who abhors poisonous drugs and uses Nature's remedies further states:—

The spirit of progress in the arts, science and industries of the world during the past fifty years has wrought no change in the healing art. It is to-day what it has always been, a **colossal system** of **deception** in obedience to which mines have been emptied of their cankering minerals, the intestines of animals taxed for their filth, the poison bags of reptiles drained of their vermin, the blood of black cats and white puppy dogs extracted by vivisection and all these and many other abominations have been

THRUST DOWN THE THROATS

of credulous and long-suffering human beings.

Less than 100 years ago the following disgusting objects were in daily use and formed the most prominent remedies of the medical profession at that period :— Earthworms, hogs' lice, snakes, toads, skins of hens' gizzards, vipers' flesh, man's hair, dried human flesh, the heart of a mole, crab's eyes, hogs' excrements. From another standard medical work, "Collecteane Medica," London, 1725, page 25, we find the following remedies— For quinsy, powder of burnt owls, one drachm ; burnt swallows, one drachm ; cats' brains, two drachms ; dried and powdered blood of white puppy dogs, two drachms. For colic, wolf's guts dried and powdered, two drachms ; old man's urine, three drachms ; sheeps' excrements, two drachms. A sovereign remedy.

Less than fifty-five years ago millions of human beings up to that time had been hurried into untimely graves by the "Lancet." Old and young alike were subjected to the fallacy of blood letting for the most trivial ailments ; thus whole generations were swept into untimely graves by this bloody delusion, which, happily for the present generation, has been put down.

Later than forty years ago calomel was in constant use as a sovereign remedy for every ill that human flesh is heir to. This destructive delusion was not discarded until it had filled the world with

HOPELESS, BONELESS AND TOOTHLESS WRECKS.

Thousands of the wretched victims of this fallacy still live to curse this destructive delusion of the physicians of that day. To modify and perpetuate their fallacies to better suit their present purposes they have substituted the most deadly poisons such as arsenic, strychnine, chloral, morphia, and scores of other poisons and destructive drugs that lay the foundation of innumerable ills to the human family.

Small-pox is no longer to monopolise vaccination but must share it with the measles, scarlatina, diphtheria, hypochondria, erysipelas, cholera, hydrophobia and delirium tremens. Verily the medical practice of to-day has no more foundation in science philosophy, or common sense than it had one hundred and fifty years ago. It is based on conjecture and improved by sad blunders hidden by death. A drug which forms the favourite remedy for many forms of disease at one period will in a short time be discarded as useless and speedily, replaced by some other, and that in turn will soon fall into oblivion as some new medicine comes into fashion."

Such is the faithful testimony of the celebrated Dr. Alexandria M. Ross.

In one of the great London papers, a well-known editor, referring to the regulars or the "faculty" in a recent issue, says :—

"IN NO PROFESSION

are ignorance and helplessness so systematically veiled under the assumption of infallibility and omnipotence ; in **no** profession do they so flatly contradict each other on the rudiments of the science ; in **none** is the knowledge of one generation so invariably discredited by the next."

I will close with Dr. Skerritt's rejoinder and leave you to these awful reflections.

ORTHODOX MEDICAL PRACTICE.

As judged by one of its Exponents, and commented on in the "British Medical Journal."

It is refreshing, in this age of **medical bombast,** to find at least one member of the profession **honest** enough to give public expression to his true opinions. The text which Dr. Markham Skerritt selected for his address to the medical School of Bristol, upon the occasion of its anniversary some days ago, was "The **Teachings** of **Failure,**" and the **fearlessness** with which the lecturer showed up the

HOLLOW PRETENCES

of the craft was admirable. He impressed upon his medical brethren the facts that "at the present day, not only are their studies still **full** of **obscurity** and **complexity,** their **doctrines transitory** and **fallacious,** and their methods **clumsy** and **dangerous,** but, furthermore, that the **teachers themselves** make the **danger** and **confusion** worse by their **defective** observation and their **illogical**

habits of mind. The **claims** made **week** after **week** for a **crowd** of **new remedies are simply astounding.** There is such a plethora of "specifics" for every ill to which flesh is heir, that the **wonder** is how **anyone** ever **contrives** to die with a doctor in attendance. Nevertheless, die they do, and at a **progressively increasing** rate **year** by **year,** and the so-called

SCIENCE OF PHYSIC

continues to be, in Sir Astley Cooper's words, "**founded** on **conjecture** and **improved** by **murder**"; and, as Dr. Mason Goode said, "a jargon destroying more than war, pestilence, and famine combined."

British Medical Journal.

THE FAMOUS COBBLER.

It is said, "It takes 9 tailors to make a man," but how many doctors, so-called, will it take to make a **cobbler**? Let us do a bit of reckoning for a moment. By the beautiful testimony of the Noble Judge Grantham "the Cobbler cured thousands" but how many thousands we know not, it may be 10 or 20 thousand, but suppose we say three thousand. And these 3,000 cases had tried at least three doctors each, making 9,000 in all. Nine thousand doctors, so-called, tried their hand on 3,000 cases and failed utterly. And after robbing them of their wealth and filling them with virulent poisons and abandoning them to their cruel fate, a

COMMON COBBLER

comes out and **cures them all.**

Now do not jump at the conclusion that it takes Nine Thousand Doctors to make a Cobbler, for 9,000 doctors would not make a hair of his head, or a thousandth part of his little finger nail. The Cobbler **cured** the 3,000, but the 9,000 "Impostors" could not even **touch** them, therefore 9,000 or 9,000,000 or nine hundred thousand, million of them would not make a Cobbler. It is not enough to say here that one man will chase a thousand and two will put ten thousand to flight, for one man, one **Common Cobbler,** will chase to oblivion as many so-called doctors as can stand between this and the sun, or as many as could be carted out and tipped into **boundless** space.

And what a mercy it would be if those robbers and "Impostors" were all carted off and tipped overboard to-day.

You "can afford to tell the truth" you say, then tell the world that a **Common Cobbler** cured three thousand persons whose cases 9,000 doctors, so-called, could **never touch.** And tell them that every man that can **crack** a **whip** or count 20 can equal the Cobbler and cure his thousands likewise.

Tell them to turn to **Nature's Remedies** at once and no disease can stand before them. You "can dare to tell the TRUTH," can you? Then won't you tell them the above "Sublime Truths."

SHOEMAKERS AND COBBLERS.

There was a time when every shoemaker thought there was nothing like leather, and the cobblers thought likewise. But suppose there came a day when a member of the fraternity resolved to use leather no longer, but that all shoes should be made of tin, copper, zinc, lead, arsenic, and other minerals of the most deadly nature, and succeeded in drawing a multitude after him, which course proved destructive to the comfort, the health, and the lives of the community at large. But the cobblers, believing still that there was "nothing like leather," stick to their trade like men, with the result that they are crowded with work, having to make as well as mend, while the ignorant, obstinate mineral shoemakers, seeing their inability to compete with the noble cobblers, seek for Acts of Parliament to shut up the latter, daring them to sew a stitch, on pain of heavy fines or imprisonment. Can any one suppose that such a diabolical petition would ever become law? Never!

Behold yourself in the mirror, if it is unjust to compel the nation, by Acts of Parliament, to **wear** shoes made of deadly mineral poisons, is it not infinitely more so to compel them to **drink** them?

In every branch of industry we can choose whether we will employ a carpenter or a jobbing tradesman, a shoemaker or a cobbler, a mechanic or a tinker, a tailor or a seamstress, a white man or a black man, or we can do the work ourselves; and we have the same right to choose what doctor shall treat us when ill. The man that pays the piper has a right to call the tune, and the man that shall play it.

Suppose every other trade followed suit, and clamoured for unjust laws to compel people to employ them, it would result in civil war, and England would be the laughing stock of the world.

THE WORLD'S AGONY

can be removed at a **stroke.** Won't you show them this?

You can play upon their feelings by telling them piles of horrors and nonsense. You can tell them about the advantages of the deadly knife and the laughable farce of drinking "sour milk" instead of sweet milk, and of the "old age microbe," and the good news that cancer is on the increase and you "know of no remedy."

You can afford to tell your readers that the United States have in their midst five hundred thousand consumptives which entails annually the loss of 200,000,000 pounds sterling; and that no less than three million people are constantly on the sick list, and that doctors, so-called, are walking the streets watching to see men spit, and then rush forth to pick up the sputum, and hasten away with the

GOLDEN PRIZE

to see if they can find any microbes. The Blasphemous Old Women of the Schools tell us also that bread is the staff of death and that milk is reeking with the germs of disease and requires doctoring.

You say "Appendicitis is on the increase," but not this way. And among the unnumbered thousands that have taken my pills during the past 30 years not one has died of Appendicitis and never will. And not one has ever even had it and never will have it. And if all the nation knew of this inestimable Remedy, Appendicitis would never again be heard of and 999 out of every thousand doctors, so-called, would have to put their shutters up, for wherever the remedy goes both diseases and doctors clear out, and this is the secret of their great alarm.

Appendicitis is Inflammation of the Appendix which no more calls for an operation than pneumonia or inflammation of the lungs. Elder blossom and Peppermint will cure Pneumonia or Inflammation in any part in the eleventh hour and at the last minute of that hour, and they will as readily cure Appendicitis or Inflammation of the Appendix as they will cure Inflammation of the lungs, or inflammation in any other part, therefore to be consistent with yourselves when a patient has Pneumonia or Inflammation of the lungs, you should cut out the lungs, or if inflammation of the brain, cut out the brain, for one is as reasonable as the other.

The late Mr. Arthur Hunt, Wholesale Druggist, Exeter, said to me over 20 years since—"Although your testimonials are perfectly genuine, you would do well to boil them down, as they will take better." To this I replied, "Never, no Never."

Should I boil down the sun to the light of the moon ?
Should the shining Kohinoor be pitched among pebbles ?
Should the World's Masterpiece stand among the common herd ?

If this Country were infested by wild beasts that were daily seizing men and women as their prey, and there stood a man among you who often chased the lion and the bear and slew them and rescued the prey, ought he to boil down the truth and merely say he threw a stone and knocked the lion's eye out and he ran away ? Certainly not ! he should rather say " Listen, when you or yours are captured by a lion or a bear, shout for me and I will overtake him and slay him and deliver you."

Just step across two fields and you will see two lions torn in pieces and call on Mrs. Jacobs and her husband and they will show you the marks of the lion's teeth in their bodies. And away they go, and to their great joy, lo ! there are the carcases, and out rush Mrs. Jacobs and her husband to explain and confirm the glad news. And the outcome is, they appoint him their Defender and Deliverer ; and very soon the land is rid of wild beasts and peace and safety reign supreme. How important then, that the

WHOLE TRUTH

respecting Nature's Remedies, these Lion-like Deliverers should be most clearly set forth. Therefore the **Truth,** the **whole Truth** and nothing **but** the **Truth** shall pass from me to the world at large.

While in the act of closing this for the post, a letter arrives, a copy of which I deem it necessary to place before you.

October 14th, 1910.

Mr. Box,

Dear Sir,—I am glad to tell you I am keeping well, I have not a spot on me now, thanks to your grand remedies, and I have recommended them to all I get at, and tell them what they have done for me.

I advised a gentleman to take your pills two years ago, and he informed me the other day that he is never without them nor would he be, as t hey had saved his life, and he tells everyone of them. He gives a 10t of them away for people to try. That is what I should like to be able to do, for people don't seem to like to try new remedies, they have had some that are no good to anyone, but once they do try them they have them again. Our caretakers here won't be without them, the pills I mean, they have always some by them. I am sending P.O. for 2s. 9d. for some pills and shall be glad of them at your earliest.

And oblige, yours gratefully,

M.M.

Thirty and eight years the man lay at the pool of

Bethesda, but this woman had been

ILL FOR 51 YEARS.

She had been under two operations for internal cancer and so great was the force of the disease, that one leg was stripped from the hip to the foot. A large wound is bad enough, but here the whole leg was involved. What she endured during those 51 years baffles description.

My learned friends would say of such a case—"It is too great, boil it down."

Should I boil down the case of the man at the Pool of Bethesda? By **no means:** and by **no means** should the woman's case be boiled down, for the **same power** that healed the man is stored up in Herbs. The very **same power.** Therefore this same Jesus that healed the man, healed the woman also.

It was not I who created the Herbs and filled them with **infinite power.** I, who am less than nothing, could not create a **grain** of **dust.** When you look at a Herb, remember, GOD is there, hence the cures. "God who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in times past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by His Son, By Whom also He made the worlds. Who being the brightness of His glory and the express image of His person, when He had by Himself purged our sins, sat down at the right hand of the Majesty on high." This is He who said to the man, "Wilt thou be made whole?" And this is He who filled the Herbs with His own living power, and by whose means healed the woman after suffering 51 years.

The American poet said correctly:—

"Earth's full of heaven,
And every common bush afire with God."

I have therefore nothing to do with

BOILING DOWN THE DIVINE FIRE.

my business is to take the sacred gifts and pass them on, and make them known, that their **Divine Power** and **fire** may consume all diseases, which they will do as surely as the devouring flames consume dry stubble.

And in this manner God's promise is to be fulfilled—namely: "I will take away all sickness from your midst." But the cure of this case of 51 years' standing is not greater than the four cases I have challenged you to disprove, namely, the Leper, the Blind, the Asthma, Heart and Dropsy case, the Cancer case and the Rheumatic cripple cured at the age of 80. The third case, whose name and

address I have before given you with the others, was a fair test, Heart Complaint, Dropsy and Asthma, and the 17 Doctors, so-called, brought him to the gates of death, insomuch that he was **twice reported dead.** And the Leprosy, Cancer and Rheumatic cases were equally extreme. The three former were cured from 30 to 35 years ago, but the woman whose case was of 51 years' standing has been just cured. My reason for calling your attention to this is two-fold, namely :—

(1st) That it may be distinctly understood that the cures effected are not through my cleverness, for the above sample cases were cured at the commencement when I was

BUT A BABY

in the art and stood alone, for as before stated, being an obscure country-side cottager and of a family ruined by disease and doctors, so-called, and being myself at the age of 17 in Consumption's grip, from which two herbs rescued me, it is quite clear there were no advantages in my favour. Moreover, the cures were not effected through any superior abilities of mine, for of them I have **none, no, not one.** But being by two herbs rescued from the grave after which my precious mother was restored and then my crippled Father and my wrecked and ruined neighbours also, I was convinced that infallible remedies were created for every known disease and I determined never to rest until I knew them, and that determination to me meant **Death or Victory.**

(2nd). That I may bring you face to face with those truths and remind you of my challenge and to repeat it ; and also to warn you that if you repeat your charges in the manner you have and refuse the following offers, I will have you out to the searching gaze of the injured public. For you have carried your game a little too far in informing the public that—you "make no apology for referring again to the important subject of secret remedies and the great evil they exert upon the lives of our people." And that they "are fraudulent from beginning to end." Again, you publish—"the claims that a certain remedy makes new blood or purifies the blood is a very common one. . . . . The business is plunder from first to last, mendacity, audacity, and altogether heartless exploitation of the poor and suffering." This stuff I look upon as logic gone mad, for with my Blood Purifier I cured the English Leper after being in the **East Cornwall** and **South Devon Hospital,** Prances Ward,

of this town, also the Bodmin Hospital which Dr. and Dr. quarrelled over and sent to France for medicine for him. And after

THE DEFEAT OF TWO NATIONS

they sent him home to die.

It was an awful case, but by my Blood Purifier and Pills he was cured in twelve weeks. And it has cured many thousands **of others.** The great Remedy cast out all impurities, mercury and arsenic of which one of his doctors said he had given him "enough to kill seven men." Now, seeing that he had been treated by ten doctors, so-called, and two herbalists for nine years and that one doctor gave him mercury enough to kill seven men; and seeing that the other Quacks (falsely called doctors) treated him with the same deadly poisons, the patient, if we may reckon by the amount of the first, had taken mercury enough to kill seventy men. And what with the mercury, arsenic, and the force of the disease, it is no wonder his throat was closed and all hope gone. Now the Blood Mixture that cured such a case as this in twelve weeks, a case that even Cicero or Demosthenes could not possibly set forth, and that could also cure a case of fifty-one years' standing, ought not to be described as worthless, dangerous, deadly and the like.

And seeing that so many have been cured free of charge (the leper included), such a work ought not to be described as "Plunder," etc., and altogether heartless exploitation of the poor and suffering.

And "Newspaper Editors that publish such marvellous cures ought not to be accused of taking a share in the plunder."

It's not "the exploiting of the poor" you are troubling about; Professor Thurston, of America, explains it all; for after telling us about his Penny Microbe Wonders: he shouts—"sweep away the patent medicine curse and the host of Quacks and Charlatans all over the land, **then** the **honest, conscientious** and **learned Physician** would have a **chance** to **live."** Fancy the **Sun shouting down**: Sweep away your candles and torchlights, then would your sun have a chance to shine. Fancy twenty thousand thunders complaining of the babies' penny rattles.

In plain language, this is it:—"Stop the Cobbler that cures his **thousands** that none of us could ever touch." "Stop the Old Women, for they will run us off from the face of the earth." "Stop that Box, for he accomplishes the Impossible."

But the Medical Watchword like the booming thunders rolls it through earth and heaven.—

"For **GOD'S SAKE STOP the spread of THE KNOWLEDGE of HERBS or it will RUIN OUR PRACTICE.**"

And now Mr. Editor, seeing that you are a doctor, let us analyse the medical Watchword.

Is it for GOD'S Sake the Herbs should be hid? or

Is it for the People's Sake? or

Is it for Your Sake? or

Is it for the Devil's sake?

It must be one of the four.

Well, sir, it cannot be the **first,** for the inspired penman says—"He maketh the grass to grow for the cattle and the herbs for the service of man." Here then it is clear, that the grass is for **all** cattle, and the herb for all men. And again "The fruit of the trees shall be for food, and the leaves of the trees for the healing of the nations," Mark! "for the **healing** of the nations." It cannot therefore be "for GOD'S sake," that you are hiding them for He has expressly created and given them for the **feeding** and the **healing** of the nations: and neither **hunger** nor **disease** can stand before them.

It is therefore either for your sake or for the devil's sake the herbs should be hid. Consequently the time has fully come that the medical profession should revise their "Watchword" or we shall do it for you. Now to the point.

NOW FOR A CLOSER GRIP :—

I W. H. Box, Proprietor of the World's Masterpiece, Box's Pills, Box's Golden Fire, Cancer Remedy, &c., 161, King Street, Plymouth, do hereby agree to hand over all I am possessed of to you Alfred B. Olsen, M.D., if you can disprove either of the above sample cases, namely: the cure of the blind man or the leper, or the asthma, dropsy, and heart complaint case, or the cancer case, or the aged rheumatic cripple, or the case of 51 years' standing. Disprove either of those sample cases and all is yours, even to the key. And to this offer I will bind myself upon Oath, before any Commissioner for Oaths you may choose to name. Also. I challenge you to meet me in the open with 2,000 extreme cases and I will bind myself upon Oath to cure 50 to your one (1), or hand over to you all I am possessed of, even to the keys. Also, I challenge the

20,000 (twenty thousand) doctors, so called, now crying to Parliament against me, and you at the head of them, to bring together the 30,000 (thirty thousand) Cancer Cases, also the Rheumatic Cripples, the Lepers, the Consumptives and the blind of this nation, and I will bind myself upon Oath to cure fifty times more than the whole lot of you, or sacrifice everything except that which I stand up in.

Again let me have all the Fever cases, Pneumonia cases, Diphtheria cases, Small Pox, Scarlatina, Pleurisy, Measles, Influenza and Appendicitis cases and as fast as the doses can be administered, I will cure each case within **24 hours,** or I will bargain upon Oath to hand you over everything I am possessed of, even to the keys.

Remember there are dozens of men not far from you who can also accomplish all the above, therefore scabbard your sword and forbear drawing it against them again. And not only they but a "Common Cobbler," or the grand Old Women are equal to the occasion. But the North American Indians and Darkest Africa are the Masters of us all, for through all generations they have been **perfect** in the healing art, and there is no disease among them.

Now let Alfred B. Olsen, M.D., meet me in the open; but if afraid to come out alone, come out at the head of the 20,000 as above stated, and meet **Truth's flaming sword** which will cut the horse and his rider in twain at a single stroke, and not one of you shall escape.

I reserve to myself the right of using this letter and your answer in any manner that may be deemed desirable.

Yours truly, W. H. Box.

P.S.—The following from a Bristol gentleman should charm you, hence its insertion:—

Dear Sir, Bristol.

"I mentioned in a former letter to you that I would write and tell you how many remedies and treatments I tried before I heard of you. Below is the list.—14 Doctors, 8 Specialists, all of whom I gave a fair trial. My visits to many of them numbering 30 to 40 times. One month in Bristol General Hospital, 2 weeks in Electric Light Cure Establishment—Massage, etc.—besides 27 visits to same place. Electric Belt—£3 3s. 0d.—and other appliances of the same nature. Six weeks in Bristol Hospital Infirmary, operation called Gastro Enterostonia. Eight weeks on a sloping bed at home, on my back, fed by rectum, etc., and all the time being assured I had no organic disease. All this is not something to read in a book, but personal experience. I can give the name of each doctor or Specialist, if necessary. My complaint, so they all stated, was Neurasthenia and Dyspepsia, but they did not or could not benefit me with their drugs. My friends are surprised to see me now, for what you have sent me has worked wonders"

Name and address on application.

Dr. Olsen! What think ye of your science?

W. H. BOX'S OFFER TO THE GOVERNMENT

to cure three fourths of the Cancer Cases in our midst, free of charge.

Correspondence between W. H. Box & Dr. E. F. Bashford, General Superintendent of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund, and with the Dean of Columbia University, New York, U.S.A., through Reginald W. Barker, Esq., British and Foreign Patent Agent, London,

Respecting my offer to cure three-fourths of the Cancer cases in this country, free of charge.

From REGINALD W. BARKER,
British and Foreign Patent Agent,
LONDON.

To Dr. Bashford, August 25th, 1909.
The General Supt.,
Imperial Cancer Research Fund,
Examination Hall,
Victoria Embankment, E.C.

Sir,

A Client of mine has instructed me to write you to say that, out of the 30,000 cases of Cancer doomed to die yearly in the United Kingdom, he is prepared to restore to perfect soundness three-fourths of them, free of charge. The only stipulation is that the patients should be provided for by you or others while under treatment.

This seems to me a practical business-like offer from a practitioner who is not a novice in the treatment of Cancer, and I look forward with interest to an early reply.

Yours faithfully.

IMPERIAL CANCER RESEARCH FUND.

Patron:
HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

President:
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Vice-Presidents:
H.S.H. PRINCE FRANCIS OF TECK.
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Honorary Treasurer: SIR HENRY MORRIS, Bart.
Secretary: Mr. F. G. HALLETT.
General Superintendent of Research and Director of the Laboratory:
Dr. E. F. BASHFORD.

Telephone Number: 9357 Gerrard.
Telegraphic Address: Bashford: c/o Conjoint, London.
Office of the Fund:—
EXAMINATION HALL,
SAVOY STREET,
VICTORIA EMBANKMENT,
LONDON, W.C.
August 27th, 1909.

Dear Sir,
I beg to acknowledge your communication of August 25th.
I am, Dear Sir,
Yours faithfully,
J. A. MURRAY,
For the Superintendent.

REGINALD W. BARKER, Esq.

A. H.
H.

October 4th, 1909.

The General Supt.,
Imperial Cancer Research Fund.

Sir,
Referring to mine of August 25th, and your acknowledgement of August 27th, I shall be glad to know whether my letter has been brought under the notice of the gentlemen responsible for the expenditure of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund; and, if so, whether they will accept my client's offer.

Yours faithfully,

EXAMINATION HALL,
SAVOY STREET,
VICTORIA EMBANKMENT,
LONDON, W.C.
8th October, 1909.

Dear Sir,
Your letter of the 25th August last has been handed to me on my return to town, and in reply I write to inform you that this Fund is prepared to investigate alleged cures for Cancer under the following conditions:—

Before expressing any opinion on the value of alleged cures for Cancer it is necessary that the exact compositions or nature of the remedy should be disclosed to me, in confidence, in order that any investigations which it may be necessary to make may be carried out in a proper manner. I shall also require indubitable evidence that the cases of alleged cancer reported to have been successfully treated are in reality cases of malignant new growth.

If you can supply me with this information, I shall be able to consider whether any further investigation of your client's claims is necessary.

Yours faithfully,
E. F. BASHFORD.

Reginald W. Barker, Esq.

October 8th, 1909.

The General Superintendent,
Imperial Cancer Research Fund.

Sir,
Re CANCER CURE.

I thank you for the proposal contained in yours of even date. Before I communicate it to my client will you be good enough to state whether you decline his offer to cure Cancer patients, to be provided for by you whilst under treatment.

Yours faithfully,
REGINALD W. BARKER.

EXAMINATION HALL,
SAVOY STREET,
VICTORIA EMBANKMENT,
LONDON, W.C.
9th October, 1909.

Dear Sir,

In reply to your further letter of the 8th inst., I write to say that no further consideration can be given to the proposal you make, unless the conditions are complied with.

Yours faithfully,
E. F. BASHFORD,
General Superintendent.

Reginald W. Barker, Esq.

January, 1910.

To The President,
Columbia University,
Manhattan,
New York, U.S.A.

Sir,

I observe in a telegram last month from New York to the London "Times" that Columbia University acquires from the late George Crocker 1,500,000 dollars for the investigation of Cancer, and that Mr. Crocker and his wife were both victims of that disease.

A Client of mine has instructed me to write you to say that he is prepared to restore to perfect soundness three-fourths of the cases of Cancer doomed to die yearly in the United States of America. The only stipulation is that the patients shall be provided for by you or others whilst under treatment.

This seems to me a practical business-like offer from a practitioner who is not a novice in the treatment of Cancer, and I look forward with interest to an early reply.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) REGINALD W. BARKER.

(Copy).

Columbia University,
In the City of New York,
20th January, 1910.

I beg leave to acknowledge the receipt to-day of your communication, and to inform you that under our procedure it has been referred for consideration and reply to the Dean of the Faculty of Medicine.

Respectfully,
F. P. KEPPEL, Secretary.

21st January, 1910.

Reginald W. Barker, Esq.,
Vulcan House,
56, Ludgate Hill,
London, E.C.

Dear Sir,

Your letter regard the Cancer Fund has been received. I would state that the funds given by Mr. Crocker to Columbia University will be used for research work in the laboratories. No prizes have been offered for cancer cures, and, so far as I know, none will be offered. The funds from the estate of Mr. Crocker will not be available for a year or more.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) S.W. LAMBERT, M.D.
January 31st, 1910.

To The Dean,
Columbia University,
437, West 59th Street,
New York, U.S.A

Dear Sir,

Re CANCER FUND.

I have received yours of the 21st inst., for which I am obliged.

I note that the Funds given by Mr. Crocker to Columbia University will be used for research in the laboratories, and no prizes have been nor are likely to be offered for cancer cures.

I beg to point out that my Client is not looking for a prize. He is a practitioner who has been very successful in the treatment of cancer. He has apparently reached the goal to which you in the research laboratories are just setting out. If you consider that the experience of a man of this kind is of no service to you, and that you do not want it, then I confess the United States of America is not the progressive country we Englishmen have thought it to be.

Meanwhile waiting your further consideration,

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) REGINALD W. BARKER.

Vulcan House,
56, Ludgate Hill,
London, E.C.,
January 31st, 1910.

W. H. Box, Esq.

Dear Sir,

I enclose copy of correspondence with Dr. Bashford and the Dean of Columbia University, New York.

Yours faithfully,
REGINALD W. BARKER.

From W. H. BOX,
161, King Street, Plymouth.
To REGINALD W. BARKER, Esq.

Dear Sir,

The correspondence re my offer to cure three-fourths of the 30,000 cancer cases free of charge has duly reached me. When you previously apprised me that my offer to the Government would have to be first submitted to the Cancer Research Fund, not a shadow of doubt remained as to the fate of this important offer, and the consequent loss of 22,500 precious lives. Dr. Bashford knows full well that the difficulties he has placed in the way are insuperable, for who with a grain of common sense would hand over to the superintendent, Dr. Bashford, "the exact composition" of such a Remedy which will put to shame the whole medical world. This remedy is my blood, why should Dr. Bashford drink it ?

His further stipulation also is quite irrelevant to the point at issue. Dr. Bashford says:—"I must have indubitable evidence that the cases are in reality cases of

MALIGNANT NEW GROWTH."

"But an **old** growth is more genuine than the **new** growth." Sometimes a Cancer will slumber for 20 years and when it awakes and asserts itself its strength is tremendous. But quite a number said to have had the **new growth** are returning from the operating table, to all appearance ruined, who after being operated on were informed they "might congratulate themselves they had **no growth** at all." And the operators of course congratulated themselves on having filched from £100 to £500 in each case to find **nothing.** I presume this is not the malignant **new** growth for which indubitable evidence is demanded.

If so, I know nothing of such "new growths." The growths that I have to cope with are **old growths,** with **all the symptoms** of Cancer, the smell of which is like that of a corpse. The growths, too, have often grown to **a** prodigious size and the patient reduced to a skeleton, while all the efforts of many physicians have been **worse than useless. These** are the cases I have to deal with and over which my remedies almost invariably triumph.

I am enclosing a testimony from one of the Cancer cases of the three towns where I reside, namely that of Mr. Nicholls of 41, Granby St., Devonport, one of the most extreme cases on record, and in this extreme case **Dr.** Bashford will find the most "indubitable evidence."

In this case

THE BEST SKILL OF ENGLAND

had been exhausted, and all the "cure alls" outside the profession, including over 30 different Patent Medicines. The Cancer had been entrenching itself for 10 years, the patient was reduced to a shadow. His attendants had to tie up nose and mouth while waiting on him, and were afraid to move him lest he should die in their arms. As a rule when cases of this kind are cured their helpless doctors say: "Oh, it could not have been cancer: we were mistaken in our diagnosis," but no such statement is made in this terrible case; notwithstanding they have found a loophole or a substitute, for some of those gentlemen affirm, "It is a **miracle,** therefore the LORD did it." Is not this a very fine shift?

It took six months to cure Mr. Nicholls, and all the other cancer cases from three to six months and some of them over that time, but does it take **six months** for God to work a miracle? It is quite correct to say: "The Lord did it," for He created the herbs and planted them with His own hands and filled them with His own Life and **revealed** them to **Adam** and his **descendants** who wrote their names and properties on tablets and massive pillars which remained until the flood, but the cure was effected by these remedies and not by miracle.

The Jews have a saying, "Because God cannot be everywhere He created **mothers.**" And to that I would add, Because the Creator and Redeemer could not be everywhere in **human form** He hath created Herbs.

AND THE VERY SAME POWER

that healed the leper, and gave sight to the blind, and called Lazarus from the dead, is stored up in herbs. Every herb is filled with super-human power—the power to work miracles, and are daily and hourly bringing men back from the gates of death.

Here then in the case of Mr. Nicholls is the "indubitable evidence" that Dr. Bashford, the Superintendent of the Cancer Research Fund requires.

The case was cancer of 10 years standing, the cure is complete and was effected 11 years since. I need hardly say that if the **most extreme cases** can be cured, the lesser cases can be cured also. And if my remedies accomplish what doctors affirm is "miraculous and impossible" surely they can accomplish the **possible.** And the best of it is, what they call the **impossible** is being accomplished **all the year round.** I am enclosing three other cases of the most indubitable evidence, the cure of the English leper, of the blind and also of the man who was dying of Heart complaint, Dropsy and Asthma (you will observe they are all in one parish) and the cure of a Rheumatic Cripple at the age of 80. The latter was cured 7 years since. Mr. Nicholls 11 years since, the blind 32 years since, and the other two 35 years since, and are well to-day.

The leper had been treated by 10 doctors and two Herbalists for nine years, had been in two hospitals, where the aid of France was sought and tried. His friends met to take their last farewell of him, but I **cured him in three months,** and though now 77 "he is as active as a boy."

The next you will see had 17 doctors and was ill for 9 years, he was said to be dying, and was twice reported dead, but I cured him in 12 weeks.

Of the once blind, his mother writes—" His eyes are beautiful and his sight perfect."

The aged Rheumatic cripple is also alive and well.

Kindly forward these testimonials to Dr. Bashford and please remind him that if I could cure such extreme cases

35 YEARS SINCE

there can be **no doubt** respecting my **ability** to **do it now.** Also please send him the enclosed book which bears the " Indubitable evidence " required.

Its title is " Old Physic Overthrown and its Defenders Routed," and contains the account of the battle fought in the public press between the Champion of the Medical Profession and Myself.

It will be remembered that on the 25th of May, 1898, Joseph Lloyd, the Champion of the Medical profession, attacked me in the public press, and boldy declared that the English leper and the blind were not only not cured, but were not even in existence : but the mighty Champion was quickly overwhelmed with the most invincible evidence and chased from the press in eternal disgrace. Joseph met with a wall of steel as high as the heaven, and as broad as the earth, and being unable to scale it or pass through it, and being closely and hotly pursued by the sword of Truth, he ingloriously fell, to the great disappointment of those whose cause he so vigorously championed. The laurel wreath with which he had hastily crowned himself was plucked from his iniquitous head,

TORN INTO SHREDS,

and given to the winds of heaven.

The battle lasted for two months and was closely watched by vast multitudes, and especially by doctors, chemists, and lawyers. One of the most influential London papers, namely the " British and Colonial Chemist and Druggist," made this terse remark, at the close of the battle : " Mr. Box has more than sustained his reputation."

Here Dr. Bashford will find the most indubitable evidence of the superhuman efficacy of Nature's remedies, and also the utter helplessness and infamy of the medical profession.

But for the so-called medical science which is simply **medical farming** there would be no **cancer** nor any other

disease in our midst, therefore, the position of those medical farmers is simply terrific. Dr. Johnson says truly—" He that voluntarily continues ignorant, is guilty of all the crimes which ignorance produces ; as to him that should extinguish the tapers of a lighthouse might justly be imputed the calamities of shipwreck." I must also thank you for the correspondence with the Dean of Columbia University. It is sad to think that the millionaire and his wife died of Cancer, and it will be interesting at the last day to know which of the American doctors or rather medical farmers, **sowed** in them the **seed of** Cancer by re-vaccination that they might reap those two sheaves and their vast wealth.

Vaccination is the **highway** to the **pocket,** and **re-vaccination** secures

THE DISTINGUISHED VICTIMS.

Medical Farming has at last developed into a Mammoth Murder Agency which is world wide, and vaccination is its right arm. Dr. Lambert of America, did not block the way by demanding my recipe as Dr. Bashford did, but goes straight to the point. " No prizes " he states " are offered for cancer cures and none will be," and " the funds are to be used for research in the laboratories." Is not this sublime ? But is it not time they quitted the laboratory for active genuine service.

With all the advantages that Heaven and earth could heap upon them, and the experience of 6,000 years at their back, with earth and sea packed with infallible remedies, yet **old science** is still in the cradle, a **baby undeveloped,** a **withered** shadow, a dumb devil.

Dr. Lambert says, "No prizes are offered for the cure of cancer," but he knows full well that no prizes are asked for. The liberty to cure three-fourths of the Cancer Cases free of charge, provided the Government or the Research Committee, house and otherwise provide for them, during treatment, is all that was asked for. One trial would close the laughable laboratories for ever. If 60,000 annually die of cancer in America, and 30,000 in England, and three-fourths can be restored, my offer ought not to be rejected ; and greed and monopoly ought not to be

INVESTED WITH THE AWFUL POWER

of dooming **to death** 90,000 human beings. Dr. Bashford says he must have my "recipe for Cancer before my offer can

be considered." But he won't get it. Let me restore the three-fourths that might be cured, after that, the recipe will be given to the whole nation. But while gold is poured into laboratories by the cartload the rights of humanity must take a back seat with no bottom and sink under the red feet of the Mammoth Destroyers. Had my offer been accepted 62,250 out of the 90,000 cancer cases at least would have been restored, and such a demonstration before the eyes of the entire nation of the efficacy of Nature's Remedies would have resulted in the final restoration of this and every other nation.

In view of the fact that no disease can stand before Nature's Remedies it is impossible to look out upon the suffering world with tearless eyes. All hope, however, of the above demonstration must now be abandoned and the 90,000 cancer sufferers that should have been rescued must be abandoned also. But I have another problem which in point of utility is far in advance of the other, as it will raise the nation out of the slough of disease almost at once and without any strain or cost.

I shall be presently issuing a little book entitled "The Famous Bird, that speaks one word." Which will contain the problem which is as simple as A.B.C., and will prove as effective in banishing all diseases and consequent poverty and loss, as water is to quench thirst. Will forward you a copy when ready.

Faithfully yours,

W. H. BOX.

VACCINATION.—THE GRANARY OF THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

It is commonly believed that vaccination must be right because "Science," says it is. But the truth is that every physician worthy of the name denounces it in the strongest language possible. Dr. Watson says:—

"Vaccination may impart to the subject of it the poison of a hateful and destructive disease.... I can heartily sympathise with and even applaud, a father who, with the presumed dread or misgiving in his mind is willing to submit to multiplied judicial penalties rather than expose his child to the risk of an infection so ghastly."—Dr. Sir Thos. Watson, 1878.

"The vaccine virus is a poison. As such it penetrates all organic systems. It is neither antidote nor corrigent, nor does it neutralise the small pox, but only **paralyses** the expansive power of a good constitution. **Nobody** has the right to transplant such a **mischievous poison** compulsory into the life of a child."—Dr. John Epps, 25 years Director of the Jennerian Institute, and had vaccinated about 120,000 people.

Dr. William Hitchman, Consulting Surgeon to the Cancer Hospital, Leeds, and formerly Public Vaccinator to the City of Liverpool, expressly states that "Syphilis, Phthisis, Scrofula, Cancer, and Erysipelas, and almost all diseases of the skin, have been either conveyed occasioned, or intensified, by vaccination."

Edward Haughton, B.A., M.D., M.R.C.S., Eng., Gold Medalist in Natural Science, Dublin, says:—"**CANCER AND OTHER VILE DISEASES** are daily inflicted on **virtuous** families by vaccination."

F. A. Floyer, B.A., M.D., M.R.C.S., Eng., says:—"For the increasing prevalence of syphilis, cancer, and some nervous disorders, vaccination must be held responsible."

"Here," said Dr. Wilkinson, "the case goes beyond pollution and enters abomination."

Walter R. Hadwen, M.D., L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S., L.S.A. (Gold Medallist in Medicine and Surgery).

"As a medical man I assert that vaccination is an insult to common sense, that it is superstitious in its origin, that it is unsatisfactory in theory and practice, and useless and dangerous in its character. And furthermore, if you are going to commit such a very serious operation as this, viz., to take this filthy virus and inoculate it into the human being then you must be prepared to give a guarantee that it shall effect that which you profess it will effect: and that it shall produce no injurious results. **I defy any medical man in the United Kingdom to give a guarantee to that effect, and if no guarantee can be given the Legislature has no right to enforce it."**

The late John Bright, M.P.:—

"I have always felt that the Law which inflicts penalty after penalty on a parent who is unwilling to have his child vaccinated is monstrous, and ought to be repealed."

The late Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, M.A.:—

"The facts produced before the Royal Commission have finally proved that Vaccination is a great mistake, and that compulsory Vaccination is one of the

MOST FEARFUL OUTRAGES

of sacred human rights that selfishness and cowardice have ever devised. I further feel as a Christian the strongest **a priori** objection to a system which is essentially a compromise with evil."

Dr. Gifford, while addressing the International Congress in Paris in 1889 used these words:—To Edward Jenner, a great monument in memory has been erected, and upon its columns, future generations will inscribe: "Accursed be the man by whose cunning device the blood of nations has been poisoned."

Mr. A. Lupton, M.P., says:—"To read the early history of how this man misled the public and the medical profession is to make the mind reel with astonishment. **Vaccination is seed sowing."**

And here is a brief account of the harvest. "The blood of the whole British population is saturated with scrofulous and tubercular diseases, which are more destructive to the youth and flower of the European races then ever were the cholera, plague, or most bloody wars of Napoleon —Dr. Dougan Bird.

Since vaccination became compulsory, cancer, leprosy, etc., etc., have spread with alarming rapidity in every direction.

"The Lancet" for 1889 states that vaccination was made compulsory in 1874. It will be noted, therefore, that the **rapid diffusion** of **leprosy** took place shortly after the introduction of the compulsory law, and has **kept pace** with the progress of vaccination in this community.

Leprosy is now considered to be the most pressing question in the Sandwich Isles. A number of outbreaks of small-pox occurred which were vigorously accompanied by general arm-to-arm vaccination and re-vaccination. "There is no evidence to show that leprosy has increased in Hawaii until after the introduction and dissemination of the vaccine virus. Dr. Emerson says that the increase of leprosy in these islands is a fearful story, and should teach us that leprosy is communicable."

"In Antioquia not a single case of leprosy was known thirty years ago. Since then the disease has spread in all directions, and the number in this town is said to be over 800. I may add that, during the interval, **vaccination** has been introduced in all the Republics in South America, with the **usual terrible results.**

The increase in leprosy in Venezuela, "as in other countries, is coincident with the extension of the practice of vaccination."

"In all the French colonies vaccination has been prosecuted with rigour and has been followed by the increase of leprosy."

And so on, and so on, **wherever leprosy** has increased, the **practice of vaccination** has been **previously carried out.**

Sir Andrew Clark said, at a dinner given in 1890 in aid of the National Leprosy fund, that leprosy was a real question. "He could produce overwhelming testimony of this fact, and the evidence was conclusive, not only that leprosy did exist in a large measure in recent years, but that new germ centres were springing up in various quarters, and the old centres were widening. Before England and the civilised world there was looming a condition of affairs which might by growth threaten civilisation."

THE DREADFUL REVIVAL.

Sir Morell Mackenzie, in an article entitled "The Dreadful Revival of Leprosy," says:—"It is impossible to estimate, even approximately, the total number of lepers now dying by inches throughout the world, but it is certain they must be counted by millions. It cannot be comforting to the pride of England to reflect that a

very large portion of these wretched sufferers is to be found amongst her own subjects."

"No less than 25 cases are noted in this one practitioner's case book. If every medical man residing in leprous countries would make careful record of all such experiences no doubt the testimony would be sufficient, if made public, to cause mankind

TO RISE AS ONE MAN

in revolt against such an indescribably horrible practice."

"Mr. M'Turk, an Indian explorer, had never heard of a case of leprosy among the Indians. They would split a doctor in two if he attempted to vaccinate a child of theirs."

The Acting Medical Assistant Officer for British Guiana in 1891 wrote:—'I have been about eleven years up the Essequebo River, and have never seen an Indian afflicted with leprosy.' Similar experience is given by Mr. John Bracey, an Indian trader for twenty-nine years among the Macousi and Wapesiana tribes. Dr. J. D. Hillis, on 'Leprosy in British Guiana,' testifies to the 'immunity from leprosy enjoyed by the aboriginal tribes of British Guiana,' which is attributed to the fact that 'no Indian will allow himself or his children to be vaccinated.' Bravo Indians!

The wild beast and the savage will sacrifice their lives in defence of their young. When will the civilized parents rise in defence of theirs? Both the wild beast and the savage are free from disease, when will England be free likewise?

The rich are not exempted but are coming in for a **big** share. Oh! the agony that comes to a noble family, when the heir is removed. But the family little suspect that fifty thousand pounds has been paid for his removal. A big sum is paid for the operation, but a bigger sum awaits the operator behind the scene. Now and then some of these come to light. Here are two or three which have been just recorded in the press:—

POISONED COUNT.
AGENCY FOR MURDER OF WEALTHY RELATIVES.
DOCTOR'S CONFESSION.

(From our Own Correspondent.)

ST. PETERSBURG, Sunday, 1910.

The mystery of the death of the wealthy young officer Count Bouturlin is solved. It will be remembered that he was indisposed when his brother-in-law, Count O'Brien de Lassy, advised him to call in Dr. Patchenko.

Instead of recovering, however, the Count grew **rapidly** and **unaccountably** worse. Then he died, and the physician and Count Lassy were arrested. Dr. Patchenko has now confessed to having poisoned his patient.

Nor is this all. The charges against the doctor and Count Lassy were followed by still **graver** accusations against Patchenko. The police alleged that he had made a **practice** of **murdering** persons of **great wealth** on **behalf** of their **heirs,** from whom he exacted a recompense of £50,000 for each death.

Patchenko capped his confession of the young Count's murder by admitting the truth of these other allegations. He committed a series of these crimes, it seems, during the **cholera epidemic** at St. Petersburg, poisoning the victims under the **plea** of **inoculating** them against the disease. Instead, he **actually inoculated** them with **cholera bacilli.**

Another arrest took place to-day in connection with this case. The prisoner is a rich merchant, of a well-known family of the capital, who is accused of having employed Dr. Patchenko to poison a number of his creditors.

Count Lassy continues to deny that he had any share in his brother-in-law's murder. The dead man was formerly an officer in the Imperial Guards, and was heir to a fortune of £700,000. The exhumation of the bodies of two of his brothers, who also died suddenly, has revealed traces of poison.

Another of the prisoners in the case is Mme. Muravieva, a woman who is alleged to have been associated with Dr. Patchenko in his "murder agency." The doctor is quite an old man. The Count, his victim, was only 26 years of age.

STRANGE COINCIDENCES.

St. Petersburg, June 2.

The poisoning of Count Bouturlin occurred almost simultaneously with a similar case at Warsaw, the son of a wealthy Polish landowner named Krjanowski.

FIFTEEN GENTLEMEN MURDERED BY CHOLERA GERMS.

A DOCTOR'S EXPERIMENTS.

A story so sensational has been unfolded at the trial of Professor Beauregard for murder, that rank among the most remarkable of the century. The accused was a man of unusually scholarly attainments, a polished linguist, and an admirable entertainer. As an experimentalist he was both capable and brilliant, and his lectures on pathological subjects were the most popular feature of the Ecole de Medicine of Buenos Ayres. Professor Beauregard gave select dinners, to which never more than three guests were invited, and it not infrequently happened that the death of one or more of them occurred within 24 hours of the feasts. The mystery attaching to such an occurrence naturally was great, and was increased by the fact that no trace of poison was ever discoverable in the bodies of the victims. The doctor who examined the bodies attributed death to cholera or yellow fever. When the

LIVES OF FIFTEEN GENTLEMEN

had been cut off in this fashion it was decided that something must be done, and the professor was accordingly put on trial for murder. The case against him was of the flimsiest character, and was on the point of breaking down when the Public Prosecutor asked for an adjournment for a few minutes, as some unexpected evidence had been discovered. Upon the conclusion of the adjournment a little Spaniard entered the Court and pointed to the professor, much to the latter's dismay. The Public Prosecutor said a full revelation would be made on the following morning, and the case was therefore postponed.

The next morning Professor Beauregard was found dead in his cell, killed by a drop of deadly poison successfully concealed by him in a diminutive golden capsule placed in a hollow tooth, and which had

thus escaped the eye of the gaoler. The news of the suicide spread like wildfire, and the populace almost fought to get into court to learn what course the authorities proposed to take. The Public Prosecutor resolved to let the whole story come out from the witness box.

The Spaniard stated that he was the professor's butler and supervised his dinners. At each dinner given to the parties of three, one of whom died within 24 hours after, the professor excused himself just after the coffee, and, going to his laboratory, would return to the pantry with a block of ice, crush it into small pieces, and fill three of the glasses with it, bidding him pour in creme de menthe and serve. The professor never drank this mixture, but contented himself with a second cognac. At the last dinner the professor neglected to throw away the ice left over, and, as was his custom, the Spaniard put all that was left in a bottle. As it gave off an offensive smell when it melted, he brought it to the prosecuting attorney. A chemist entered the witness box, and said that the previous day he had examined the melted ice and found that it was **a living mass of cholera germs or bacilli, originally from active cholera, and frozen, without however, affecting their activity or poisonous power, stored up for the purpose of starting cholera epidemics.** At once, upon introduction to the human system, the bacilli came to life, and the subject died in a few hours from Asiatic cholera.

Everywhere we are hearing of " mysterious out-breaks." Schools have been closed, mysterious deaths in work-houses, asylums, and in the quiet sick rooms. But these mysteries are easily solved. For all manner of germs are being stored up in every city in the world. And stored up, alas, for the purpose of sowing in the bodies of every child born into the world. Hence the mysterious out-breaks, together with the deliberate destruction of the rich for their wealth, and the poor for their mite.

Dr. Thurston, of America, says :—" I have actually demonstrated that after subjecting the bacillus to 350 degrees of heat for 30 minutes that a ' culture ' could be made ; that is a test tube with the **proper material** could be infected, and a colony of several million grown within 24 hours : water boils at 212 degrees. It has been demonstrated that these germs will live and be happy even after subjected to 400 degrees of heat."

Isn't this marvellous ? but a schoolboy could tell us this. He has been actively engaged in the great work of drowning (or trying to) : and even boiling the microbes, but it appears they snapped their fingers at him. He cannot kill them, but with all his pomposity he cannot tell us why.

He ought to know that the tiny vegetable microbes are armed with a coat of mail, so to speak. Vegetables possess the power of secreting not only chalk but **flint,** and that spicules of silica may be seen on coarse grass, which are eaten by animals and formed into horns, teeth, finger and toe nails, etc. And not only in the earth but in the deep sea is a moving mass of microbe or small life, and when the tiny vegetable life dies their coats

made of silica, or call them if you please hard vegetable cases, sink to the ocean's bed to be transformed into flint in the course of ages. The silica or flint casing, though so little and delicate, is sufficiently firm to prevent water passing through it, and is indestructible by ordinary forces.

Professional quackery are well up in the art of producing the seeds of disease. They can create them by millions, and so can anybody else. With a lump of cancerous matter or any other, you can produce many billions. This is their chief study and delight. How much better would it be to learn how to cure diseases and instruct the people in the simple art.

But though the Professional Quacks cannot destroy the microbes by boiling them, yet the

JUICES OF THE PRECIOUS HERBS

will dissolve them as readily as hot water dissolves sugar and annihilate them by wholesale and annihilate the disease that produces them. Those microbe Doctors when analyzed come out smaller than the microbe which cannot be seen without the aid of the microscope.

Dr. Talmage said: "Some men have minds so small that a thousand of them can dance upon the point of a needle," and to that I would add they would have ample room for the dance whether it be a jig, a hornpipe, or a four-handed reel. Such are the helpless, worthless, and invisible microbe Doctors.

RECIPES OF INESTIMABLE WORTH.

PAINLESS CHILDBIRTH.

A tea made of Red Raspberry leaves is the best. Its utility in travail is surprising. As a drink, before and after confinement, it is unequalled by any other agent. If the pains are premature it will make all quiet, and when timely, will occasion a safe and easy parturition. It is perfectly safe under all circumstances. If the mother is weak it will strengthen and cleanse her and abundantly enrich the milk. Raspberry tea, with a little Composition Powder in it, will effectually remove the after pains from which some suffer so severely. It is also most excellent in flooding, uterine hæmorrhage, and to prevent

mis-carriage. For disorders of children it is no less effectual. In thrush and its attendant disorders during teething, sore throat and mouth, bowel complaints, diarrhœa, dysentery, urinary complaints, colds, and fevers in all their stages, it is the safest and one of the most reliable remedies to which employment can be given.

An elderly nurse who recently called on me for some Raspberry leaves, bore testimony to the efficacy of Raspberry tea, in the following words she said : " I have been a nurse and midwife for 37 years, and during that time I have taken

2,000 CHILDREN

without losing a single case. The only medicine that I give during labour is Raspberry tea, with a little Composition Powder in it, which is very precious as you know : and even if the child is not coming right, it will cause it to turn and produce easy and speedy delivery. Dr. Skelton the great herbal doctor told me of it, and advised me always to use it, which I have done with beautiful and complete success."

The following letter from a lady and the answer will be interesting to Mothers :—

Dear Sir,—" Your account of the origin of medicine is delightful, and has made very clear a great mystery. All mothers, and those who hope to become mothers, will rejoice to know that the wants of mother and child are so bountifully supplied in Raspberry leaves. I knew the fruit was a lovely remedy for fevers, but to know the leaves possess such efficacy is very comforting. I am so glad, and devoutly thankful to Almighty God. I should like to know if the tea must be taken during labour only and if it may be sweetened for children when given for thrush and bowel complaints, and greatly oblige. Also will you please say how the tea is prepared, and do you know any mother who has used it on several occasions with success ?"

The Answer :—

The knowledge of this precious treasure is the best legacy that can be left to Mothers. Its value can never be told and like as the Woman was

HEAVEN'S LAST AND BEST

gift to man, so of all Nature's remedies, this plant is doubtless Heaven's best gift to the Mothers and babies. And it behoves every Mother to rest not until this great gift is known from pole to pole. (See page 4).

THE REMEDY FOR COLDS.

Inflammation of the brain, stomach, bowels, or any other vital organ, and Fevers, consists of Elderblossom and Peppermint. Make a strong infusion and drink freely--the more you drink the sooner will the cure be effected. Place one handful of Dry Elder and one of Peppermint in a jug, pour on a pint and a half of boiling water, let it steep on the hob for thirty minutes, closely covered, strain, sweeten with treacle, and drink the whole in bed as hot as possible. Cover up and pile on the clothes. Also a hot iron or brick wrapped in cloth, wet with vinegar, should be applied to the feet and renewed as the cloth becomes dry and continued until in a bath of perspiration.

For Colds, Influenza, Fevers, Inflammation of the brain, Pneumonia (Inflammation of the lungs), stomach, bowels, etc., this is a certain cure. The Proprietor has never known it fail, even when given up and at the point of death. It will not only save at the eleventh hour, but at the last minute of that hour. It is so harmless that you cannot use it amiss, and so effectual that you cannot give it in vain.

The tea may be divided in half pint doses and taken every two or three minutes or the whole may be drunk at once.

N.B.—If the patient is

PAST SPEAKING

and teeth clenched please note the following which is part of a **sample case,** Mrs. Cowling's, recorded in my pamphlet "The Trial Re-opened," page 16.

"The patient was rapidly sinking, past speaking, and teeth clenched, consequently the usual dose could not be given. I gently lifted the unconscious head and managed to get a tea-spoonful of the infusion through the clenched teeth. Waited one minute and gave another teaspoonful, waited another minute and gave another, and continued thus for one hour. By this time the signs of 'victory' were apparent, the pulse had fallen from 130 to 90 per minute, the perspiration was rolling down the face in grand style, and the patient was breathing and sleeping as sweetly as an infant. I again realised that death had once more been robbed of its prey. I administered the dose at intervals of fifteen minutes for another two hours, and after this less often until 4 a.m. I now left, charging the lady not to disturb the patient on any account. She awoke about 10 a.m., sat up in bed and asked for something to eat, and was soon well."

PLEURISY.

Gather a few handfuls of Nettles (Sting Nettles), cut them up fine as your cook cuts up parsley, put in a saucepan and place a saucer or plate on the cut nettles to keep them down. Now cover with cold water, place on the fire and boil gently, closely covered, for fifteen minutes. Strain and take half a tea-cupful and repeat the dose every one or two hours, apply the hot nettles to the side as hot as possible. If in winter, dig up the roots, wash clean, cut them up, and prepare and use as above. Also wring a piece of flannel out of the hot liquor and apply to the side, covering with a dry cloth and renew when getting cool. Continue the application for one hour, and the pleurisy will soon clear out.

FOR ALL NERVOUS DISORDERS.

Take Balm, Wood Betony, Garden Sage, and Rosemary of each half an ounce. Simmer in one and a half pints of boiling water for one hour, closely covered and take a wine-glassful three times a day. It may be sweetened if desired. Persevere until the desired result is obtained.

DROPSY.

For this complaint the two following well tested recipes will be a blessing to multitudes:

Recipe No. 1.—Broom, 1-oz.; Pellitory of the Wall, 1-oz. Boil gently in one quart of water for 10 minutes, strain and press. Return the liquor to the saucepan and add Yarrow, 1-oz. and Powdered Ginger, ½-oz. Bring to boiling point, remove from the fire, simmer for 30 minutes, strain and take a wine-glassful four times a day.

Recipe No. 2.—For Dropsy and Broken-down Kidneys and Bladder: Dwarf Elder, 1-oz.; Nettles, 1-oz.; crushed Juniper Berries, 1 oz.; Burdock Seed in Powder, ½-oz.; Water, one quart. Boil gently for five minutes and simmer for another 20 minutes. Dose, a wine-glassful four times a day. In addition to the above, in extreme cases when the swelling is immense and the life almost extinct, I administer to males Powdered Fox-glove, as much as you can hold on a shilling once a day, and to females as much as you can hold on a sixpence. You can find Fox-glove both in Summer and Winter: gather the leaves nearest the heart, dry them in a warm oven and rub to powder.

FOR "BREAST ILL" AND MILK CURDLING IN THE BREAST.

Take a good handful of Parsley (leaves) cut small, and fry in 4-oz. of unsalted Butter and 4-oz. of Olive Oil. Rub well in over the breast and apply as a poultice, it will quickly scatter the obstructions and remove the hardness.

It is also excellent for removing bruises from blows or falls. Beware of blows in the breast, however slight. The above in all cases should be applied speedily to prevent danger.

PARSLEY AND THE BABY.

Parsley is a friend to the baby as well as to those of riper years. Indeed, it is a great friend all through life, but especially at the **beginning** and the **close** of life, as wind and other obstructions are often in attendance.

Parsley is very comforting to the stomach, and excellent for wind and pain in the stomach and bowels, also for weak stomachs and pain in the head. For Baby's Soothing Syrup:

Bruise, pound or grind 2-oz. Parsley seed, 2-oz. Carraway seed, 4-oz. Garden Rhubarb (root or stems) and 1-oz. of bruised or powdered Cinnamon bark, add one quart of Cold water, let it stand for 12 hours, bring to the boil, remove from the fire and simmer for one hour closely covered, strain, and return to the saucepan and add one and a half pounds of lump sugar and ½-oz. of essence of peppermint, bottle, cork tightly, and keep in a cool place. Dose for a child of one year, One tea-spoonful and more or less according to age. This is a precious remedy and beats all the opiate cordials in the world.

THE GREATER PERIL.

When the Kidneys or Bladder cease to act, and there is **total suppression** of Urine, boil parsley root and eat them freely, also dig up 1-lb. of the root, wash clean, pound or cut fine, and boil in the same water for 15 minutes and take from half to a tea-cupful every hour or so and there will soon be a free flow. I have never known it fail in man or beast.

When it occurs in cattle I advise the addition of an equal quantity of **Groundsel** which grows in every garden.

Will the Farmers please note that as my time is so taken up I can no longer undertake to treat their cattle. If those gentlemen would make the acquaintance of half a dozen herbs there would be no need of appealing to me.

Before quitting this part, suffer another hint for the Baby. It sometimes happens that a newly born babe is unable to urinate, which alarms the mother. All the wheels of life in such cases have not started, but there is no need for alarm. Take an onion, peel off the outer skin and throw it away, now peel off the next layer and apply to the lower parts or privities and the results will surprise and delight you.

May be you are ready to cry out:—"Impossible." But with Nature's Remedies **nothing** is impossible.

You will admit that the eyes are stationed a long distance from the bladder, but get a pennyworth of onions, peel them, and cut them up and your eyes will shed a flood of tears. And the same occurs when applied to the lower parts. "Seeing is believing," says the proverb, now try it and you shall both **see** and believe. And when the eyes are oppressed with dust or lime or some other irritating substance and you can't get it out, peel or cut up a large onion or two and a flow of tears will wash it out. Yesterday I was emptying a barrel of very hot powder and about 20-lb. of the powder went down with a rush and a cloud of it came back and blinded me for the time. I groped my way down from the third storey and called for some water to bathe the lids and wash off the powder from my face.

By this time a knife and some onions had arrived. I cut up the onions, holding them up fairly close, the tears came in abundance and the powder with them, and by the time I had finished cutting up the onions the eyes were open and clean and I went straight at the mixing, with no further inconvenience.

Being pressed for time, this quick deliverance was a great boon to me, and but for this I might have suffered much, and might have been under the necessity of being led to the station as train time was near.

ANOTHER MYSTERY, perhaps.

Suppose the Mother is suffering from Breast-ill and wishes to put away milk at once to prevent life being endangered. She has only to make a strong infusion of Sage tea (Garden Sage) and drink freely, which will prevent the food from being turned into milk, and cause it to leave entirely in a few days.

Every requirement for both Mother and Child is provided for, **every** requirement you can **think** of from the tiniest to the greatest is provided in overwhelming abundance. And this is not all that Garden Sage can

do, it is but a drop out of the ocean. There are some herbs that will cure from 40 to 50 diseases, and if you doubt it, it is because you have not studied them and tested them.

SMALL POX, MEASLES, AND SCARLATINA, AND ANOTHER THUMPING MEDICAL LIE.

Dr. Woolcombe writes:—"Disease is one of the appointed checks to excessive population, and the plan of Providence requires the termination of existence of one-third of its creatures before they attain the age of 2 years, and Small Pox is an efficient instrument for wiping them out. The infant rescued from small pox may be rescued only to perish in childhood by Measles or Scarlatina." So then, according to the argument of the medical profession, the God of Heaven has provided three great plagues, namely Small Pox, Measles and Scarlatina to keep down the population by destroying "one-third of the human race before they attain the age of 2 years and one half of the race before they reach the age of 5." What an awful slaughter and what a charge to lay at Heaven's door.

Now if Dr. Woolcombe had said "The plan of Providence is that all should live in health from infancy to old age, inasmuch as Providence has literally filled the world with Remedies before which no disease can stand. But we doctors have adopted every conceivable method to thwart His benevolent purpose by hiding those remedies and giving poisons instead, otherwise we should have nothing to do. We, therefore, are guilty of the **blood of those children** and are responsible for **all the diseases** in our midst and the terrible suffering and loss of life and consequent loss of wealth."

Had he made this statement he would have spoken the truth for once.

Measles, Smallpox, Scarlatina are the efforts of nature to **cast out** her **foes.** And the work of the mother is, to administer some herb tea, and the enemy leaps out and the little patient is safe.

Nothing can be more simple than giving the child a cup of tea occasionally, and this is the mother's work and this is **all** that is required.

There is no danger whatever. Nature and Nature's Remedies in the form of a few cups of tea will **complete** the **purification** and the **cure,** in a **few days,** and when completed the little cherub will come out

AS PURE AS THE MORNING

and as beautiful as the **rose.** Let the Mother administer the tea made from the Remedies which God Himself created and planted with His own hands, for the EXTERMINATION of ALL DISEASES and from Measles, Smallpox, Scarlatina, there shall NEVER BE ANOTHER DEATH.

In olden times when one of the children was affected, the good mother would put all her children in one bed, in the hope that all would take the complaint, so that she might treat them altogether, " and make one job of it." Every family should sow a pennyworth of Marigold Seed and gather when in bloom and carefully dry.

Some use Saffron alone, others Marigold and Saffron mixed. Marigold flowers one ounce and two pennyworth of Saffron should be put into a teapot, pour on a pint of boiling water and let it steep 30 minutes. Dose for a baby of 3 months, one teaspoonful four times a day. **Increase the dose according to age.** It is perfectly harmless, safe and certain.

Recipe No. 2. Marigold and Elder Blossom, of each one ounce, water one pint, prepare as above.

Recipe No. 3. Yarrow, Elder Blossom and Meadowsweet of each half an ounce, water one pint, prepare and administer as above.

Recipe No. 4. Will do the deed with speed and certainty which is the Inflammation and Fever Remedy, namely Elder Blossom and Peppermint of each one ounce, water one and a half pints and prepare as above. Give freely until in a bath of perspiration and the enemy will be

TUMBLED OUT NECK AND CROP.

Finish the cure or building up with Composition Powder sweetened with honey.

Of the above selection choose which you please. The best beverage for the above and for all sick people is made from dried sorrel, one ounce or four ounces of the green, cut small and one and a half pints of boiling water, steep for 30 minutes, strain and add the juice of one lemon and two or three knobs of sugar.

N.B.—In Measles, diarrhœa follows the disappearance of the eruption but do not be hasty to check it as nature is **completing** the work of **purification.** But after the third day if necessary boil one ounce of Raspberry Leaves in one pint of water for 10 minutes, strain, and when cold

give from a table-spoonful to a wine-glassful according to age every two hours. It may be sweetened with loaf sugar if preferred. The Raspberry tea is wonderful in removing all impurities, waste and worn out material and all morbid matter from the stomach and bowels. Indeed if the cure of not only the Diarrhœa, but the Measles, Small Pox, Chicken Pox, and infantile fevers were entrusted to Raspberry leaf tea, it would cure the whole to the admiration of all who beheld it. For Thrush and Dysentery and all infantile diseases it is no less effectual. Let the Mother never forget that for all complaints peculiar to childhood Raspberry tea is the remedy.

WHOOPING COUGH

killed from 1885 to 1904 no less than 236,562 Children. The average number killed each year, being 11,678.

Precious darlings! What shall we call them "MARTYRS?" To be killed by Whooping Cough is far worse than the Martyr's death at the stake. Such a death rate is appalling especially when we know that not one would have died if one herb only had been present. It takes several weeks or months to kill a strong healthy child. It is an awful death and what a heartrending and heartbreaking time for the parents. Who can estimate the sufferings, sorrow and loss? Oh what a penalty this nation is paying for neglecting the remedies growing all around them.

Wild Thyme is one of the best if not the best remedies, and comes nearest to a Specific that I am acquainted with. On two ounces, pour one and a half pints of cold water, let it stand an hour or so, after which place on the fire, and when boiling lift it from the fire and let it simmer on the hob for 30 minutes, strain, add 8 ounces of pure honey and give to a child of 8, a wine-glassful every two hours. Lessen the dose according to age.

ANOTHER METHOD AND A GOOD ONE TOO.

In extreme cases deal with it as you would a fever. Indeed it would be wise to do so in all cases. For in spite of the symptoms being different to those of fever, they are very similar in character. Watch the symptoms and you will always perceive there is more or less feverishness. In Whooping Cough all the symptoms of a cold,

such as running from the eyes and nose, shivering, sneezing, etc., are present. Here then is the **cause,** therefore go for it by removing the fever and victory will be close at hand.

In extreme cases, bring the recipe for fevers and inflammation into action at once. Give the Elder blossom and Peppermint tea sweetened with treacle as much as you can induce the child to take and cover up well. And the hot irons wrapped with vinegar cloths to the feet and renew when getting cold, until in a bath of perspiration, now follow with the Wild Thyme and victory is certain. But some people are not pleased with the one herb recipe and prefer a combination; therefore let such prepare the following: To one quart of water add 1½-ozs. of Red Clover Flowers and 1½-ozs. of Mouse-ear, boil gently for 10 minutes, strain, press and pour the liquid on 1-oz. of Wild Thyme, 1-oz. of Yarrow, ½-oz. of Lobelia Herb, ½-oz. Ginger. Let it steep closely covered for 15 minutes, strain, press, and add one pound of pure honey. Dose for a child of 10 years, a dessert-spoonful four times a day and less or more according to age.

CHOLERA REMEDY.

Bayberry Bark in powder, 1-oz.; Tormentil Root in powder, 1-oz.; Cayenne Pepper, ½-oz.; Boiling Water, two and a half pints. Simmer on the hob for one hour, strain and pour the liquor on one ounce of Loosestrife, 1-oz. of Meadowsweet Flower, and half an ounce powdered Gum Myrrh. Simmer 30 minutes, strain and give a wine-glassful every 10 minutes for the first hour and every 20 minutes the second hour and lessen as the symptoms abate. The hot iron with vinegar cloths should be applied to the feet as in Fever and Inflammation.

Another—Dr. Worcester, of Coventry, America, who fortunately turned his attention to herbs, cured 800 persons afflicted with cholera, a GREAT NUMBER of them being GIVEN up as INCURABLE by the rest of the faculty. He afterwards published his remedy for the good of mankind, which is as follows:

Tormentil Root, ground, 1 ounce; Bayberry Bark, 1 ounce; Cayenne Pepper, ¼ ounce; Carbonate of Soda, ½-ounce. Simmer one hour in two quarts of water, when cool strain, and add to it 2 ounces Tincture of Gum Myrrh. Place the patient's feet in hot water, and see to it that he is well covered: give a wine-glassful of the mixture every fifteen minutes until perspiration flows freely after which repeat the dose every three hours.

Dr. Beech, one of the greatest doctors the world has ever seen, in speaking of this mixture, says: "The unparalleled success which has attended the administration of this remedy stamps it as a safe and specific remedy in all cases of cholera."

REMEDY FOR BLEEDING LUNGS.

A question often asked—"What is the best thing for spitting of blood from the lungs?"

Comfrey Root. I have never known it fail, I am glad to learn that several private persons are distributing it among those suffering from bleeding of the lungs and stomach or the bursting of other blood-vessels and they too state that it never fails. A Plymouth lady informed me that as she so much wished this remedy to be known, she told her family doctor of this great healer, but his polite answer was "Pooh, pooh." She said to him "You can pooh, pooh, if you like, but the next case you get try it, and your patient will not be disappointed of a cure."

My consumptive Mother had a large cavity in her left lung, the hæmorrhage was often alarming and there was no hope. I had the happiness of curing her with Comfrey Root and Clowns Woundwort, a strong decoction almost as thick as treacle was taken freely. It wrought a complete cure.

AN EXCELLENT COUGH REMEDY.

Horehound 1 oz.; Comfrey Root, crushed, 1 oz.; Linseed 1 oz.; Liquorice (stick), 1 oz.; Blood Root, crushed, 4½ drachms.

Add to the above one quart of cold water and let it stand for 12 hours. After which place on the fire, bring to the boil and let it simmer for one hour.

Strain and add ¾-lb. of loaf sugar and ¾-lb. black treacle (not the Golden Syrup). Dose :—One table-spoonful for an adult, 3 times a day. Babies under 12 months, half a teaspoonful, increasing according to age.

This is the cheapest, safest, and one of the most effectual Remedies, now or ever in use. In **no** case can it do harm, while every case will be benefited by its use. In every curable case it will cure; and if past cure, it will soothe, comfort and relieve.

The most distressing cough is relieved by a few doses: it speedily soothes and allays irritation, and if continued,

subdues any tendency to consumption. It is also an excellent remedy for Bronchitis, Croup, Asthma and all affections of the throat and lungs. It is also excellent in Dysentery, spitting and vomiting **blood.** Wounds and Ulcers in stomach, bowels, kidney and bladder. Also for external abrasions and cuts. This invaluable remedy will be a great boon to every home and will be the means of saving tens of thousands of precious lives, and tens of thousands of pounds also.

N.B.—To avoid disappointment when purchasing, see to it that the herbs and roots are new and in best condition. I may further add that although sugar is demulcent, nutritive, alterative and antiseptic, and powerfully prevents putrefaction, yet if honey is procurable, the same quantity of honey should take the place of the ¾-lb. of loaf sugar, as it will be an improvement. But where the pocket is shallow use sugar by all means.

It is idle to suppose that sugar decays the teeth, it does nothing of the kind, but acts beneficially on the teeth and gums. But particles should not be allowed to remain between the teeth and decompose. The mouth should be daily rinsed and the teeth should be kept clean to prevent decay.

Please note, the Cough Mixture may be taken oftener than three times a day.

At night two or three doses should be put on a chair by the bedside, so that the patient can reach out and have a sip when the cough is troublesome, without disturbing anyone.

When purchasing, break or cut the Comfrey in two, it should be white when broken, but if dark, reject it as worthless. Should you find it difficult to procure the ingredients in best condition, send direct. The Remedy should be well corked and kept in a cool place. The total product will be about three pints. Six half-pint bottles will answer better than one bottle, as each bottle will come out fresh.

Those who have weak chests and are always weak and ailing, should make use of honey and treacle. As a food and medicine they have no equal. Wholemeal bread with cream and honey partaken of daily, will in time eradicate diseases, even if hereditary. Those who wish to put on flesh, health and vivacity, should breakfast on the above.

Treacle kills worms, microbes, etc., and is excellent for scorbutic and rickety subjects. It is an admirable germicide, and being antiseptic, prevents decay.

It lubricates the whole machinery and causes it to run smoothly. It is also excellent for Cancer of the Stomach, and will sometimes effect a cure. As for honey, let it never be forgotten that as a food and medicine it is **Perfection.** Every family should have bees sufficient to supply them for each year. The bees work for nothing, and yearly double their numbers. What more could be desired ? Either the old fashion black treacle or honey should always be on the table.

WENS, TO CURE.

To one oz. of Sassapras Bark crushed, add one pint of boiling water and let it steep one hour closely covered. Strain and take a wine-glassful three times a day and apply a few drops of the Oil of Sassapras to the wen, rubbing it well in with the fingers twice a day. Persevere until the wen disappears. The infusion should be drunk for a fortnight after.

A LOVELY COMPLEXION.

Many ladies are desirous of knowing the best herbs for the complexion.

Nature everywhere abounds with such but I know of none that will equal Cowslips and Lilyum Candydum (the white garden Lily). This matchless pair have been renowned for ages. Writers in the time of Queen Elizabeth state : " They take away the spots and the wrinkles of the skin and add **beauty exceedingly,** as divers ladies, gentlewomen and she citizens, whether widows or wives, know well enough." When in season pound the herbs or flowers and apply the juice. But by making an ointment of the same, you have an ever present remedy. If too busy, any genuine Herbalist will make it for you. Apply with the fingers gently, twice a day.

Moreover, in addition to making the complexion fresh, fair and lovely, they are excellent for the shedding of the hair, and baldness.

Should there be scurf, or if the constitution is scrofulous, drink freely of watercress twice a day, and rub into the scalp a little of the juice with the fingers at least once a day.

N.B.—Watercress abounds with iron and sulphur, and with these two minerals the hair is permeated throughout, hence the wisdom of drinking and applying the juice which supplies the materials for a new crop. If the system lacks iron, potash, sulpho-nitrogenous oil, fertility, strength, and vivacity, watercress will supply it all, abundantly and free of charge.

Zenophon, the immortal Herbalist, Philosopher, General and Historian, who flourished about 450 years before the Christian era, advised the Persians to feed their children plentifully with watercress that they might "grow in stature and have active minds." Would you have the family grow up pure, stalwart and brilliant, then make much of watercress. If there is paleness, and other signs of lack of iron, or if the brain lacks phosphorus, is over-worked and digestion weak, the better plan will be to pound the herb, and press out the juice and drink from half an ounce to an ounce (until the digestive organs are strong enough to digest the herb) two or three times a day. Be sure and eat it slowly and masticate thoroughly, and wash thoroughly clean before eating or pounding.

Brain workers should receive Watercress grown in rich land, and in the sun, as the oil and phosphates will be richer and more abundant.

Lastly, should there be any tendency to consumption Watercress **will wipe it out,** if the patient will persevere in its use.

AN EXCELLENT HAIR WASH.

For preventing grey hairs, and falling out of the hair, dandruff, scurf, and overlooked diseases of the hair, is made as follows:—Rosemary 2 oz., Southernwood 2 oz., Camphor ½ oz., cover with boiling water, and let it steep one hour. Strain and apply to the hair twice a day. This remedy is clean, safe and certain. It removes all impurities, and quickly overcomes the cankerous disease which causes the hair to fall. If the hair is falling off by handfuls, the first application will stop it. It is also most excellent for promoting the growth of the hair. Ladies inform me that it makes the hair curl, and enables them to dispense with curling tongs. What more can be desired?

APPENDICITIS.

The remedy—Elder blossom and Peppermint should be always kept in every house in readiness for an emergency and your safety will be ensured.

Many are living in constant fear of this myth. "I have a great horror," they say, "of appendicitis. What must I do to escape it?" The answer is— "Put away your 'horror' and keep the bowels regular, and you have nothing to Fear."

The Appendix is no more subject to inflammation than any other part. Whoever thinks of **cutting** out the Lungs because of their having inflammation, or of **cutting** out the Liver, Kidneys or Stomach or Brain because of inflammation? No one outside of the medical butchers.

Inflammation of the Appendix should be treated with Elder and Peppermint, and a compress wrung out of the same liquor applied to the bowels. If the patient has been troubled with Constipation inject into the bowels one pint of Elder tea and one of hot water, 30 minutes after inject two quarts of hot water, and when the bowels have been entirely cleansed, cease the injections, continue the compress and give repeated doses of the Herb Tea, until in a bath of perspiration, and in a million and one cases, you will have a

MILLION VICTORIES AND ONE OVER.

Dr. Andrews, of America, in the "Medical Summary" says:—

"We have had a good deal to say in times past about this sort of foolishness. We have dealt with the subject in a spirit of sarcasm, humour, and invective. We have also tried to good naturedly point out the uselessness of so much belly-flipping: such a big hunt and such small game—not taking into account the fee. The appendix gets into a catarrhal state frequently: so do the colon, ileum, and other portions of the intestines. But the little insignificant appendix comes in for more than its share of spite. There is no compromise with it: it must be chopped out. No other inflamed or deranged organ or member is so ruthlessly hewn down, a suppurating and sloughing appendix is a *rara avis*. Learned surgeons say it is best to remove it: whether well or diseased it might suppurate. This is about like the stage comedian who pours out a volley of burlesque abuse upon his companion. The latter says: "Why, I never said a word."

The first speaker then responds: "Well, you are liable to say something any time." The appendix is likely to suppurate: the great toe is also likely to rot off. Neither seldom happens.

Inflammation of the appendix is **not an operable affection** any more than **inflammation in any other region,** notwithstanding the oft heard

BRAY OF THE MEDICAL ASS

that there is no other treatment for the affection.

We hope that in time nervous people may be able to safely complain of a pain below the waist line without endangering themselves as prospective victims of the appendix hunter. Tubfuls and basketfuls of healthy appendices have been sacrificed. **No one can calculate the number of lives** that have gone out as a **contribution** to **surgical ambition, ignorance** and **greed.**

This **mad delusion** of the man with the **big knife** has been overworked, and the game has fallen into bad repute.

Is it the least wonder that people turn in self-defence to Christian Science and the various cults?"—DR. ANDREWS.

DIARRHŒA.

When suffering from Diarrhœa or Diarrhœa with vomiting or incipient Cholera, drink a strong cup of best Mocha Coffee or two and a cure will be effected. Try it and you will thank me for the information. This is indeed "The Remedy at hand." Coffee is also excellent for stone, gravel, gout with chalkstones in the joints of the hands and feet.

Whenever a good thing is found for the general public and made known, the "Old Women of the Schools," seeing their craft in danger, are never backward in coming forward to raise a false cry and veil the truth with a medical lie. And the latest is, that "Tea, Coffee, Cocoa and Tobacco should be classed together as poisons, and should be shunned."

Well might Dr. Gregory exclaim:

"Gentlemen, 99 out of **every** hundred **medical facts** are **medical lies** and **medical doctrines** are for the most part **stark staring** nonsense. And the above will serve for the hundredth lie." A Russian doctor, 90 years of age, drinks 30 cups of Coffee per day, he does his work as usual and is as active as a youth. The old women of the schools are **wonderful** in Council.

FOR DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, AND BROKEN DOWN CONSTITUTION.

The Recipe.—To 3 pints of cold water, add 3-ozs. of well crushed acorns, and two ounces of Black Willow Bark, let it stand for 12 hours and gently boil for one hour, strain, return the liquor to the saucepan, add 2-ozs. of cut vervain, and again gently boil for 15 minutes. Strain, press and return the liquor to the saucepan and add 1½-ozs. of garden sage, ½-oz. of cinnamon and ½-oz. of crushed ginger, bring to the boil and remove from the fire, and let it simmer for 30 minutes. Strain, press, bottle, and keep in a cool place. Dose for an adult, a wine-glassful three times a day. At the age of 14 one table-spoonful, at the age of 8 two tea-spoonfuls, at the age of 4 one tea-spoonful and so on according to age.

If you wish to preserve it add 1-oz. spirits of wine or essence of lemon.

This is an excellent remedy for spermatorrhœa, seminal weakness and all manner of fluxes in both sexes. Spitting of blood, bleeding at the mouth or nose, vomiting blood from the stomach or passing blood with the ordinary evacuation. Diarrhœa, dysentery, inflammation and ulceration of the bladder. Inflammation, weakness and falling of the womb. Stone in the kidneys, cools the heat of the liver. Quickly overcomes feverishness, expels poison, such as nicotine, alcohol, cantharides, opium, mushrooms, venomous serpents, etc. Removes bearing down pains, pains in the back and lumbar regions, strengthens the system and gives a healthy colour to the complexion, and for female complaints, fluor albus and irregularities I know not its equal. It is also excellent in jaundice, gout, dropsy, weak lungs, internal wounds, ulcers in the mouth, scrofula, palsy, consumption, piles, etc.

In short it is difficult to say what it is not good for, and its value cannot be told.

When taken for stone, one tea-spoonful of Olive oil should be taken once a day which will enable the stone to pass off easily and when cured the Olive oil should be continued awhile as it will prevent further formations. Also a dose of the mixture should be taken once a day for a few days. It may be sweetened with loaf sugar or honey if preferred.

It is said of the Amorites: "They were men of vast stature and

AS STRONG AS THE OAKS,"

And so would this nation be if they knew what this meaneth.

"He maketh the grass to grow for the cattle and herbs for the service of man and the fruit of the trees shall be for food, and the leaves of the trees shall be for the healing of the nations." The OAK is rightly designated—"The king of the forest," and it is no less kingly in giving strength and health to those who use it. Every part of this noble tree is most useful. Even its sawdust is accounted precious and its ashes are used for purifying wine and sweetening and softening hard water, etc.

The Antediluvians too were not only "as strong as the oaks," but were as long lived.

The Oak grows for 400 years. Its age is ascertained by counting the rings in its trunk when felled, for like the cedar, it forms a fresh ring each year until arriving at perfection.

An Oak was felled in 1810 near Newport, having 400 rings. It occupies about the same time in decaying as it does in growing. The bark of the above tree was sold for £200 and its timber £670. The Parliament Oak in Clipstone Park is supposed to be 1,500 years old.

The Calthorp Oak in Yorkshire is the largest in England, measuring 78 feet in circumference.

Would you be as strong as an Oak, make much of this remedy. And each of the preceding recipes is equally precious and worth gold, indeed gold in comparison is poor to those great life-saving Remedies.

SPECIAL FOR MOTHERS.

Providence has done much for you. For your requirements, Nature is literally **packed** with remedies. For example let us glance at three only. I take it that you desire **good health,** a family strong and stalwart, captivating and beautiful. But some through weakness and repeated miscarriage are deprived of the two former, and often the latter: for **beauty** is the **daughter of Health.** For the above troubles, garden TANSY is your remedy. If subject to miscarriage boil a handful in a pint of water, and drink a wineglassful three times a day. If there is bearing-down pains or falling of the matrix, or misplacement, or other affections, this is your remedy. It will restore it to its position and strengthen and make absolutely perfect. For it is as admirably adapted for all the above, as light is to chase away darkness.

Is there weakness of the kidneys and bladder, stoppage of urine which is so alarming? This is your remedy, its effects are marvellous.

Now for the **Wild** Tansy. Are the terms abundant? drink the decoction and they will be stayed. Do the whites annoy? Take the decoction and they will disappear.

Is there also spitting or vomiting blood? this is your remedy. Is the complexion tarnished with freckles and other discolourings? take a wineglassful three times a day sweetened with honey, and apply the decoction without the honey, gently rubbing it in with the fingers. Continue for awhile and you will be as fair as the rose and as fresh as a daisy kissed by the dew. The face should be washed with soft water before each application. And if, in addition to the above you wish to remove wrinkles, once a day rub in also a tea-spoonful of the best Olive Oil.

N.B.—Whenever the face is washed ladies should wipe the face **upward** as the **down pull** relaxes the skin which is a source of wrinkles. Avoid paint and face-powders as they eventually spoil the skin. If soft water is not available pour a pint of hot water on a handful of groundsel cut fine. It softens the water and adds to it softening and beautifying properties. Groundsel is found in every garden, Bird-keepers give it to their birds.

Have you wounds, ulcers, sores and pimples in any part, accompanied with burning itching and inflammation? Drink the decoction and wash the sores with the same, and **all these troubles** will disappear. And if the eyes are hot and inflamed this is your remedy. And further if your children are sickly, rickety and do not grow. Boil gently 2 ounces of the Wild Tansy cut fine, in one pint of water for 10 minutes, strain and add ¾ lb. of pure honey. Dose for a child of 12 months one tea-spoonful, three times a day, and less or more according to age. If ruptured, boil another two ounces as above, add 2 ounces of salt and apply a saturated cloth to the rupture and cover with a dry one, repeat two or three times a day until cured, and you will

BLESS HEAVEN FOR THE GIFT.

The third Herb which is Raspberry I have spoken of before. Its great and varied efficacy is truly marvellous, and not the least is its efficacy in producing painless parturition.

Sir Anthony Carlyle, M.D., said:—"There is more virtue in a handful of herbs than in all the remedies

of the pharmacopœia." Do you ask "Who is Carlyle?" Your doctor would tell you he was a "quack" simply because he spoke highly of herbs. Sir Anthony was an eminent surgeon who after finishing his studies in York, removed to London, and in 1793 was appointed surgeon to Westminster Hospital. He rose rapidly in his profession and became Surgeon Extraordinary to King George IV., who knighted him on the first levee he held after his accession to the Throne. In 1808 he became professor of anatomy in the Royal Academy, which appointment he held for 16 years. He was the first to point out that water might be decomposed by the galvanic battery. Sir Anthony was born near Durham, 1768, and died in London, 1840.

This great and good man at last woke up to the fact that "a handful of herbs" was of more value than all he knew, and all he had written about during his long life.

Sir J. Hill, M.D., being dead yet speaketh—speaketh to the Mothers:—"I would have every lady to keep a kind of druggist shop of her own, which should be supplied from the neighbouring fields and from her garden, and they will seldom need to have recourse to any aother."

Sir J. HILL, M.D.

The herb garden before the Flood preserved the health and wealth of that vast empire, and for ages after.

When comparing the Land of Canaan with Egypt, Moses says of the latter:—"When thou sowedst thy seed and wateredst it with thy foot as a garden of herbs."—Deu. 11. 10.

And King Ahab spake unto Naboth: "Give me thy vineyard that I may have it for a garden of herbs."—1 Kings, 21, 2.

"In olden times the Herb Garden formed an annex to all having any pretentions to completeness and was under 'My Lady's' special charge. In fact the culture and preparing of Herbal Remedies formed a part of **every lady's** education."

"MY LORDS, retainers and tenants, when out of sorts, were treated with these wholesome remedies and were taught to find in Simples the cure for all their ailments."

And our grandmothers kept up the custom to their time. Now let the

MOTHERS JOIN HANDS,

and connect the past with the present and the present with the future. Oh, that each may constitute a link

in the mighty chain that shall connect the beginning with the end, and you shall no more have to exclaim " Oh my child, my child ! would to God I had died for thee."

Begin now, follow the examples of the ladies of all generations and no disease shall stand before you. A little bit of the garden, not larger than a kitchen table will serve your purpose. Begin by planting a root of Peppermint, and plant an Elder Tree on your garden hedge, or gather a few handfuls of the blossom every summer from the fields and with these **two simples,** nothing shall harm you.

Farmers, too, should plant it by the hedge or in the hedge so that the sheep could get at the young shoots, as it is a **most excellent** remedy for **Foot-rot** and other complaints. It would cure their colds and coughs also. If the wonderful properties of Elder were fully known there would be a

National Day for Planting this unspeakably precious boon.

Henceforth you cannot throw the blame on the doctor, so-called. The **children** are **yours,** bone of your bone, and flesh of your flesh. And the **Remedy** is **yours,** the **privilege of saving** them is **yours,** and the

DUTY

is yours. And now that the light is come, if you allow them to perish their **blood** will be upon **you.**

If you find it difficult to secure Peppermint I shall be pleased to forward the same at 6d. per root, carriage 2d. extra. It will spread rapidly and soon supply enough for the family use.

THE NEW ACT.

The Problem for the Restoration of the Entire Nation and all the Nations which will be instrumental in banishing all diseases and consequent poverty and the intolerable burden on the rates, which is as follows, will mean **A New Earth.** Every family should immediately press the Government to pass a Measure that every child be taught the names and properties of at least twenty herbs which their parents would quickly pick up and every disease in a very short time would totally and for ever disappear. Yes, although there are so many thousands

of precious herbs Divinely filled with the nectar of life from root to leaf, yet twenty alone will absolutely sweep every disease from our midst. Close to the school there should be a small plot of ground, the size of two kitchen tables would be quite sufficient, in which the twenty herbs should be planted, the children would soon know them, and would learn their names and properties as easy as they learn and remember the A B C.

For instance let the first day's lesson embrace two herbs only, namely Elder and Mint. May I suggest the Teacher's first address :—

" Now boys and girls, the two herbs before you are named respectively Elder and Mint. This is the mint referred to by our Lord, who said to the Pharisee ' Ye tithe Mint, and rue.' These two herbs are worth mountains of gold, indeed gold is poor, it is dust compared to them. One half of the world die of inflammation and fever. Such is the lamentable confession of the medical profession and yet these two herbs alone would save this appalling host.

Colds are the forerunners of inflammation and fevers, and inflammation and fevers are readily cured by these two precious herbs. You take a good handful of each and put in a jug or teapot and press them down tightly and cover with boiling water, steep for 30 minutes, strain, sweeten with black treacle and drink the whole hot in bed. Now cover up and pile on the clothes and in a few hours your cold or inflammation or fever will have gone. Boys and girls, here is the Divinely Given Remedy for the above complaints. They are as simple as they are safe, and as certain as they are simple. The above diseases cannot stand before them, therefore, these two herbs alone will save one-half of the world. And when you know of anyone dying of fever, pneumonia (inflammation of the lungs) or inflammation in any other part take them the herbs quickly and they will be restored even then." So much for the first lesson.

The above or a similar address would be easily remembered by the children. It will not only save at the eleventh hour but at the last minute of that hour. It is so harmless that you cannot use it amiss and so effectual that you cannot give it in vain. If the patient is unconscious and teeth clenched, use a tea-spoon to get the tea through the clenched teeth, gently lift the unconscious head and administer a teaspoonful every two minutes, persevere for an hour or more if necessary and you will win the victory. I have not seen a single failure even at this stage.

SAMPLE ADDRESS FOR THE SECOND LESSON :—

" Now boys and girls this is the **nettle,** commonly called Sting Nettle or Stinging Nettles which you all know.

Thousands upon Thousands die of Pleurisy.

Pleurisy is inflammation of the Membrane or lining of the lungs. The symptoms are chilliness, feverishness and sharp pains in the side. To draw full breath is almost impossible and causes intense pain and coughing increases it. But the Nettle is a certain cure. Cut them up fine, half fill a saucepan with the cut Nettles, cover with a saucer or small plate and add sufficient water to cover. Place on the fire and boil **gently** for 10 or 15 minutes **closely** covered. Strain, press and drink from half to a teacupful every hour or so, and apply the hot Nettles to the side and when getting cold, wring a flannel out of the liquor and apply to the side where the pain is, as hot as possible. Cover with oil cloth or flannel or some other cloth and renew when getting cool. Continue thus for one hour and in a few hours you will be well. And when you hear of a case given up to die, go quickly and tell them what to do, for the Nettle tea will cure them if the breath has not left the body. It has never been known to fail and if the whole Nation were down with Pleurisy, it would cure them all in a few hours." The teacher might further add—" Now go home and write out this lesson that I have given you, and the boy or girl that writes it out correctly will receive a prize."

From the above you will see what a

COLOSSAL

work could be accomplished by the first three herbs, viz :— the saving " one half of the world."

Now let the teacher proceed with the other seventeen herbs and if only one lesson is given per week, in seventeen weeks the entire nation would be able to cure themselves with speed and certainty. Here is the problem for the restoration of the nation and the entire world. In these three herbs you have the pattern of all the rest. The 8,000 known remedies and the 6,000 in the deep sea are as effectual in curing other diseases (**Cancer not excepted**), as the famous three are for curing Colds, Fever, Inflammation and Pleurisy. Now let every family press for this simple and most reasonable Measure and the Divine Birthright and blessing will be for ever secured.

The Amazon is the largest river in the World, rising in the Andes, South America, traversing the entire breadth of the Continent (4,000 miles) and falls into the North Atlantic Ocean. At its mouth it is 96 miles in width, navigable for 2,000 miles from the sea, receives nearly 200 rivers, many of which have a course of 500 miles and in pouring itself into the ocean repels the waters of the sea to the distance of 300 miles from the land. A vessel in the mouth of the mighty Amazon was seen to hoist a signal of distress. Being asked by a passing ship what was wanted: "Water, we are dying of thirst." "Let down your buckets" was the reply, "and draw it up for you are sailing in fresh water."

What a picture is this of the world to-day.

Literally hemmed in with, and walking upon infallible remedies, yet they know it not, and perish by wholesale, thanks to the medical profession and them only. How sweet was the message to the men "dying of thirst." "Let down your buckets for you are sailing in fresh water." And the message to all sufferers is "Rivers and seas of health and wealth flow at your feet, let down your buckets and drink and live."

With the whole earth and sea packed with remedies, men have no more excuse for dying of disease than they have to die of thirst while surrounded with fountains of sparkling waters.

Health is wealth and who can estimate the wealth of health? The question arises on all sides "How shall we let down our buckets and draw it up." "If health and long life is our birthright how shall we recover it?"

The above simple and humane Act supplies the answer. Begin to secure it at once by writing the Honourable Member for your Division to bring the proposed measure before Parliament at once and cease not to write until the Act is secured.

As your enemies are loudly demanding the power to deprive you of those precious gifts, I pray you to be as equally loud in demanding the right of enjoying what is your own and to hold your **Health** and your **Wealth** in your **own keeping,** which is your Divinely Given Inheritance, Birthright and Blessing.

A small pamphlet containing the names, properties and uses of the twenty herbs, or the number determined by the Government should be compiled by a dozen of the most skilful men Herbalists in the Kingdom, whose prominent record of cures will justify their appointment. Such a pamphlet could be sold at one penny which would prevent

any burden on the rates and such a trifling cost would not be felt by parents.

It is not too much to say that within three months of the publication of such a pamphlet the death rate will have dropped 70 per cent., and in twelve months 90 per cent. Now seeing that diseases are rampant and Doctors are powerless, and that Nature's Remedies are all sufficient to remove every disease in a short time, it is imperative that you should move at once and pour in upon your Representative shoals of letters, and cease not until the Act is passed. And seeing that probably from 6 to 12 months may elapse before the Act is secured, the recipes published in this book, now in your hands, will be of immense service, as there need be no more deaths from Inflammation, Fever, Small Pox, Scarlatina, Measles, Pleurisy, Appendicitis, Whooping Cough, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera, Influenza, Miscarriages, Childbirth, &c., &c., consequently the knowledge even through **this** little book will be of more value than a mountain of gold.

MOTHERS, LISTEN, READ SLOWLY.

The Medical Profession have determined to close the gates of the Herbal Kingdom against you for ever. For 17 years they have been appealing to Parliament to pass an Act forbidding every person outside of themselves the liberty to cure or relieve any person whether male or female, old or young, rich or poor. The penalty for such offence is £100 fine or six months' imprisonment. No magistrate is to be allowed to lessen the fine or shorten the term of imprisonment "under the most extenuating circumstances, and for every such offence punishment is to be meted out."

The plea before Parliament is, that such an Act is asked for for "THE PROTECTION OF THE PEOPLE."—What a GRIM JOKE.

Thirty thousand yearly are dying of Diarrhœa, but the cholera remedy would have saved them all, or one or two cups of coffee each. Twelve thousand are dying yearly of Whooping Cough, but you can now prevent another death. Multitudes are dying of fever and inflammation, but **you** are the doctors now, and Heaven and earth expect you to save them. Great numbers are dying of Pleurisy, but a handful of Nettles would have saved them, yes, every one of them without a failure. The work is exceedingly simple, quite as simple as preparing a cup of tea.

One would naturally suppose that, after the so-called doctors had tried their hand and failed, after the deluded people had spent their all, after they had paid hundreds of pounds for unnecessary operations ; after they had gone from one so-called doctor to another and from one specialist to another, and pronounced hopeless by all, and abandoned to death, one would **very** naturally suppose that the poor sufferers would be at liberty to appeal for help elsewhere, and that the man who could restore them even at this stage would be allowed to do so.

BUT NO, THEY MUST DIE :

and heavy fines and imprisonment await their benefactor who shall dare to save them.

Was ever such an OUTRAGE ever heard of before ? You are doubtless ready to ask—" What is the meaning of such flagrant injustice, why must we die when a cure is within reach, are not our lives our own ? " Well their aim is to blot out Nature's Remedies from the memory and to prevent exposure.

The man who cures their abandoned cases is a swift witness against them, he or she is a terror to them, and the **greatest offender** and the most **hated** in their eyes is the man **who discovers** a **remedy** and **makes it known.** This, with them, is the **unpardonable sin.**

What a spectacle those " dogs in the manger " present. Look at them—20,000 of them branded together under the title of " The Medical Trades Union," surrounding the entrance to the Herbal Kingdom with their red hands upon the gates eagerly waiting for permission from Parliament to lock them up for ever against the human race. An article appeared in one of the medical journals recently, referring to the kidnapping business of isolating children, which the writer terms " a disappointing state of things both as regards the heavy burden on the rates and the wholesale and the ever **increasing death-rate,"** notwithstanding. The brave Physician calls this a " striking anomaly," and adds—" It is surely worth while calling attention to this **remarkable fact,** if only to stimulate enquiry of our Chief Sanitary Authorities." But surely such " remarkable facts "

MUST STIMULATE THE MOTHERS

to take action on behalf of their little ones, infinitely more than the Sanitary Authorities, or any other. And the

time for you to take action has come. The bear is proverbial for her courage and fury when robbed of her young, and the lioness will die for hers. And ought not the Mother to be ready to defend her immortal treasure? Is it not inhuman in the extreme to allow them to be torn from you when they most need you, to be done to death, or die of broken hearts, sobbing " Mother " with their last breath. Oh! how sad I am and how my heart sinks and sickens at the slaughter of the little ones, these God-sent boons whose mission is to chase away dull care, those little angels who shake from off their golden wings the light and joy of paradise, ought not to be abandoned to such a death.

Suffer me to beseech you to defend your little ones against their destroyers and against all

DISEASES BY CURING THEM YOURSELVES,

which you can do as certainly as you can cure their **hunger** by **food,** or **thirst** by **water,** for the remedies are equally safe and certain.

Every one who has a garden should plant two or three Raspberry canes and a root of Peppermint, they will increase rapidly and a young Elder tree or two on the garden hedge, and when in bloom gather on a fine day after the dew is off, dry and preserve in paper bags and nothing shall harm you, and death to you and yours shall be unknown, until old age ripens you for his sickle, for you " shall come to the grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

Now let the Mothers remember, you have a great work before you. You are the **doctors, you now** have the remedies and you can save **three-fourths of the human race** from disease and poverty and their attendant miseries. As before stated it is computed that one-half of the world perish of Inflammation and Fevers, but the Elder blossom and Peppermint tea will entirely prevent any more deaths from those complaints, and Pleurisy, Whooping Cough, Diarrhœa, Small Pox, Measles, Scarlatina, etc. will also fly before you.

Do not fear and worry about the exact quantity when dealing with Fever and Inflammation, but make the tea strong and compel the adult patient to drink from half a pint to a pint or more, and the children as much as you can induce them to take, and let it be drunk as hot as possible. Then pile on the clothes and apply to the feet the **hot** iron, wrapped round with vinegar cloths. Heat the flat iron hot enough to iron with and if box-irons are used make the irons red hot, and persevere with all confidence until the patient is in a bath of perspiration.

And when dealing with Pleurisy let there be no fear about the quantity, but make the Nettle tea strong and compel the patient to drink half a teacupful or more if an adult, and less according to age say every two hours, but if at the point of death, administer in small quantities or as above for Fever, or as best you can, but often, and you need have no fear for

THE VICTORY IS CERTAIN.

I have never known either to fail when the patients have been literally in the throes of death. See then to what a humane and heavenly work you are called.

Every savage knows his and her remedy and all of them live in perfect health, and both the beast and birds know also, even to the cure of blindness.

When the Ophida (boa constrictor) becomes blind, on casting his skin, the monster even when blind will search out the remedy and restore the sight. And if you mar the very apple of the eye of a young bird the mother bird will restore it.

Dr. Robinson said truly—" For man and beast and bird, food and medicine are abundantly supplied by the same Munificent Hand, grow in the same field and should be prepared

BY THE SAME HANDS

that **prepare** our **food.**"—Dr. ROBINSON.

And well might Dr. Thornton exclaim: " I desire a revolution, I invoke it in my vows, I will aid it with all my might."

Mothers, if you will make Dr. Thornton's resolution your own, the Resolution that he prayed and fought for would be secured without delay.

If you will one and all press the Government to make it compulsory that every child be taught the knowledge of say, twenty herbs, this WHOLE NATION would be saved from the ghastly knife, from poisons, and from the hands of their destroyers AND FROM ALL DISEASES.

The power that is now in your hands is **tremendous** and so is your responsibility which you cannot throw off. Refuse to use this mighty, this God-given power and from this time the slaughtered victims will rise against you in the Judgment and the JUDGE HIMSELF will be a swift Witness against you. To **you** is given the power to restore the **whole nation** to **health,** and all the nations would quickly follow suit.

Here then is another Gospel, the Gospel of Health. And here is another Kingdom, the **Herbal** Kingdom, which is **your inheritance, birthright** and **blessing,** which the devil and the doctors have stolen and hid.

IN THE NAME OF GOD

and humanity, rise up and claim it.

Here is the substance of the Gospels of the two Kingdoms :—

"For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him, should not perish but have everlasting life."

And again—For God so loved the world that He hath planted remedies the **world over,** that all may live in perfect health, and fall asleep at a full age.

Some of you, and probably many ladies, will be angry at this blow to their prejudice, but it has been delivered for your sakes. The truth and the light have been brought you at a great sacrifice.

Most gladly for many reasons would I have fled the work and hid myself but necessity is laid upon me.

You say your doctor is" good." This may be so, but he is in

BAD COMPANY.

He forms part of a great conspiracy against the best interests of every child born into the world. He is bound under a curse—under the curse of excommunication to hide the great gifts of God, and to keep mankind in absolute darkness.

You "love your doctor," you say, but you have no love for your children and your nation? Are you going to allow the conspirators to take away their liberty even to live? and to secure (unopposed) their most astounding and diabolical Act? namely that when you ask for relief or cure from those who can grant it you, the law shall thunder "You shall have no relief, no cure, for the man who attempts to bring you either shall be ruined with endless fines and imprisonment."

Are you going to sit still and allow the passing of this Act? If so, the curse of your children and the curse of your children's God will rest upon you. You have it in your power to wipe out all diseases—and quickly too; and to restore this earth to a veritable Paradise by simply writing a letter or two, pressing for the above most simple, just, effective, and all redeeming Act. Ponder the following for a moment: During the Influenza Epidemic, it was reported that from this town fifty per day were taken to the cemetery, but not one was taken there that came to me, and not one of those who treated themselves died, or were even laid aside more than two days.

Their treatment consisted of a strong tea of Elder Blossom and Peppermint at bedtime, and Composition Powder in teaspoonful doses four times a day. Of all the thousands that treated themselves with the tea and powder,

NOT ONE DIED,

and if every family in the world had known of it, not **one** would have perished. What a contrast!

Elder Blossom, Peppermint, and Composition Powder have the **complete** mastery over Influenza, Inflammation and Fevers, and are worth more than all the doctors—so-called—in the world. And as many more as could be packed away into the height and depth of boundless space which is without a bottom or a shore.

You remember how all England wept when the Influenza was at its height, and 171,000 perished in three months, but not a tear would have been shed nor one life lost if Elder, Mint and Composition Powder had been known and used. Don't you think it ought to be known and won't you help to make it known ?

Composition Powder was compounded by the "American Ploughboy," Samuel Thompson, who studied Nature's remedies from a child. It is composed of powdered bayberry-bark, ginger, pinus-bark, poplar bark, cinnamon, cloves and cayenne.

Wherever this powder is kept, and Elder Blossom and Peppermint,

FAREWELL DISEASES,

and farewell fatalities from Colds, Inflammation, Fevers, and Appendicitis, etc., etc. And farewell doctors and doctors' bills.

I again beseech you to grow and gather and preserve the Elder and Mint that you may be sure of their genuineness and consequent victory. And as Composition Powder on account of its great sale, is adulterated with tons of sawdust, etc., ask your chemist or herbalist when purchasing for a genuine guarantee of its absolute purity; for spurious articles spell disappointment and loss of life. But the genuine article never fails. And when danger is imminent, the more you take of the powder and the two herbs, or either as the case may be, the quicker the victory.

And if in the rapid course of Pneumonia or Fever, the last Enemy is in the act of delivering the speechless patient his final blow, the two herbs will grip the arm and foil the monster and set the dying captive free.

In conclusion, if Heaven's last, loveliest, and choicest production Mothers refuse to accept and pass on to their offspring the Divine Birthright, viz. :—"Perfect Health, Wealth and Long Life, after all the battles that have been fought for them, all the persecutions endured and sacrifices made for them by men and women who have been specially raised up; if after sacrificing time, ease, honours and wealth, and by no will of their own, have been impelled and pitted against overwhelming odds, that the Mothers, and the children whom God hath given them, might look forth as fair as the morning, as strong as the Oak, with bodies as pure as the sunbeams;

AND IF AFTER ALL THIS

the Mothers refuse to ask for a simple Act which will secure it all, then I have one request to make, viz. :—that you never write or consult me, but pass on, laden as you must be, with all the curses, and covered with the blood of all the coming generations whose hell you might have turned to heaven by a simple turn of the hand.

While making this final close for the press, the following arrives from a lady in Eastbourne which I think ought not to be omitted :—

"Dear Mr. Box,—Is it really true that a remedy is provided in the shape of red raspberry leaves for alleviating the sufferings of motherhood ? This seems almost 'too good to be true,' so that I would like it from your own lips, then I will believe. Some people to whom I mentioned the matter will not believe it, but I want to assure them. If it is so, what an enormous pity that so few women know about the remedy. Do you not think it should be inserted in ladies' papers ?

Believe me, yours truly,"

December, 1910.
161, King Street, Plymouth.

Dear Madam,

Yes, it is absolutely " true " and ought to be published not only in ladies' journals, but in every paper, and known in every home. The fruit of the raspberry is pronounced " The Queen of Fruits," and the leaves may be aptly styled, " The Queen of Remedies." Before me lies "The Daily Press " with an article on its front page headed :— " £2,000,000 TO STOP WAR." A kingly gift is this, and blessed be the memory of the donor, but another such sum would secure a far greater blessing if spent in spreading the knowledge of this Queenly Remedy in every home, and show the people the necessity of demanding a compulsory measure that every child be taught the names and properties of say, 20 herbs, which would at once stay

THE CIVIL WAR.

ever in our midst, which is ANNUALLY destroying more lives than the most prolonged International Wars on record. Indeed if only the knowledge of three herbs, Elder, Mint and Raspberry were made compulsory, millions of mothers in labour would be spared the torturing instruments, and untold agonies and death. And instead of regarding the event as " critical and dangerous," they would await it with pleasure and regard it as the triumph of life.

Yes, millions of mothers would be **annually** saved by the latter (raspberry), and tens of millions would be **annually** saved by the two former (Elder and Mint). The greatest blessing that could be conferred upon humanity is **Health, Perfect Health,** and the knowledge of 20 herbs will secure the boon.

Raspberry alone would annually save millions, and Elder and Mint tens of millions, and the 20 herbs would rescue the health of the whole human race. From the above you will see that another £2,000,000 would secure the far greater blessing. If those who have been blessed with power to get wealth would devote it thus, they would confer the greatest universal blessing, and reap the highest honours that were ever conferred or reaped since the foundation of the world.

I am so glad you see the necessity of the truth about Raspberry Leaves being everywhere known, and trust you will count no sacrifice too great to secure its accomplishment. But fix your eye upon the attainment of the Humane Act above mentioned, invoke it in your vows,

seek to concentrate the minds of all Mothers on this point, and strain them to the highest pitch, that the world may be delivered **now.** It would gladden you to hear thousands of happy mothers recording their triumphs secured by Raspberry Tea without pain and before the doctor arrives (See pages 4, 5 and 105). But the rage of the doctors—so-called—is unbounded, and they literally dance with rage and threaten me with "a barrel of powder and shot," etc. for making known Nature's Remedies which they so dread and hate. "He is making a huge fortune," they often exclaim, but what a mistake. My precious Mother's dying charge was summed up thus:—"My son, I had purposed to build a home for the poor which has been thwarted, but I now commit it to you."

But I thought the better plan would be to roll a tide of health right through the land, and repair and make new a myriad homes ruined by diseases. But what a task. Almost every home is shaken—in multitudes the bread-winner's chair is empty. The widows are sick and some of the children. And everywhere the cry is coming, "Can you help me by sending a cure?" Such cases are without number, and the draw is heavy. But how can I say "No?" "But how are you going to meet them all?" is the oft asked question. And my question to the doctors—so-called—who have deliberately ruined those homes is:—"How can I 'make a fortune' with such a task before me, and such a continued draw?" Let those make fortunes who may, I dare not, until the nations are rescued from their destroyers and everyone becomes his own genuine doctor, and disease unknown. And the passing of the above Act will insure this in an incredibly short time.

Plead, dear madam, with the parents to press for this Measure and rest not until secured.

P.S.—And will you kindly urge every Mother you come in contact with to stimulate her neighbour to secure a book and write the Honourable Member as below, that the final and permanent safety of the nation may be quickly secured.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. BOX.

The following letter to the Hon. Member for your division may be copied or each writer can frame his or her own.

To the Rt. Hon. ————————, M.P.

Dear Sir,

Will you kindly call the attention of the Government at the earliest possible moment, to the importance of every child being taught the names and properties of at least 20 herbs, and the necessity of making it compulsory by Act of Parliament, which would speedily result in the wiping out of almost all diseases in our midst. It is confidently affirmed and supported by indubitable evidence that by the use of two herbs only, administered in the form of tea, the appalling death rate from Influenza, Fevers, Pneumonia, Inflammation, Scarlatina, Measles, etc., etc., would fall 100 per cent., which statement agrees with the evidence of Dr. Donaldson. "I saw," says the Doctor, "the East Indians cure the most vehement fevers in the space of a single day with such mathematical precision and certainty as I have never beheld in any region of the earth." And with the herbs above referred to any woman that can make a cup of tea can cure all manner of Fevers, Pneumonia, Inflammation of Brain, Bowels, etc., etc., in the space of a single day with equal mathematical precision.

Hence the statement of Sir Anthony Carlyle, M.D., "There is more virtue in a handful of herbs than in all the remedies of the Pharmacopœia." And also of Sir J. Hill, M.D., "I would have every lady keep a kind of druggist shop of her own which should be supplied from the neighbouring fields and from her garden, and they will seldom need to have recourse to any other."—Sir J. Hill, M.D.

The passing of the above measure as before stated would speedily result in the banishment of all diseases and consequent poverty, together with the removal of an intolerable burden from the rates. In this Humane Act lies the dearest interests of the nation, and in no other way could a righteous Parliament so effectually insure and protect those interests. Simple as the Measure may seem, it will result in the greatest and most beneficent achievements of many centuries.

Yours espectfully,

SCOTS WHA HA'E.

By Madam ROWENA BALDWIN.

Men who have by doctors bled,
Women who have mourned your dead,
Be no longer blindly led,
But march to victory.

Now's the time and now's the hour,
See Allopath oppressor's power,
Trying to make you shrink and cower
Beneath their tyranny.

Who will be a traitor knave?
Will not take firm stand and save
Loved ones from an early grave?
Let them turn and flee.

Who will use the Herbal cure?
Heal by Herbalism pure
All who suffer—rich or poor?
Let them on with me.

By the doctors' shameful gains,
By their victims' woes and pains—
We'll travel by more righteous lanes,
And we **will** be **free.**

We'll lay the drug usurper low,
Sham-dom fall with every blow;
With heart and hand we'll fight our foe,
For glorious liberty.

ROWENA BALDWIN.

FROM W. H. BOX,

161, KING STREET, PLYMOUTH.

A LETTER TO A DOCTOR.

Sir,

Your letter to the "Daily Graphic," dated September 29th, followed by a letter from David Walsh, M.D., has just reached me, and I deem it my duty to convey to you my sympathy, compliments, and best wishes for a better state of things in the near future. For if your position is half so desperate as depicted in your letter, it is pitiable in the extreme, and should command the sympathy even of your opponents whom you pound with fists of iron

and pant for their annihilation. It is quite evident you are out for pity and power, but the former betrays indiscretion, the latter impotency. Such a sublime effort constitutes a grand exhibition, seemingly, of the want of common sense. I sincerely hope that someone will undeceive your deluded readers.

You say, "At present there is free trade in medicine, and the only persons who are protected by the law in their titles and practice are the unqualified." What a statement!

You denounce the "unqualified" as "charlatans and quacks," pray, what protection have they?

The truth is "only medical men" are protected by the law in their titles and practice, and but for this "protection" they would not get their salt, much less bread.

"Amendment of the Medical Acts," you say, "is urgently called for to prevent the charlatan with self-assumed bogus medical titles from victimising and misleading the public by specious advertisements of specifics and cures."

But no genuine Herbalist possessing a fine sense of honour and a keen sense of justice would stoop to medical titles. Such titles are the signals of distress, want, helplessness, collusion, falsehood, ignorance, confusion, contradiction, injustice, cruelty, "death in the pot," and the quintessence of death. In short the Medical titles now spell "Jack the Ripper"; and as the suffering are now met with a big knife, both the titles and the practice are all summed up in the appropriate title "Jack the Ripper." Your next statement is equally astounding, namely, that "Registered medical practitioners practically gain nothing by registration, and suffer many disabilities." Oh! for shame. The value of your costly spoils are almost incalculable. And your emoluments from many sources are at present past finding out. You have government positions in the Army and Navy, medical officerships on Boards of Health in every district and town throughout. Coronerial positions, heads of hospitals, infirmaries, unions, sanatoriums, medical inspection of school children. Almost every Bill laid before the Commons is ransacked for the purpose of including the paw of the medical puss. The sour milk curse has already brought them tens of thousands of pounds, shares in wines, trusses, spectacles, socks, mineral waters, foods, and commissions on a thousand-and-one things that people little dream of. Also they filch the modest sum of £500,000 a year from the poor-rate for vaccination, and reap millions from the

victims ruined thereby. Again, multitudes are recommended to specialists, and for the recommendation they pocket one half of the fee. A gentleman only a few miles from here paid £200 for an operation, and was told there was nothing the matter with him, but **"Jack the Ripper"** that recommended him to "Jack the Ripper" that met him with the knife, shared the £200. But when it is desired to put away heirs to vast estates and other wealthy persons, appendicitis is invented, £50,000 is paid for the deed, and the recommender and the specialist share the spoil.

These, of course, are special windfalls, but the large and constant sources of revenue from the former are abiding, and although contributed by the Government, it all comes out of the pockets of the ratepayers.

And yet in face of all this you say, "registered medical men gain nothing by registration, suffer many disabilities, are exploited by friendly societies, and sweated by the State, and quacks and charlatans get all the benefits." In the name of reason what shall we hear next? You should have put it thus:—"The only persons who should be protected by the law are the unqualified, as we term them, for they cure their thousands which **none of us could ever touch."** And this is in accord with the spirit and meaning of the Act passed in the sixteenth century, which called the herbalist back to heal the people, because the so-called doctors as the Act states, "charged great sums, did little for them, minded their own lucre, and left the people to rot." What an infamous indictment from the King and Parliament. Such a just kick out had not been given them since the day that Rome banished them for 600 years.

It is quite evident, Dr. Bateman, that you require some garden sage or balm tea to strengthen the memory, for you stated on August 12th, in the "Pharmaceutical Journal" that the Act of Henry VIII. only permitted Herbalists to practise for "pity and charity," and not for "lucre or profit," and if such be true, how do you make out that the unqualified are the only persons protected by the law in their titles and practice?

If they are to spend their time, energy and money in providing for, and healing the sick, and the law forbids their being paid, where is the "protection," and **where is the justice**?

Again you state, "The Herbalists' Charter, as it has been foolishly called, has been quoted as a defence several times by persons practising for gain, but such defence has not received the sanction of the Court, when

prosecution has resulted from such practice." Here again you deliberately cut the ground from beneath you for you yourself prove to demonstration the falsity of your assertion which you caused to be published in the "Daily Graphic" five weeks later. And do you mean to say that such a keen man as Henry VIII. and Parliament would urgently pass an Act for the express purpose of recalling and commanding the Herbalists to resume the great and glorious work of healing the sick, and saving the lives of the people who were dying in heaps, and not allow them to be paid for the same?

Could they live by the air? And if such had been the meaning of the Act, would not the King and Parliament have deliberately **defeated their own Act.**

Would the King and Parliament command the Herbalists to save the lives of others and doom such benefactors to penury and starvation. Were not the King and Statesmen wroth with the helpless thimblerigging, and lying doctors—so-called—and under such circumstances would they defeat their purpose, and allow the degraded professional quacks to triumph over them? Your statements are laughable and preposterous in the extreme. When the Act was drawn up, the compilers and writers had in their minds the thousands who had been cured by Herbalists free of charge, after the professional Quacks had stripped and abandoned them, hence their making mention of the words, "for pity and charity," as a mark of eternal honour, and feeling assured that the same good work would be performed upon other multitudes who also had been stripped of their all. From the King to the Shoeblack, and the Cardinal to the caretaker, was it ever supposed they should be called to office and live by the air? And if even a shoe-black is to be paid for his services, can any sane man persuade himself that men **urgently appointed by the State** to the highest work under heaven were to work for nothing? Well might Dr. Gregory say, "ninety-nine out of every hundred medical facts are medical lies and medical doctrines are start-staring nonsense."

Again it is idle of you to intimate that they were to treat outward sores only. Do you consider "Sore mouths, ague, stranguary, and stone to be 'outward sores?'" Those diseases were rampant in those days, and as the much dreaded stranguary carries off the majority of those in the decline of life, and as stone produces agonies that cannot be described, and as the King and Statesmen naturally dreaded those most prevalent and often fatal complaints, they would naturally

mention the most prevalent, as we for example should mention Cancer, Consumption, etc.

The following is taken from the "Pharmaceutical Journal" of August 12th, 1910:—

"For the last 400 years Herbalists have been recognised by law, and at the present moment Herbalists are the only doctors specially authorised to practise medicine by Act of Parliament, notwithstanding all the nonsense about club and death certificates and all the unnecessary inquests which have been held. Previous to the passing of the Act of Henry VIII. the proper doctors (so-called) so abused their position by charging extortionate fees that the King passed a special Act of Parliament for the protection of the people against them, and for the purpose of making it lawful for the Herbalists to follow their calling, and this law is still in force." In a published report of the address, this extract from the President's able speech, we note, "was received with much enthusiasm by the conference." Referring to a recent medical appeal case, the President urged that it was the imperative duty of all members of the Association **"and all lovers of freedom** and fair play" to see that the proposed Bill never becomes an Act of Parliament.

I am so glad to know that that great and truly scientific body—the Chemists and Druggists of America—are hurling their javelins at your infamous practices, and that their scientific brethren of this country are following suit. The javelin of the great Chemist Liebig, should be followed by multiplied showers until the "Old Serpent" dies to live no more. Said the great man (Liebig) "of all the monopolies that ever outraged justice and common sense, medicine is the greatest. Monopoly in fact is the conspiracy of a party against the interest of the many. Other professions in the very darkest times were open to the enterprise of their individual members, but medicine now has not even this poor privilege. To secure the exclusive right to practise, every licensed member of the profession literally sells himself for the privilege of enslaving others."—*Professor Liebig.* You further dolefully state that you "are bound by professional rules and customs, and if they fail in obedience to such regulations, they are liable to erasure of their names." In this you are quite correct, for if a doctor —so-called—dared to extol Nature's Remedies and recommend them to the public, his name would be immediately "erased," and he would be hated and denounced as a quack. Your next statement is most pathetic, namely:—"We see that large fortunes are made by the

advertising and unqualified practitioner." But Dr. Bateman perhaps is not aware that only one in sixty succeed. So then, as 59 out of every 60 drop fortunes never to be regained, why should you lovers of greed so envy the solitary one? Professional Quackery in America has gone mad over this question. For years they have been wailing out the doleful lamentation that sixty-two million dollars have been yearly expended in patent medicines, enough to give every medical man the yearly income of 2,000 dollars. And Dr. C. Wood, Junr., says:—"This amount represents just so much as coming out of the doctor's pocket." **Is not this sublimity itself?**

You say, "The medical profession is getting heartily sick of the position in which it is placed." I should think so. Its position is that of a Wild Bull in a net, and the more it struggles the more entangled it becomes.

Again you say:—"The medical profession gives freely of its knowledge and skill." But it has none to give.

You allowed over 171,000 to die of Influenza in three months, but not one should have died. I have never lost a case in Influenza. You call it a dreadful scourge, but it's nothing but a tiny baby which a handful of herbs would frighten away. Now if thrice ten thousand of you could not frighten a baby, where is your nonsensical skill? Again you state:—"It has exerted its influence for generations in making preventative medicine its first consideration, thereby reducing disease to a minimum."

Let us compare such a wild statement with two sample diseases, viz., Leprosy and Cancer. By vaccination you have sown the seeds of Leprosy and have produced a great harvest of Lepers that is truly alarming. In the French Colonies, South American Republics, India, Venezuela, Sandwich Isles, Japan and other countries, the increase of Leprosy is due to vaccination. In Antioquia previous to vaccination, Leprosy was unknown, but since its introduction, Leprosy has spread in every direction, and one town alone numbers 1,000 victims. The Japanese papers report that the "Leprosy has spread in the Japanese villages to an alarming extent, and in one village every inhabitant is a leper."

Its rapid spread is threatening civilization.

Now for the other specimen, viz:—Cancer. The deaths from Cancer in this country numbered:—

In 1885	15,650,
,, 1890	19,433,
,, 1895	22,945,

In 1900 26,721,
,, 1904 29,682, and
,, 1910 nearly 40,000.

And this is what you strangely term "reducing disease to a minimum." You further state that "without the assistance of the medical profession, public health would never have been as it is at present." In this you are quite correct, for, but for the Medical Profession, neither Cancer nor Leprosy, nor any other disease could be found in our midst. Your logic is sublime "Oh, my soul, come not thou into their secret."

In view of the above, how pitiable is the degraded and ever degrading condition of this Quack profession. But your next sentence is **magnanimity itself,** and lifts you above the third heavens.

Here it is: "And the **least** the State can do in order to justly recognise the inestimable value of its work in this respect is to protect its practice and its "titles."

So then for "the inestimable work" of filling the world with Leprosy, Cancer, Consumption, Syphilis, and every known disease, the least the State can do is **"to protect its practice."** In conclusion, why does a long advertisement constitute the advertiser an unpardonable villain? You will be pleased to hear that some Herbal writers also are for ever twitting and sneering at advertisers which has done them much damage, and their cause. This is grievous to me, and some day I sincerely hope they will put it away, but as for you there is no hope. Nevertheless, let us reason together for a moment. On your doorplate is engraved A. G. Bateman, M.D., which is an advertisement. You with some advertisers flatter yourself that a short advertisement is angelic, but long ones diabolical. Consequently the former is an angel, and the latter is a devil. The man who is satisfied with easing the toothache, and curing corns, and publishes the genuine facts flatters himself that he is no ordinary mortal. But the man who grapples with and cures the most formidable diseases, and tells it out, is stigmatised as an imposter and a sinner of the deepest dye. But according to the correct method of reasoning, if the smaller deeds are angelic, the greater deeds should be accounted Seraphic. And as the greater must of necessity occupy more space to fully set forth the truth. Should an advertisement be considered "specious" or fraudulent because of its length?

Are the brief advertisements always correct?

A doctor—so-called—puts M.D. after his name which signifies a scientific healer, but is he? By no means.

Then his brief advertisement is a fraud, and his work proves it.

He ought to be able to cure blindness, leprosy, consumption, cancer, deadly fevers, etc., for Nature is full of remedies for all diseases, but he cannot because he is ignorant of the remedies, and willingly and purposely ignorant. He therefore cannot cure, and consequently has nothing to publish.

On the other hand a genuine Herbalist knows his remedies and fills his huge storehouses with them, and having cured himself, his friends, and his neighbours of the above and all manner of diseases, he decides to make known the glad news, that other towns and districts may be healed also. He obeys his conscience, the Press wings it, and straightway other multitudes are restored also. He goes further afield and again further multitudes are restored; and the cured ones spread the glad news in every direction. I deem this to be the proper course, and both those who spread the news and the Press that wings it, are not taking a share of the plunder as the professional quacks put it, but are sharing in the joy of sowing the Golden Seeds of Health which is bringing forth a world-wide harvest of Health, **Wealth and Long Life.**

I enclose you infallible proofs of the above, and I defy you to disprove them. Moreover, I have sent some sample cures to your friend, D. Walsh, M.D., whom I desire to meet in the open under the eyes of the whole nation that his swaggering may be for ever silenced. I have offered to cure twenty to his one, and I take this opportunity of including you and Dr. Olsen in the contest. The three of you shall stand as one, and I will handle you like a giant handling a penny rattle. I have also offered him all I am possessed of if he can disprove one of the great cures, and this offer I now make to you also. Now cease your swagger and play the man. A Carmel is necessary to test the all devouring false prophets. How I should like to meet them there. Not a man of you should escape; when the whole nation would leap into Health and Wealth. But if you fear the test be careful how you misrepresent your superiors in future. The right of using this letter and your answer in any manner is retained.

Yours truly,

W. H. BOX.

FROM W. H. BOX,

161, KING STREET, PLYMOUTH.

A LETTER TO A DOCTOR.

Sir,—Your spirited letter to the Editor of the "Daily Graphic" has reached me five weeks after its publication, so that I am late in the field. However, it does not matter, as no one seems to have taken any notice of it. The public have heard the old cry: "The wolf! the wolf!" so many times and realise who the wolves are and what they are after, that they pay no attention to them whatever. At the commencement of your letter things looked hopeful, for it seemed that business was looking up. For you state "It looks as if the newspaper press were beginning to realise the value of a **well and justly** governed medical profession, and the **need** of preventing the practice of unqualified persons, and the sale of **secret remedies.**"

What an extraordinary statement that the "Press" should now be "beginning to realise this." No, not "beginning," but "it looks as **if** it were beginning." But let us look at this **"IF"** for a moment. Three articles have appeared in the "Daily Graphic" for exposing and putting down Quackery. The first on the 27th September, the second on the 29th September, and the third on the 30th September. The first was medically inspired, the second was written by Dr. Bateman, and the third by Dr. Walsh, and this is what you call the "Press." Here it appears the artful scheme ended. You did well, therefore, in saying "It **looks** as **IF** the Press were beginning" to notice you.

I am half inclined to think that Dr. Bateman and yourself wrote the two letters that appeared in the "Lancet," and in the "British Medical Journal" in 1893, calling upon "The great body of medical practitioners to exert themselves to the utmost against prescribing herbalists, and advertising quacks." And in answer to the above, 20,000 responded to the war-whoop, and formed a Medical Trades Union to fight a handful of quacks to the bitter end. And ever since 1893 the Artillery of the mighty ones has been rattling through earth and sky. And strangely enough the two men who wrote the two letters to the "Daily Graphic" on the 29th and 30th of September, viz., Dr. Bateman and yourself are the Hon. Secretary and Vice-President of the Medical Defence Union,

numbering 20,000 strong. And in face of this how charming is your statement, viz.: " It looks as if the public Press were beginning to realise the value of a well and justly regulated medical profession, and the need of preventing the practice of unqualified persons and the sale of worthless secret remedies."

Fancy 20,000 omnipotent doctors praying with might and main for 17 years, and all the while hissing at advertisers, blaming Friendly Societies, scolding the rich for forsaking them, intimidating the poor, cursing the State, and **flourishing their ghastly knife** in the eyes of all.

Your reckless presumption in representing the medical profession as being " well and justly governed " is simply astounding. You know full well that " Confusion worse confounded," is the proper term, and even this term utterly fails to depict its confusion.

When the hosts of the Midianites lay upon the ground like grass-hoppers or as the sand for multitudes, waiting for the morning to swallow up Israel, Gideon and his three hundred men at midnight blew their trumpets and cried, " The Sword of the Lord and of Gideon," and the host of Midianities ran, cried and fled. And the Lord set every man's sword against his fellow even through all the host.

In the above, behold the picture of your " well and justly governed profession." But the picture is limited.

Behold the world in arms, the ground covered with the dead and dying, and here and there piled up in heaps. The air rent with the noise of battle, mingled with cries and groans and prayers and curses. After the world-wide bloody scene, the men who caused it appear and quarrel desperately, and plunging their swords into each other they fall with the host.

This is the medical picture which is by no means overdrawn. Many thousands of large volumes have been written, and not two of them agree. With those mental weapons they have slain each other and have fallen together. And all your Mighty Leaders, Exponents and Authors have denounced and cursed the rotton science with **their dying breath.**

Let your deluded readers read for themselves, and they will be struck DUMB with astonishment. I will refresh your memory with a sample or two :—

" The history of the art of medicine so teems with delusive, inefficient, and capricious practices, fallacious and sophistical reasonings as to render it little more than a chaos of error, a tissue of deceit unworthy of admission among the useful arts and liberal pursuits of man."—Dr. Blane.

" It is distressingly pitiful to see our females robbed of their beautiful teeth, so essential to health and to the harmony of the features and their future happiness, by the use of accursed drugs. And what is worse, the evils will be handed down to future generations. The action of mercury on the bones is tremendous: this is also well-known to medical men: often becoming caries or rotton, and as to the action of mercury upon the nerves, it is truly most heart-rending. I have patients whose tortures of mind are really indescribable, night and day the most horrible conceptions haunt them, and the slightest change in the weather, or the least thing that can possibly be conceived so excites them that the balance of mind is completely lost.

God of heaven, how long shall the curse continue to blight the best hopes of humanity, deteriorate and rob life of its most valuable and inestimable blessing, and the race be tortured with this frightful, monstrous delusion ? "—Dr. Skelton (late of this town).

During the discussion between Drs. Draper and Watson at Boston, U.S., Dr. Watson stated that in the course of four and a half years he had taken from the citizens of Boston and its vicinity, one hundred barrels of blood ! and had administered forty-nine pounds of mercury ! No wonder need be expressed at the weakened constitutions of the citizens of America.

" One hundred barrels." Each barrel weighing 100 pounds makes five tons. And if the blood thirsty doctor practised 35 years he took from the people of Boston 30 tons, which represents the blood of 3,000 persons.

And **without doubt** the 285 pounds of Mercury, and perhaps as much arsenic and other poisons, we may safely reckon that he killed another 3,000 and doubtless double this number. For, of " Mercury " Dr. F. Hamilton, says :—

" The simple and mildest forms exert a most extensive influence over the human frame, and in the smallest doses often destroy life."

Hence the following confession of Dr. Ring :—

" If I were asked whether if I myself were dangerously ill I would suffer such physicians to prescribe for my malady, my answer would be NO ! assuredly NO ! ! unless I wish to risk the loss of my life."—Dr. Ring.

THE GHASTLY SUM TOTAL.

" The science of medicine is a barbarous jargon, and the effects of our medicine on the human system is in the highest degree uncertain —except, indeed, that they have destroyed more lives than even War, Famine, and Pestilence combined."—John Mason Good, M.D., F.R.S. (Author of Book of Nature, " System of Nosology," and " Study of Medicine," etc.)

And this is what you term a well and justly governed profession. And your version of the Act of Henry VIII. is equally striking.

"Henry VIII." you say, with sturdy common sense, recognised the necessity of proper training and licence for the practice of medicine: and with this end in view he founded the Royal College of Physicians in London in the year 1518. Recognising the fact that it was of little use to provide properly qualified practitioners unless the quacks were at the same time excluded, he placed in the hands of the College summary powers of a stringent nature for the suppression of all such practices. The College has failed grossly in the discharge of the duties imposed upon it by its Charter. Those powers, however, have never been repealed, and the extraordinary fact remains that at the present moment the College of Physicians could sweep London, and for that matter **the whole of England,** of quacks and quack medicines."

Now if you can "sweep London at this moment and the whole of England," why form a Medical Trades Union for the purpose and cry to Parliament for 17 long years to do it for you? I am inclined to think that if King Henry VIII. were now alive, he would serve David Walsh, for making such a statement, as King David served Goliath in the valley of Ela. You know full well that the medical profession persuaded King Henry VIII. and the Parliament into the belief that Herbalists were a danger to the public, inasmuch as they plundered and destroyed, and were as ignorant as they were wicked. And forthwith they were suppressed. But it was not long before the King and Parliament discovered they had been grossly deceived, and they also discovered who the **real plunderers and murderers** were, for the people were dying in heaps. Hundreds of people rose up to testify against the profession, and thousands testified to the skill of the Herbalists, and great numbers testified that after the so-called doctors had robbed them of their all and could do nothing for them, the noble Herbalists cured them free of charge. And so overwhelming was the evidence of the skill of the Herbalists and of the utter rottenness of the profession: and furious at their infamous deception and machinations, the King and Parliament repealed the Act and passed another which constituted the Herbalists the true doctors, and the only duly qualified to heal the sick, and restored to the people the right of engaging their services without let or hindrance, which they did with open arms.

And the Professional Quacks, which as the New Act stated, who left the people to rot, had to take a back seat. This is the ACT that has "never been repealed," and never will. The Herbalist is the State Doctor, and the

only duly qualified to heal the sick, and furthermore he is the only Divinely-appointed Doctor. He has the happiness of restoring vast multitudes whom the Professional Quacks abandoned as hopeless. By a fair fight the Herbalist will **sweep London and all England** of Professional Quacks with one sweep of the hand.

Of the degraded medical profession it may be truly said: "Their root is rottenness and their blossom dust." Weigh them and they are lighter than vanity. Place the 20,000 quacks, now howling to Parliament for help, in one scale and one genuine Herbalist in the other, they would howl no more; for instantly he stepped into the scale they would **dash through the clouds** and disappear among the stars.

The State is sick of their cries and infernal machinations and would clap their hands at their disappearance. For 17 years our honourable and sturdy statesmen have kept them at bay, who have been continually howling at the gates, and are now furiously biting the bars as before stated. They savagely tear the advertisers, sneer at the rich for quitting them in disgust, are scolding Friendly Societies, shamefully blackmailing the Press, cursing the State, and ready to fight with their two hands because they cannot force the State to empower them to damn the nation. And yet David Walsh declares the medical profession can, at this moment if they choose sweep all England and **get all they want.**

Surely a more astounding anomaly than this was never witnessed by earth or heaven. You are doubtless correct in stating that the "General Medical Council stands greatly in need of reform as there are grotesque differences, to say nothing of the bitterness, the overlapping, waste of energy and **resources inseparable** from their internecine (destructive, deadly) competition." What a charm this indictment throws upon your closing sentence which reads as follows:—"What we want is a Royal Commission to inquire into the whole subject of unqualified medical practice, with instructions to inquire into existing legal powers for its suppression." What an anomaly is here again: Where in the name of reason do you expect to land yourself? 20,000 of you have been warring and wrestling and fighting for 17 years to induce the State to blot out the quacks and quack medicine because, as stated in your journals, you "are driven to practice all manner of shifts to gain sufficient merely to exist." You also say that King Henry "placed in your hands the power to wipe out the quacks." You further state that "The

extraordinary fact remains that at the present moment the Physicians could

SWEEP LONDON

and for that matter, the whole of England of quacks and quack medicines." Now if you "can do it at this moment," it is absolutely false to say you "Want a Royal Commission to concoct the best machinery for wiping them out."

It is written : "The lying tongue shall be cut out." The sum and substance is—the medical profession have been lying, misleading, blindfolding, thimblerigging, robbing and destroying for 3,500 years, and have spun the terrible game to the last thread. The profession resembles a cancer in the fourth stage which is then hopeless. It is more rotten than a rotten post, and equally helpless to heal the sick. It has developed into a world-wide Mammoth Murder Agency. And its Leaders and Guides have both given it away, doomed it to death, and fled from it as from a burning building. The blood of a thousand generations is crying loudly for vengeance and the cry is heard. It is dead and stinking, and the dead should be buried.

No Royal Commission is necessary to make any enquiries, for the infamous profession has drafted its own indictment, confessed its terrible guilt to all the world, pulled down its own doom, dug its own grave, written its own epitaph, and awaits its execution and burial. The Russians have spued them out, and Germany is following suit. The American Druggists have risen in their fury against them whose revelations are appalling. Dr. Keith calls the Medical Profession "The Old Serpent," and says "The Old Serpent, is dying hard, and die he must as his head is fatally wounded."

And even Dr. Waite, in an article upon "The Surgical Situation" in the Medical Record, shrewdly says of the Medical Profession :—

"The time has come when a reform movement is bound to be inaugurated. If it does not come from within, it will come from without. If we do not **reform ourselves** we will be reformed, *nolens volens* (whether we will or not). The laity are not all fools and the surgical situation is no longer a professional secret. Putting aside all questions of ethics, of our duty as a profession toward a confiding laity, the law of self-preservation forces us to take up this question in earnest. That portion of the laity which has not already gone over to Christian Science, Osteopathy and Psychotherapy is casting a critical eye upon the medical profession, and if I mistake not, the signs of the times will require a speedy accounting. Let us, therefore, bravely face the situation,

let us probe the ugly wound to its very depth; let us fearlessly apply the cautery while it yet remains in our own hands, and while we can make a thorough aseptic operation."

Here we see the "ugly wound in the Old Serpents' head" is very deep.

BUT AS HENRY M. STRONG SAYS :

"Instead of the Doctors reforming themselves, they urgently seek to reform everybody else, those internal evidences savour of snobbery and hypocrisy."

True, but Dr. Waite's confession is not an hypocritical one, and certain it is that "the signs of the times will require a speedy accounting."

And seeing that you and your helpless clique, and **you** especially, together with Drs. Olsen and Bateman, M.D. have been blackmailing and libelling Herbalists and Advertisers, and representing them as not fit to live, your accounting is required now. Dr. Olsen in his Monthly Journal has been quoting you and boastingly airing his opinions very freely. I have therefore challenged him to meet me in the open, and you with him. And if you both believe what you have stated you will shout at the opportunity afforded you as contending armies shout for the battle. Dr. Olsen will doubtless send you my letter. The great need of the hour is another Carmel. The false prophets of Baal (the medical profession) should be tested by another Elijah in sight of all England. The Government in justice to the people should compel these swaggering and lying false prophets to meet Elijah. **Our Elijah is at hand.** He is a Cobbler.

Mr. Justice Grantham says of him :—"It is matter of common knowledge that a common Cobbler has cured thousands whom doctors were never able to touch." But should he fear to engage the 30,000 professional Quacks we have plenty of other Elijahs, but should they hesitate also, here am I with Nature's giants all around me, and like as they, when I call them, spring upon diseases and annihilate them, so in the name of Justice will I spring upon the Professional Quacks at the call of Parliament and annihilate them to a man. Most gladly would I stand among the crowd to behold Elijah the Cobbler wipe them out, but if as before stated he is afraid, and the others with him, let them stand back, for here am I and **this** worm will crush them and grind them to powder.

Yes, David Walsh, M.D., this advertiser, the Proprietor of the World's Masterpiece—Box's Pills, the Proprietor of Box's Golden Fire, and the Cancer Remedy, and the

Remedy for the Blind, etc., etc., the advertiser whom the profession dread and hate more than they hate the devil, is ready to meet you under the eyes of the Government and the whole nation, and he will settle your fate as certainly as Elijah settled the fate of the Prophets of Baal when he had hewed them to pieces at the brook. Let the Government compel you to come out for the testing together with Drs. Bateman, Olsen, and the being called a doctor that wrote me the private letter bearing the infamous charges that you and Olsen have openly published, and I will handle the four of you as a

WHIRLWIND HANDLES.

a pile of feathers on the mountain top.

The Crucial Test :—Let the Government bring together in the City of London the 22,000 Rheumatic Cripples, give me one half and you four the other half, and I will undertake to cure 20 to your 1 on the following conditions, that if I fail to cure 20 times more than the four of you together my head shall be immediately taken off : and if the four of you fail to cure **one** to my 20, **your** heads shall be taken off. This is a fair and square challenge. And seeing that you are demanding a most diabolical Act, an Act that shall empower you to throttle the nation, and send every man to prison, for six months who dares to cure rich or poor—or pay the fine of £100. And on being released from prison, if he dare to make another attempt either to relieve or cure, fines or imprisonment await him in endless succession. And " no magistrate is to be allowed to lessen the fines under the most extenuating circumstances." And seeing that you are demanding this cruel measure under the hellish pretence that it's for the " safety of the people," it is only reasonable that your sincerity and ability should be put to the test. You must therefore face this challenge and meet me or a hot time awaits you. And after the test and your heads are taken off, for off they will come, I will meet the 20,000 Medical Quacks comprising the noble Trades Union on the same conditions for the treatment of either the 60,000 consumptives, or 30,000 Cancer Cases, or the 30,000 Blind. And the heads of the 20,000 will come off as surely as yours will come off with the sword of truth which I now hold in my hand with which I took your Champion's head off 11 years since and with which I have routed and smitten all the armies of the professional quacks that have risen up against me for 35 years. My sword is well tried and has ever been kept furbished and glittering and will cut the horse and his quack rider in twain at a single stroke.

THE ARGUMENT.

Now David Walsh, as 20,000 medical men have banded together for a purpose, and as both the purpose and reason are given in the two letters to the Editors of the "Lancet" and the "British Medical Journal" in 1893, and as you are the Champion of the mighty host, and the prototype of Goliath of old, I desire to meet you as such in the sight of the nation as David met Goliath in the sight of the two armies. But before doing so, **I desire to reason with you for a moment.** The light of the Sun, the air we breath, the rain from heaven, and the light of the moon, and the stars are given to all.

And the 6,000 known herbs with the unknown thousands in the deep sea are free to all.

And the 8,000 known herbs and the 120,000 untested, growing all over the earth, are also **freely given to all.** For "He maketh the grass to grow for the cattle and herb for the service of man." "And the fruit of the trees shall be for food, and the leaves thereof for the healing of the nation." And like as Adam by Divine inspiration gave names to all cattle suitable to their nature, for it is written: "And Adam gave names to all cattle, and the fowls of the air, and to every beast of the field: and whatsoever Adam called every living creature that was the name thereof."—Gen., 2nd chap., verses, 19-20. And like as the names and nature of every living thing were revealed to Adam, so the **names** and **properties** of herbs were **revealed to him also.** Moreover Adam was instructed by God to write their names and properties on rocks and permanent pillars of stone which remained until the flood. And as towns and cities rose, so the Marble Pillars arose—thus the knowledge of their remedies was **taught** and **preserved** throughout that vast empire. Consequently there was no disease among them. Their works of art and magnificent buildings have never been equalled. The terse scriptural description of them is remarkable, viz:—"Mighty men of old, men of renown." Now, Sir, to complete the premises I will produce the AUTHOR'S own words:—

26. And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness, and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.

27. So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them.

28. And God blessed them, and God said unto them, be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it; and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth.

29. And God said, Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree, in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat.

30. And to every beast of the earth, and to every fowl of the air, and to everything that creepeth upon the earth, wherein there is life. I have given every green herb for meat; and it was so.

31. And God saw everything that He had made, and, behold, it was very good.

How beautifully distinct and clear is this lovely description. Adam the son, is made in the image and likeness of his Father. And the loving Father gives to his son and his descendants the whole earth and sea and all that in them is, for all time. WHAT A GIFT! Everything is in it that heart can wish for. But the two principal provisions are **Food** and **Medicine** which are provided in rich abundance. But the latter (Medicine) is so thickly studded, that it constitutes one **vast green carpet,** covering the face of the entire earth. So that not a step can be taken without stepping upon them. How great is the love of the Father to his son, so great, that He won't allow him to step without stepping upon his saviours. And having made him in His own image and walked and talked with him day by day and filled him with wisdom and knowledge and understanding, so that the nature and properties of everything he saw was readily understood, and having instructed him to make it **universally known** for **all time,** He rested in His love. As saith the prophet Zephaniah:—

17. The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty; he will save, he will rejoice over thee with joy; he will rest in his love, he will joy over thee with singing.

And not content with making his son a **Perfect Physician,** as perfect in the art as Himself, He has made the inhabitants of the deep, from the whale to the shrimp, and everything that hath life upon the earth, from an elephant to the insect, as perfect in the healing art as Perfection itself.

Now then, seeing that the beasts and the cattle upon a thousand hills, and all the feathered tribes and serpents and creeping things are **Perfect Physicians,** and that Perfect Remedies and the Perfect Knowledge of things are given them for all time, why should Man, made in the image and likeness of God, be deprived of them?

David Walsh ! at **this moment** you are **dumbfounded.**

YOU HAVE NO ANSWER.

You are now standing face to face with the GOD of heaven and earth, and the lords of creation.

Read it again :—

26. And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness : and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth.

29. And God said, Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed ; to you it shall be for meat.

Here then are the Lords of Creation ; everything is put under their feet, and their dominion is absolute. But from this pinnacle of **honour you dash them down,** and place the fish, the beast, the bird, the serpent and the insect above them and every creeping thing, **yourselves** included, which is the **crowning point** in the outrage. For if you could rise to the level of a serpent you might have the shadow of an excuse, but the

SERPENT IS A GOD

compared with you ; for, as before stated when the Ophida casts his skin he becomes blind, but **though blind** he will smell out his remedy and cure himself. The lovely birds too, will cure themselves and their young with absolute ease and certainty, and yet when my once blind patients **beseech** me to publish their cure for the sake of others, the so-called doctors raise such a hubbub, and misrepresent me, and shout at me, and curse and threaten me in a manner which to the intelligent public is almost incredible. And though their mouths are ever filled with lying, they know full well the cures are absolutely genuine. Now David Walsh, if the serpent, and the birds can cure blindness, why should not I ? Is my intellect below the intellect of a serpent or a bird ? If you say, " Serpents are very subtle, true, but not so subtle as the lying serpents who walk erect. But the poultry—are they clever ? Not very, but when dying and gasping of croup they will cure themselves if they can find their remedy. The leaves of Rue will cure their inflamed throats and kill the worms that breed in them with incredible speed. But you know nothing about this. The laughable World-wide Penny Microbe Wonder and Shamdom falls dead before a handful of Rue : and even the fowls can teach you this. In short, if every living thing in the sea and on the land are perfect physicians, including the most stupid, viz : the ox and ass

surely as it is no marvel, if their lords are perfect in the art also. And how blind is he that cannot see this. Think of it, the science of medicine is **so simple** that every fish and **beast** and **bird** and **reptile** and **insect,** are as well acquainted with the art as they are with their food, while you ignoramuses called doctors, know nothing about it.

Outside of your **cursed** dominion, **all is well :** all are in health from the whale to the sprat, and from the elephant to the ant, and so are the happy savages, from the infant to the extremely aged, and so would it be with this nation and **all the** nations, but for the Quack Profession to whom all the diseases, and consequent poverty and misery **are absolutely due.** To what a standard the Quack profession have reached their own mouths is witness. Hear it again, it is the testimony of all your Leaders and Authors, and the testimony of the profession throughout the world, and their works prove it, namely :—" There are **two reasons** why we cannot cure the sick, want of the knowledge of diseases, and want of a remedy." Such is their standard and testimony. Surely a gibbering idiot can rise to this.

And the black depths of infamy in which they have sunk may be guessed by the crowning sin demanding the right to fine and imprison : fine and imprison in endless succession every man and woman who shall dare to accept and use the gifts their loving Father has so freely given them. Here the Old Serpent's brood show themselves off at their best, and none but his brood could stop to deliberately commit themselves to such a **fiendish plot.** Now seeing that God has made every living creature a true doctor, why not imprison the whole ? Why imprison men and women only ? seeing that the serpents would rebuke you, and the Ox and the Ass would laugh you to scorn.

To blot out the memory of Nature's remedies which is your only aim, you should imprison all the fish and all the beasts and birds and reptiles and creeping things. And even then there would remain unnumbered millions of savages who are also perfect in the healing art, whom God has preserved as swift witnesses against you, and to keep alive the memory of His goodness and the knowledge of the healing art Divine.

When writing Dr. Olsen who quoted your nonsense so largely in his journal, I was not aware you were the Champion of the 20,000 Medical Trades Union. I am pleased to meet the Champion and to cross swords with him. For he who slays the champion slays in him the rank and file also.

Dr. Olsen in his Magazine quotes you as follows :—
" The present purpose is to discuss the influence of secret remedies upon the health of the Community, with an inquiry into the state of the present law as regards quacks and quackery, and suggestions as to their future control. It seems to us that the chief evil is the **secrecy** that is associated with all such quack remedies."

And then with all the authority imaginable you ask :—
" Of what standard is the collective wisdom of a state that permits cruelties of this kind to be inflicted upon her weak and credulous citizens ? "

And after manifesting great alarm at the poisonous nature of " secret remedies," you say :—" This warrants the action of the Government in bringing the **whole matter** into the **full light** of publicity."

I am glad the Champion of the " Medical Trades Union," demands the bringing of the whole matter into

" THE FULL LIGHT OF PUBLICITY."

This is exactly what is wanted, and when **your** Secret Remedies, and the terrible march you are stealing upon the liberties and lives of the nation are brought to light, they will spring to their feet and hang every man of you upon the nearest tree. And so terrible will be the revelation that neither Judge nor Jury will interfere.

And I quite believe the " JUDGE of all the earth " would commend the nation for doing it. Of Meroz it was said :—" Curse ye Meroz, saith the angel of the Lord, curse ye **bitterly** the inhabitants thereof, because they came not up to the help of the LORD, to the help of the LORD against the mighty." And this curse will rest upon every family henceforth that come not up to the help of the Lord, to the help of the LORD against the mighty destroyers who have thwarted His beneficent purposes, and swallowed up his people in over-whelming numbers. Mark the Divine charge :—" They that rule over my people make them to howl and every day My name is blasphemed. Shall not I visit for these things ? said the LORD." The medical profession have defied two worlds for over three thousand years, destroyed over three fourths of the human race, and made the angels weep : and have determined to rule even the State and everybody else which they hope to do by blackmailing and trampling the reputation of herbalists, advertisers, etc., under their feet ; and by

shamefully misrepresenting them to the State and the world at large. Your one aim has ever been to crush and annihilate all other rivals, but especially the Herbalists who are **infinitely** your superiors. And to this end you have painted them as black as hell, but not **half** as black as **yourselves.** For hell is **unredeemed,** but you are purchased with the blood of the Son of God, notwithstanding, you have hidden His remedies from your redeemed brethren, and "sold yourselves to the devil," that you may suck the blood and fatten upon the misfortunes and damnation of your brethren.

The Herbalists are your most formidable foes, and very formidable too. They have ever borne

THE BRUNT OF THE BATTLE,

and have never lost a victory in a fair fight.

And though they have been rudely handled, and have lien among the pots, yet shall they be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold, and to **this state** shall the nation rise when the mists are cleared away and **you** with them. And cleared you must be. The **methods** you adopt and the **end** you seek are equally execrable. Dr. Olsen in his Magazine calls attention to the extravagant and fraudulent claims, the grossly extortionate prices, and the catchpenny advertisements, and the unblushing impossible claims that are made, and quotes you as saying:—"The business is plunder from first to last, mendacity (lying) audacity," etc. After which Dr. Olsen again chimes in and says:—"The lack of all sense of responsibility, and every vestige of anything that savours of honesty, is characteristic of quack medicine vendors." Such charges are very grave, nothing can be stronger. And these are the weapons or means used to gain their ends. Their weapons are their slanderous lying tongues, and they have no other. They have to rest wholly and solely upon their lying tongues.

Dr. Olsen shall know whether or not they have any responsibility, and you David Walsh shall bite your tongue, and lick the dust.

I must now call your attention to two or three items, and the first is your name "Quack," which you handle so freely.

I have always understood a "Quack" to signify a Pretender but it has just occurred to me to consult the dictionary which I see defines it as follows:—

"**Quack,** to boast, one who pretends to knowledge or skill which he does not possess."

"**Quackery,** boastful pretension, empiricism, imposture."

"**Quackish,** boasting of skill not possessed."

"**Quackism,** quack practice or pretence."

"**Quackle,** to almost choke."

"**Quacksalver,** one who boasts of his skill in medicine and salves."

I now turn to the title "doctor," which is defined thus: "Doctor, one who has passed all the degrees in the faculty of medicine, a learned physician, one versed in medicine and its action in curing disease: a healer, one that cures the sick."

Here we clearly see that the **Doctor** is the **Healer** and the **Quack** a **Pretender.**

Now again read the following testimony given by the noble Judge Grantham: "It is a matter of common knowledge that a

COMMON COBBLER

has cured thousands that doctors were never able to touch." So then the cobbler is the doctor, and the **"THOUSANDS"** who could never touch the cases are the Quacks. What has the Champion of the Quacks to say to this?

The cobbler does not want the aid of the **State,** he would look down upon the thought with the utmost scorn, only the "Quacks" the "Pretenders," the "Imposters," could stoop so low. Only those who "are driven to practice all manner of shifts to gain sufficient to merely exist" could thus **lick the dust.** This was the confession made by the Professional Quacks and reported in the "Lancet" and the "British Medical Journal" in 1893, when called to arms to fight the cobbler and all such benefactors, and when 20,000 rallied to the call. Listen! 20,000 trained warriors armed to the teeth, backed by the State and fenced with thunder, swore by Heaven that they would blot out the very memory of His gifts, and damn the men and women that should dare to touch them. But their injured and blasphemed CREATOR, on behalf of his injured nation raised up and sent against them a "Common Cobbler" who leaped over the wall of thunder, dashed into their ranks, and 9,000 of them were discomfitted and put to flight. Fancy

one doctor namely, the " Common Cobbler," chasing and scattering 9,000 professional " quacks," like bees or dust before the storm. And yet you boast that they " can sweep London at this moment and all England of quacks and quackery." Then in the name of reason why do you, the Champion, allow the mendicants to remain on their knees and you with them for 17 long years begging for this power which has been all the while in your hands? What a Leader and Champion you are to pray, and to keep 20,000 men praying for power to imprison the Cobbler for curing thousands you were " never able to touch " when you can imprison him **now.** Oh ! the patience of the State to bear with the uproar of 20,000 " Quacks " moaning and groaning, sighing and crying, growling and howling, with knees bleeding through kneeling so long, and with uplifted hearts and eyes and hands, pleading with a pious rage and sweating with wrath, and all this with a din loud enough to drown the thunders. Here the greatness of the State is seen in its forbearance, for in addition to the insulting din for 17 years they have all the while seen through your hypocrisy, and read you through and through, and are heartily sick of such a conspiracy and imposture.

Dr. Bateman says : " The medical profession is getting heartily sick of the position in which it is placed." And you, their Champion, sneer at the Standard and collective wisdom of the State. But the magnanimity and nobility of the State that has borne with the quackle of 20,000 Quacks and Impostors for 17 years shine forth like the Sun in his might.

I never before felt so proud of their standard as I do to-day. But seeing that the State have been carrying you in their arms like babies are carried, and that in return you reach up your puny arms and scratch them in the face, and openly mock their Standard, many are astounded at such behaviour and ask after your standard, and well they may, for of what standard is the collective wisdom of the medical profession who cannot hold their own, even when supported and carried by the State ? Some day, and very soon too, the noble statesmen will look down upon you as they hold you up in their arms, and say **" You saucy brats,** we and our fathers for the sake of etiquette have carried you in our arms for ages, for which you now scratch us in the face. We shall, therefore, put you down, for it is quite time you should be able to walk and run away. And when they put you down, you will lie on the ground and scream with terror until exhansted, and there you will lie gasping like so many

dying ducks in a thunderstorm. What a standard for Dr. Walsh to champion. A man recently on hearing you were stretching the faces of the Government and mocking their Standard asked, "What is a Standard?" and he was told that a Standard means a custom or rule universally approved of, he exclaimed with great earnestness: "Then the Standard of the doctors is 'universally' condemned. My brother, who is a doctor, told me he knows nothing about medicine, and he said, 'Unless we can induce the Government to imprison those Herbal Quacks, we shall have to shut shop.' And I said to him, 'John, my boy, when I was ill three years **you** could'nt cure me, and five doctors besides failed. My dear wife sold the furniture and pawned her clothes, and sold the children's bed under them to get money to have me restored: She worked like a slave, my children were almost shoeless, and often asked for bread when there was none to give, and it nearly broke my heart, and I cried day and night. But one evening when my wife returned from washing, she said: 'I am glad to see you looking so bright. What has happened?' 'My dear,' I replied, 'I have hope! I believe I am going to be cured.' And my forlorn children came round me to listen, and I saw the tears stealing down their thin faces. 'Yes,' I exclaimed, 'I believe it. This morning a thought like a whisper came to me. 'Pray!' And I at once said, 'God help me, God help me,' And I kept saying it for minutes. At last I felt ashamed and said, 'I am vile, I am not worthy, for I have cursed Thee, but I will never do it again. I am so vile, God be merciful to me a sinner, and grant me deliverance.' And such peace came over me. About two hours after, Molly came running in, saying, 'Father, a gentleman gave me this book and told me to take it to you immediately, and he gave me sixpence." I commenced to read the book, and when I had read three pages I cried out, 'This is the answer, I'm going to be cured.' The book is written by Mr. Box and is called 'Old Physic Overthrown and its Defenders Routed.' And what a routing it was to be sure. He tore the doctors to pieces like a lion devouring a kid. My wife at once wrote to Mr. Box, and back came the answer and the medicine, and in fourteen weeks I was restored to health. Oh! brother John, how thankful I am that God has raised up such a deliverer, his name is ever on our lips. John! you should see my home now, it is heaven. Would you imprison a man that is everywhere mending broken hearts, and turning hells to heaven?' My brother replied, 'This is the class we dread and are after for they put us to shame, but I curse the day that ever I entered such a profession."

Yes, Dr. Walsh, this is " the class you dread and are after." It is not the Quacks like yourselves, but the true Herbalists that you are praying for power to break down by fines and imprisonments.

FINES AND IMPRISONMENT

constitute the Standard of the medical profession. You profess to be seeking for this power under the specious pretence that it's for the " safety of the public," but the sooner you give up this pretence the better, for the Government are so exasperated with the howling wolves in sheeps' clothing that some of them are springing desperately upon the wolves and tearing off the sheeps' clothing, and exhibiting the wolves in their deadly ferocity. Mr. Arnold Lupton, M.P., for instance has broken in your front teeth, and shook you like a dog shaking a rat. He informs us that even the " pure lymph " is imported from abroad, and that nobody knows what it is composed of. But the following cases cited by the Honourable Gentleman points to the motley mixture. The first he mentions was Joseph Donovan (page 33) was vaccinated with " pure lymph." He was never afterwards free from pain. He had a swelling under the arm which extended to the chest. The report sheets were marked, " Sick from Vaccination." The following morning a rash broke out from his forehead to his knees. Five doctors attended him. He vomited a large quantity of blood and fleshy substances. He became totally blind, his eyelids coming off whilst being bathed. He died, being eaten away by disease about the nose, eyes, mouth, chin, and other parts of the body. Up to the time he was vaccinated he was a strong, healthy young fellow, and his family are all healthy."

" In another village in my constituency, a little child was vaccinated. It shortly afterwards became very ill. A great part of its arm and the side of its face were eaten away, the child suffering great torments, and then it died, from the results of vaccination."

And this so called " pure lymph " is without doubt a motley mixture of the germs of Leprosy, Cancer, Syphilis, Skin Disease, Consumption, etc., to be certain of a harvest.

Thanks to the pertinacity of Sir William Collins, who extorted from the authorities the amazing confession that they were ignorant of the contents of the pure lymph which devoured one arm and one side of the face of the child, and tore and devoured a strong young man to pieces —inside and out. And this is a sample of the seed sowing the world over. Oh ! that this nation would arise and bind this Mammoth Murder Agency hand and foot.

THEIR STANDARD.

Sowing the seeds of disease and poisoning the blood of the nations that they may mow down their brethren and reap a Golden Harvest and wipe out those that can Heal the Nations, is the **lofty aim** and standard of the Quack Profession. Standard also means criterion, test. And the testing time has come. You have swaggered so much and so long. You have outrageously blackmailed Herbalists and Advertisers, Scandalised the Press, insulted the State, scolded the rich, and ride rough shod over the poor, and have placed yourselves above all law, claimed to have reduced disease to a minimum, and to be the only duly qualified to heal the sick, it is imperative, nay it is of the highest moment that your claim should be tested, and a Public Touchstone provided under the eyes of the whole nation, as before mentioned.

Bring together in the London Hospitals, 2,000 Rheumatic cripples warped and bent with disease, and divide them between you and myself, and I will undertake to cure 20 to your 1, or you shall take my head off at the close of the test.

And if you fail to cure 1 to my 20 your head shall come off.

You shall take my head off if I fail, and I will take your head off if you fail.

But should you prefer either the Consumptives or the Blind or the Cancer Cases instead of the above, I will undertake to cure 20 to your 1 of either class. And that the remedies may have all the praise, nothing shall be said about the diet, everyone shall eat and drink what he pleases, or what he or she has been accustomed to.

I am sure that the Government and the nation at large will agree with me that this is a fair challenge to the Champion of the 20,000 banded together to wipe out their superiors.

And I think they will further agree that if the Champion cannot rise to such a low standard, that not only he but the 20,000 richly deserve to lose their heads also.

David Walsh ! In the name of Justice and on behalf of the suffering, and the nation at large and

ALL THE NATIONS

I demand you at the Touchstone and await your coming.

I was delighted to see " John Bull " with his mighty horns toss you in mid air on the 19th November, on your evidence before the Divorce Commission. When you began to descend, turning head over heels, I suppose you thought you were " sweeping all London of quacks and

quackery." That you should describe the " public Press as constituting one of the greatest scandals of the present day," and that " no falsehood is too great for their columns," was audacious enough, but for the profession to demand that candidates for marriage shall be stripped and examined before the ceremony can take place, outstrips audacity itself. Not content with stripping and over-hauling the bodies of boys and girls like slave-drivers overhauling their slaves, but a few years later you must strip and inspect them again before the two shall " become one flesh."

Hundreds of thousands of young ladies with their lovers resent the outrageous insult, and would like to personally thank " John Bull " for exposing the latest proposed infamous outrage.

If the public press possessed a twentieth part of "John Bull's " courage, and keen sense of justice, professional quackery would be unable to wrap in darkness and hold in bondage a great nation which they have long gulled, peeled and murdered at will.

ANOTHER TEST AND OFFER.

Enclosed please find four or five sample cures as forwarded to your advocate Dr. Olsen, viz., the cure of the leper and the heart complaint, dropsy and asthma patient, and the blind (all in one parish), also the cure of the cancer case and the rheumatic cripple. As you will see in Dr. Olsen's letter the first two cases were treated by 27 doctors—so-called—for nine years, and left for death : both were cured by me in three months.

The cancer case and the rheumatic cripple (age 80), were cured in about seven months. And the blind was cured in a few weeks.

Those sample cases are what the professional quacks describe as " miraculous and impossible," although they know better. And as you and Drs. Olsen and Bateman talk so loudly and glibly in the same strain, I shall make you the same offer as made to Dr. Olsen, namely : if you can prove those five cases or either of them to be fictitious or not absolutely genuine, I will make over to you on oath before any Commissioner for Oaths, everything I am possessed of, even to the keys.

And having made you this offer I give you notice that if those cases are represented as fraudulent or insinuated as such (for the law takes notice of intent), I will, to quote the words of the " trumpet," " prosecute you with the utmost rigour of the existing law."

You dare not meet me I know in a fair fight, nor would you dare meet me at the Touchstone for any money. Therefore, beware of the least insinuation, or you shall find the Touchstone in the Law Courts.

While in the act of closing this letter three letters are handed me, and as you are in such distress about the people being robbed and poisoned, an extract from each of them may comfort you. The first is from a lady :—

DEAR Mr. BOX,

"I could fill pages with praise of your wonderful remedies and of the goodness of God in opening the way for us to use these God-sent friends of the fields. We think your Golden Fire marvellous. It has done so much good to members of our family. If anything is wrong with limbs, or colds, or rheumatic, we fly for Golden Fire. When our baby gets a cold, I put a few drops of Golden Fire with home-made lard, and rub it on her chest, which gives instant relief. A few drops on sugar relieves a cold at once.

The second is from a minister :—

"The Lord bless you abundantly; the memory of you in my history is blessed, and more than you know of. I feel so much the better for taking your pills, my size has been reduced and strength increased. My beloved also has long suffered from pains in the head, and now, by the use of your Pills, the pains have gone and her eyes better so that she can read without glasses."

A gentleman from Laing, Vancouver, U.S. of America :—

"Please send me one guinea box of your valuable pills, one 4s. 6d. size, one 2s. 9d. size, and two 1s. 1½d. size. I cannot find a substitute for them in America.

A Message from far off Japan, a gentleman writes :—

"I am asked here why I send all the way to England for pills. My answer is, 'Because I can get none like them.'"

A lady states :—

"My doctor's bill last year amounted to £100—his treatment was worse than useless, but 3 boxes of your precious Pills effected a complete cure."

Another lady writes :—

"Will you kindly send another 4s. 6d. box of pills, 4s. 6d. P.O. enclosed. Thank you for your last letter concerning my rheumatism and displaced joint. The Golden Fire proved excellent in removing the pain completely, after only three applications. I used some on my chilblains last night. It was simply splendid, the irritation and burning vanished almost instantly. I'm thankful to possess such a comfort."

Another writes :—

"Your splendid remedies are luxuries. I should feel the want of them quite a privation, they are keeping me so well, I don't think I have ever had such a long spell of well health until recently."

Letters like the above are continually coming from every quarter, which will give you a faint idea of the

vast multitudes that have been restored after being pronounced hopeless. But there is better than this in store for the public, namely the ability to cure themselves.

A FURTHER WORD OF CONSOLATION,

to David Walsh, M.D., the Mighty Champion of the Mighty Profession, 20,000 of whom have been holding a prayer meeting for 17 years, until their knees are sore and, as Dr. Bateman says, their "hearts are sick." Seventeen years. What a long prayer meeting! "Oh! Baal, hear us," was the cry of the prophets of Baal. "But there was no voice, nor any that answered." And so is it with you.

But I have good news for you, for though the State won't listen to you, your prayer is heard. Therefore, rise up, and let the 20,000 also rise from their knees, and let us rejoice together. A Heathen Philosopher beautifully said:—"That which thou seekest is here."

You have been praying and wrestling for 17 years for "The Safety of the Public," and an Act of Parliament that shall muzzle the quacks and protect the duly qualified that the people may be healed. And "That which thou seekest is here." King Henry VIII. on behalf of the people muzzled the Quacks and protected the Healers for all time. Therefore, pray no more, for if one herbalist can cure hundreds of thousands, and everybody can do likewise when shown how, and as the nation can be taught **how** to do it in a few weeks without any cost to the State, and as they will be able to cure themselves without any cost, and as the remedies are growing at their doors, you cannot fail to see that "What thou seekest is here." Notwithstanding we must ask for it, we must ask the State to pass a compulsory measure that every child be taught the names and properties of 20 herbs at least, which the parents would quickly pick up, and which would enable them to cure themselves, from the oldest to the youngest, and maintain their health to a ripe old age. And in less than five years there will be no disease in our midst. Hospitals, Asylums and Workhouses should be used for granaries, the terrible burden on the rates would be removed. And as the poor man's wealth is his **health,** everyone would be healthy and wealthy. This is no fiction but reality, and as certain as certainty itself. And that you may be convinced of this and comforted above measure, suffer me to call your attention to the five sample cures enclosed, viz:—the leper, the blind, the man

who was twice reported dead from asthma, heart complaint and dropsy, and the cancer case. And your special attention is called to the fact that after two herbs cured me of consumption, the above three first cases out of the five, and quite a number in the same parish were cured of all manner of diseases straightway when I was but a baby in the art, and the little knowledge that I then had of NATURE'S REMEDIES I could teach any man in half an hour, who, if he has sense enough to count 30, might perform the same great cures which the foolish doctors—so-called—declared " miraculous and impossible." See then how simple is the art, how abundant are the remedies, and how certain in their effects. Dr. Bateman, your contemporary says :—"It cannot be too often demonstrated that reform is required in the interest of the public," and for their sake " amendment of the medical Acts is urgently called for." But when you see him comfort him and show him the more excellent way. Tell him it " cannot be too often demonstrated " and made clear to all that Nature's remedies are so exceedingly simple that the man or woman who can neither read nor write can cure himself and all those about him, for if he has sense enough to know what to eat, he has sense enough to know what to take to cure himself. And if he doubt this tell him every savage knows how to cure, and are free from diseases. Also that Providence made it so simple that everything that breathes knows the art **perfectly.** This is what " cannot be too often demonstrated." And show him what is urgently needed " is the simple compulsory measure above named which will make every family **true physicians,** and England will have no room for a single charlatan or quack. And now as you are all so gone on your darling ideal, namely the " interest of the public," let us now stand shoulder to shoulder, and with firm and even step march rapidly through the land, and rest not until every family knows what is in store for them, when the whole nation will involuntarily rise to their feet, for the humane and Divine Act which the State will smilingly and gladly grant.

This is what is urgently needed and the need shall be met. But should Dr. Bateman entertain the shadow of a doubt, remind him of the fact that some of these sample cures were effected by a baby in the art over 30 years ago, and tell him that daily, all the year round, such cures have been performed. And if he still doubt, show him the book " Old Physic Overthrown " which contains an account of the battle fought in the Public Press over those very cases in 1898, over 20 years after the cures were effected. And tell him the irrefutable book is still in circulation. And

tell him that I have offered you also all I am possessed of, if you can disprove either case, and also that I desire to meet you at the Touchstone before all England, etc., etc., and he will be more than convinced, and will see with you and me that the problem for the restoration of the nation is solved. And that the passing of this simple measure would banish all disease, annihilate hospitals, sanatoriums, workhouses, vivisection hells, the sour milk trap, serums, poisons, the ghastly knife, doctors—so-called—, and nurses, and all that appertains to them. At the passing of this Act all the bells of heaven will ring, saints and angels will shout for joy, and there will be " rejoicing in the presence of the angels," the Father and Creator in the presence of the angels will, to see His Children put in possession of their birthright, rejoice with exceeding joy.

When in London I called on a gentleman whose eldest daughter, a brilliant young lady, was sitting on the carpet in great pain. The trouble was Neuralgia of the Stomach and Bowels. I sent home for a bottle of my Neuralgia Remedy, and the first dose cured her. This remedy is prepared **from one herb only.** You said, " The profession could sweep London at this moment of quacks and quackery and all England for that matter," but here you behold the tables turned on you, for one herb sweeps London of " Quacks and Quackery," with one sweep (or dose).

Well might Sir Anthony Carlyle say :—" There is more virtue in a handful of herbs than in all the remedies of the Pharmacopœa."

Yes, and more virtue in one dose than in the Professional Quacks of the City of London, and all England for that matter. This one herb is so harmless you can both eat it and drink it and it grows abundantly in every country. You can have, moreover, proof of this by asking for it.

Fancy, one dose (one teaspoonful), sweeps the Quacks and Quackery of " all England ," for if the skill of London fail, all England comes in for the sweep. So then, one Herbalist, with one broad sweep of the hand, in one moment

SWEEPS A MOUNTAIN OF QUACKERY,

and **all the Quacks** on top of it, into **Infamy's bottomless abyss.** Mark ! **One** Herbalist with **One** dose of **one** herb, in **one** moment did the deed. And the sole reason is :—" Every common bush is **afire with GOD."**

Every conceivable method is adopted to blind-fold the nation and keep them as ignorant as yourselves. Witness for instance the second article in your " Medical Catechism."

Young Student :—" Why do you alter the names of diseases ?"

Doctor :—" Because old names, such as croup, ' lung fever,' etc., get too common. People are too apt to find how to treat such diseases themselves. But when we clap a Latin name on the old complaint, it mystifies the public, scares them, and sets 'em all at it again. Ther'd be millions lost to the medical profession if we didn't change the names of our complaints occasionally."

And the extent to which this business of changing the names of diseases is carried, to the general public is almost incredible. " Inflammation," I see has been rechristened no less than **200** times.

Inflammation of the Brain is now called	" Phrenitis."
Inflammation ,, ,, Tongue ,, ,,	" Glossitis."
Inflammation ,, ,, Gums, ,, ,,	" Gingivitis."
Inflammation ,, ,, Throat, ,,	" Pharyngitis."
Inflammation ,, ,, Stomach, ,,	" Gastritis."
Inflammation ,, ,, Liver, ,, ,,	" Hepatitis."
Inflammation ,, ,, Kidneys ,,	" Nephritis."
Inflammation ,, ,, Heart ,, ,,	" Carditis."
Brain Fever is called	" Meningitis."

But why has " Inflammation " merited all those names ? Because it is the best paying disease known ! for by the testimony of the medical profession

ONE HALF OF THE WORLD

perish by Inflammation and Fever.

And when we remember that **two herbs** only, viz., Elder-blossom and Peppermint, would save this " half of the world," and cure them in 24 hours, and that the medical profession are the sole cause of this loss and have deliberately sold themselves to it, we need not wonder at the agony of mind and the terrible denunciation of your leaders against their system, when about to cross the Jordan to meet the slain and their injured Lord.

Whooping Cough too has several names, here are four : "Kin Cough," "Kink-Cough," " Kink-hoot," and " Pertussis." 12,000 precious darlings are annually killed by Whooping Cough.

How much better would it be to tell the agonising Mothers that Wild Thyme is a certain cure and thus **save** the 12,000, whose blood is crying for vengeance on you day and night, and of hearing the Voice—"What hast thou done?"

The voice of their blood cryeth to Me from the ground."

Dr. Johnson's message to you is like the piercing of a sword. Read it slowly :—"He that voluntarily continues ignorant is **guilty** of **all the crimes** which **ignorance produces.**"

But you are not content to dwell in the "outer darkness" of ignorance, but for 3,500 years you have been dragging everybody else there and have siezed all the power that be to accomplish your murderous purpose.

What a hubbub you and Dr. Olsen are making about the "profits of quack remedies." But the manner in which you quit the subject betrays your shame in mentioning this point. Pray what are **YOUR** profits? One pennyworth of Quassia Chips makes 32 half-crown bottles: £4 0s. 0d. for a penny. And even the knowledge of the properties of the chips you derived from a Negro slave.

And by the aid of a Negro slave you make £4 for a penny.

You can get soda for 2d. per lb., which makes 128 half-crown bottles: £16 sterling for 2d.

What a party to talk about profits and secrets. Especially when your Authors and Leaders inform us that "Mineral Medicines are **so destructive** to animal bodies that **malice** could not invent anything **more deadly** beyond **gunpowder** itself."

I reserve to myself the right of using this letter and your answer in any manner that may be deemed expedient.

Adieu, till we meet at the Touchstone.

W. H. BOX.

IMMORTAL HONOURS FOR MILLIONAIRES.

If some of the millionaires of this country will devote part of their great wealth in placing this book in every house in the United Kingdom and America, they would lay the foundation for the uplifting of all nations through all time. Their light would break forth as the morning, and the blessing of heaven and earth would rest upon them. They would bring a bright light into thirty-five million homes, which would mean the rescue in one year of at least 6,000,000 lives, and the saving of £60,000,000 sterling. And a **BRIGHT LIGHT** would shine upon the millionaire's pathway that could never be put out. The poor throughout the two great Empires would heap their blessings upon him to a man, and the rich would follow hard after. And the best of it is written :—

1. Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble.
2. The Lord will preserve him, and keep him alive; and he shall be blessed upon the earth; and thou wilt not deliver him unto the will of his enemies.
3. The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing, thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness."—Psalm 41.

What a promise and what a stimulus!

Moreover the honoured Millionaire would have the happiness of speedily seeing all diseases, and consequent poverty cleared away for ever, and both this and the coming generations at the bare mention of their benefactor's name would lift their hats.

HOW TO BECOME A MULTI-MILLIONAIRE.

A suggestion worth ten million pounds sterling, and doubtless a hundred millions, let a genuine Editor launch a weekly paper whose columns shall be devoted to the unearthing the machinations of the medical profession, and the revelations that would pour in from all parts of the world would make men's hair stand erect. The readers should be requested to send in their experiences and how their friends have been cut to pieces, done to death in hospitals, unnecessary operations, ruined by costly bills, &c., &c. Thousands and tens of thousands of cases like the following would come to light. Oh, that such a paper were now unearthing the wholesale murders daily committed. The article referred to is headed

"DOCTOR'S COSTLY BLUNDER."

Friday, September 3rd, 1910. A Parisian doctor has just been condemned to pay £200 damages to a woman for having left two compresses in her body after performing an operation. The plaintiff, who suffered considerably as a result of the error, claimed £2,000.

"A very regrettable oversight," was the Jury's description of the doctor's blunder.

I wish the Jury had read a work entitled "The Machinations of the Medical Profession—An Exposure and a Warning," by Henry M. Strong, Editor of "The Chemist and Druggist," would not the verdict of the Jury then have been "A double termination to secure another operation." For the Editor proves that it is customary to sew up the patient either with a Sponge, Forceps, Spectacles, or a Towel on the inside which insures another unnecessary operation and another fee. The price of the book is 25 cents.

They should also be invited to report what they know about herbs and what they are good for, what remedy will cure this and that complaint. And marvellous Herbal Remedies would be continually pouring in from every quarter. There are thousands in this country and also from other countries, that would gladly contribute recipes in abundance that would be of inestimable value. Dr. Abernethey says "Many thousands of large volumes have been written but scarcely half a dozen agree." No, nor yet a quarter dozen, for every man's sword is

DRAWN AGAINST HIS FELLOW.

What a source of unending amusement, disgust and chaotic confusion do those volumes contain.

Who will supply this world wide necessity and roll a sea of Health and Wealth over the weary world and reap himself a great harvest of wealth, and the united blessings of every civilized nation?

The Medical Journals, too, and their auxiliaries will supply heaps of fun and nonsense, and millions of grateful people will pour in to the Editor such a varied supply of interesting matter that hardly a house in the Kingdom would care to miss. Hence there is a most reasonable prospect of securing a sale of 7,000,000 (seven million) papers weekly in this country alone.

GARMENTS ROLLED IN BLOOD.
DOCTORS AND THE PUBLIC PRESS IN BATTLE ARRAY.
ANOTHER BATTLE IMMINENT.
W. H. BOX
CHALLENGES THE ENTIRE ALLOPATHIC MEDICAL PROFESSION SINGLE-HANDED.

That master mind, Oliver Wendell Holmes, M.D., said: "If medicines could be sunk to the bottom of the sea it would be all the better for mankind, and all the worse for the fishes." And Munyon declared that "If all the people whom the doctors have killed were raised, there would not be standing room for them upon the earth," and yet the Press have winked at it, have catered to, and upheld them, and have advertised their Mock Discoveries world wide, free of charge, instead of denouncing them, knowing full well that the Mock Discovery of each generation has invariably been the laughingstock of the next. And worse still, the press knows that all the plethora of specifics—the great "Cure All" Discoveries, have resulted in devastating millions of homes, and in the murder of millions of innocent victims. "One murder makes a villain; a million a hero."

We hang the villain for his one murder, and the Press approves, but the seven figure "villain" that "murders a million," the infamous profession that "destroys more than War, Famine and Pestilence combined," the Press uphold and applaud.

And this is not all, for of this gigantic imposture the Press are the willing servants and slaves. But Old Legree never kicked "Uncle Tom" like the Medical Quack Profession are now kicking the Press for the good services rendered them. Dr. Olsen in his Monthly Magazine, May 8th, 1910, says: "A recent number of the Medical Press" speaking of the stultifying (insane, befooling) attitude of the editors managers, and proprietors of the public Press, says: "This attitude of the bulk of the newspaper Press constitutes

ONE OF THE GREATEST SCANDALS

of the present day. This evil (medical quackery) could not exist to anything like the present extent without the support of newspapers. We stigmatise both the practice and the traffic in quack medicines not only as fraudulent and cruel but as murderous." And in a previous number, March, 1910, Dr. Olsen quotes from another medical paper, "The Lancet," as follows: "No falsehood is too shameless, no promise too palpable (visible) a trap to be refused currency in the advertisements of the best known journals." Moreover the medical profession hope before long "to be powerful enough to bring to justice the editors, managers, and proprietors of the public Press, as well as the advertisers whom they denounce."

From my earliest recollections I have reverenced erudite Editors and Chemists, but was not aware until now that "the bulk of the newspaper Press constitutes one of the greatest scandals of the present day," and that **"No** falsehood is **too shameless** for their columns." And worse still, says Dr. Olsen, "It is noteworthy that among the **worst** offenders are newspapers and magazines which enjoy a **high reputation** for accuracy and bonafides."

THESE ARE GRAVE CHARGES,

quoted as they are, from the most popular Medical Journals, and caught up and reiterated the world over. And as the charges are to my knowledge, not rebutted, and if, as says the proverb, "silence gives consent," my advertisements will be immediately shortened and checked, instead of extended. And if Editors, Managers, and Proprietors can deliberately lay "traps" for their readers and deceive them with the most glaring falsehoods, it is no wonder if the Quack

Profession are threatening to haul them to the Law Courts, for condign punishment. Hitherto the Press has been their chief mouthpiece, but justice has overtaken the crime, for the treacherous profession are now smiting the Press on the mouth; blow after blow, in the most forcible and determined manner.

Editors will now be able to save the cost of ink, as the flowing blood from the battered mouths will be an excellent substitute. The medical profession live on the blood of the people, and have shed blood enough to swim in. It is therefore fitting that their advocates should write in blood. Not that I believe "they will stop at nothing or that the bulk of the Press constitutes one of the greatest scandals of the present day," as the medical papers declare, but this I do believe that to fawn and uphold a profession that can neither correctly diagnose nor cure, whose Leaders and Authors confess, "There are two reasons why they cannot cure the sick, want of knowledge of disease, and want of a remedy," that their "science is founded on conjecture and improved by murder,"—that in the work of destruction they have outstripped three great plagues—War, Pestilence and Famine combined. In face of volumes of such confessions, for the public Press to uphold such a profession, without doubt constitutes one of the greatest scandals of the present day, especially when you remember that but for the profession there would not be a single disease in our midst.

A BONE TO PICK.

But "The Medical Press," and "The British Medical Journal," and "The Lancet," and all the Medical Editors have "a bone to pick," but they have **no fingers** to pick it with nor thumbs either. Eleven years since, the late champion of the medical profession crowned me with immortal honours, and the crowning was publicly carried out by scientific hands, and in such a manner that, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, it cannot be altered. Maddened with rage at my success, the Champion boldly declared in the public Press that I was "gulling the public," "making impossible claims," "making a fortune on cheap quack remedies," and "that my cures were miraculous and therefore impossible," upon which **state officials, lawyers, heads of churches,** etc., were all in action—**public reporters** were sent to investigate, interview and **report** in the Press accordingly. And it was proved before the nation that every cure and every sentence published were absolutely genuine, and that not only "the miraculous and impossible" had been accomplished in those cases, but that "the miraculous and impossible" were being daily and hourly accomplished all the year round.

And further, if a **young country rustic** could cure himself of consumption, also his scrofulous and consumptive parents, and all his hopeless and abandoned neighbours with **twelve** herbs at the **very beginning, anybody** and **everybody** can do the same. God has made the **art of healing** as simple as **the art of eating**; and between the two arts there is **no difference.**

Therefore, let the Editors of "The Lancet," "The British Medical Journal," "The Medical Press," advise the profession to

CLEAR OUT OF THE WAY,

and the entire nation shall put on health as a garment.

Furthermore, **I publicly defy** "The Lancet," "The British Medical Journal," and "The Medical Press" and all the medical papers to disprove the great cures which the helpless profession foolishly proclaim as miraculous and impossible, and I challenge all the allopathic doctors—so-called—in England, to an open contest, and I will wipe them from the battlefield in eternal disgrace, and all diseases with them. This would be no glory, for a common cobbler can do the same.

W. H. BOX, 161, KING STREET,
PLYMOUTH.

HOW SCIENCE CLEARS A FOREST.

W.N.